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CONTENTS.

Arnoul the Englishman.—*Francis Aveling, D.D.*, ... 25
Babylon, By the Waters of.—*Jeanie Drake*, ... 735
Between the Sandhills and the Sea.—*A. Dease*, ... 634
Bosnia, The Fate of.—*Ben Hurst*, . 513
Catania.—*Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.*, . 810
Catholic Women in Italy To-Day.—*Virginia M. Crawford*, . . . 1
Chesterton, G. K.—*W. E. Campbell*, . 769
Columbian Reading Union, The, 142, 286, 430, 573, 717, 862
Constantinople, Impressions of Islam in.—*Maisie Ward*, ... 759
Coppée, François.—*Virginia M. Crawford*, ... 182
Current Events, 132, 277, 423, 564, 709, 853
Eucharistic Congress, Some Lessons of the.—*Francis Aveling, D.D.*, . 172
Foreign Periodicals, 120, 266, 412, 555, 698, 841
Four Celebrities—Brothers by Marriage.—*Wilfrid Wilberforce*, 203, 290, 480, 721
Grafton, Bishop, and Pro-Romanism.—*Lewis Jerome O'Hern, C.S.P.*, . 622
Holcombe, The Legend of (West-Country Idylls).—*H. E. P.*, . . . 800
Hopkins, Gerard.—*Katherine Brégy*, . 433
Irish History, New Light on.—*A. Hilliard Atteridge*, ... 671
Irish University System, The.—*Bertram C. A. Windle, LL.D., F.R.S.*, . 577
Is it the Turn of the Tide?—*Cornelius Clifford*, ... 783
Joan of Arc," Anatole France's "Life of.—*J. Bricout*, 234, 341, 523
Lavergne, Madame Julie.—*Mary E. Mannix*, ... 74
Literature and Morality.—*R. L. Mangan, S.J.*, ... 745
Manning, Henry Edward.—*Wilfrid Wilberforce*, ... 203
Messina.—*Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.*, . 652
Monachism.—*Cornelius Clifford*, . 90
Nearest Place to Heaven, The.—*Alfred Young, C.S.P.*, ... 378
Neighbors in Modern Society.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.*, . . . 323, 607
New Books, 99, 249, 392, 538, 679, 820
Old Forge, The (West-Country Idylls.)—*H. E. P.*, ... 500
Penance of Richard Luff, The (West-Country Idylls) —*H. E. P.*, . . 330
Rider, George Dudley.—*Wilfrid Wilberforce*, ... 480
Scepticism the Philosophy of Lord Bacon.—*Michael Hogan, S.J.*, . 52
Secret of Roland York, The.—*H. A. Hinkson*, ... 221
Sequestrated French Convent, A.—*Katharine Tynan*, ... 660
Shelley, The Mysticism of.—*Edmund G. Gardner*, ... 145
Shell House (West-Country Idylls).—*H. E. P.*, ... 193
Sicily, In.—*Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.*, 652, 810
Sierra Madre, In the.—*Christian Reid*, 156, 309, 448, 590
Tauler's Sermons in English, . . 641
Temperance Movement in Ireland, The "Pioneer," 466
To Men of Good-Will.—*Jeanie Drake*, 356
Village School, The (West-Country Idylls).—*H. E. P.*, ... 65
West Country Idylls.—*H. E. P.*, 65, 193, 330, 500, 800
Who is My Neighbor?—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.*, . . . 323, 607
Wilberforce, Henry William.—*Wilfrid Wilberforce*, ... 290
Wilberforce, Samuel.—*Wilfrid Wilberforce*, ... 721
Wisdom, The Habit and Gift of.—*Thomas J. Gerrard*, ... 363
With a White Stone.—*Jeanie Drake*, . 13

POETRY.

Carol of Gifts, A.—*Louise Imogen Guiney*, ... 289
Divine Friend, The.—*Louise Imogen Guiney* 89

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Alabama and the Floradas, A Catholic History of, ... 394
Allen, Cardinal William, the Founder of the Seminaries, ... 823
Ambroise, St , ... 111
American as He Is, The, ... 542
American Student in France, An, . 205
Angleterre Chrétienne Avant les Normands, La, ... 692
Apocalypse, Essays on the, ... 249
Atlas Biblicus, ... 265
Bible Studies, ... 254
Bible, The Old English; and Other Essays, ... 115
Buddhism and Immortality, ... 693
Campion, Father Edmund, and His Companions, A Brief History of Twelve Reverend Priests, . . 399
Carrington's, Sydney, Contumacy, . 551
Catechism in Examples, The, . . 838
Cathedrals of Northern Italy, The, . 410
Catholic Encyclopedia, The, . . 99, 546
Catholic Life; or, The Feasts, Fasts, and Devotions of the Ecclesiastical Year, ... 553
Christ Crucified, We Preach, . . 115
Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason, ... 263
Coming Harvest, The, ... 258
Conventionalists, The, ... 684
Conversion and a Vocation, A, . . 252
Cruzada de la Buena Prensa, La, . 840
Discourses and Sermons for the Sundays and Principal Feasts of the Year, 820
Discourses, Short, for All the Sundays of the Year, ... 821
Economics, History of, ... 263
Église de France, La, et les Catholiques Français, ... 833
Espousales y el Matrimonio, Los, . 697
Fate's a Fiddler, ... 407
Feltre, Vittorino da: A Prince of Teachers, - 392
Flowers of the Dusk, ... 550
Freemasonry, American, A Study in, . 108
Greece and the Ægean Islands, . . 409
Greek Fathers, The, ... 553
Happy Half-Century, A; and Other Essays, ... 256
He Can Who Thinks He Can; and Other Papers on Success in Life, . . 824
Helladian Vistas, ... 693
Histoire des Commandements de l'Église, ... 554
Holy Eucharist in Great Britian, A History of the, ... 393
Holy Scripture, A Textual Concordance of, ... 397
How I Came to Do it; or, The Celibacy of the Clergy, ... 683
Ideals of Charity, ... 395
Iglesia y el Obrero, La: The Church and the Workman, ... 695
Immortality, New Light on, . . . 687
Immortal Soul, An, ... 685
Inner Life of the United States, The, . 688
Jeanne d'Arc, The Maid of France. Being the Story of the Life and Death of, 826
Lendemains d'Encyclique, . . . 118
Lepers of Molokai, The, . . . 822
Little Land and a Living, A, . . 112
Long Odds, ... 409
Lord's Prayer, The, and the Hail Mary, 411
Lourdes, A History of its Apparitions and Cures, ... 254
McLoughlin, Dr. John, the Father of Oregon, ... 102
Maiden Up-to-Date, A, ... 262
Manning, Henry Edward. The Cardinal Democrat, ... 835
Mannister, The Long Arm of, . . 408
Man's Hands, The; and Other Stories, 392
Man Who Ended War, The, . . 552
Mariage, Discours du, ... 114
Marotz, ... 111
Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests, ... 411
Messianic Philosophy, ... 261
Missioner, The, ... 839
Modern Spiritualism, Sermons on, . 250
Moral Instruction and Training in Schools 401
Moral Theology for English-Speaking Countries, A Manual of, . . . 401
Moreno, Gabriel Garcia, Regenerator of Ecuador, ... 393
Naval Administration and Warfare, . 681
Nizra, the Flower of Parsa, . . . 406
Œuvres Sociales des Femmes, . . 396
Old Mr. Davenant's Money, . . 551
Orthodoxy, ... 538
Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land, . . 831
Paschal of Baylon, St, Life of, the Saint of the Eucharist, . . . 400
Patrology, ... 829
Pilgrim Walks in Franciscan Italy, . 837
Pitman, Sir Isaac, The Life of, . . 825
Poe, Edgar Allan, ... 106
Power Supreme, The, ... 408
Presse Contre l'Église, La, . . . 690
Priestly Vocation and Tonsure . . 117
Princes and Princesses, The Book of, . 407
Principles of Logic, ... 830
Provence Mystique au XVIIe. Siècle, La, 113
Psychologie de l'Incroyant, . . 691
Rand, Lewis, ... 259
Religion, A Short Defense of, . . 264
Religiosas, Las, Comentarios Canónico-Morales, ... 696
Religious and Monastic Life Explained, 410
Republic, Ideals of the, ... 405
Roads to Rome, ... 694
See of Peter, The, and the Voice of Antiquity, ... 694
Spain, Sun and Shadow in, . . . 549
Spiritual Life, A Treatise of, . . 411
Ten Personal Studies, ... 679
Thomas of Canterbury, St, The Holy Blissful Martyr, ... 392
Thompson, Francis, Selected Poems of, 541
Trial of Jesus, The. From a Lawyer's Standpoint, ... 545
Untrodden English Ways, ... 552
Van Rensselaer, Henry, S.J., Life and Letters of, ... 826

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CATHOLIC WOMEN IN ITALY TO-DAY.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

WHEN the Women's International Council held its quinquennial congress in Berlin some years ago, it came as a surprise to all the foreign delegates, and perhaps most of all to the English and Americans, to observe how high a level of activity and organization prevailed among the women of Germany. The old idea of the German *hausfrau*, absorbed in domesticity, held firmly in marital subjection and wholly cut off from intellectual pursuits, had to be abandoned forthwith, and a fresh conception of our Teutonic sisters in closer conformity with the reality had to be evolved. It seems probable that were the International Council to hold its congress next year in Rome or Milan instead of in Toronto a somewhat similar process of enlightenment in reference to Italian women would be necessary for many who have not been in touch with the recent growth of feminism in the peninsula. They would once again be filled with admiration for the activity and resourcefulness of which an ever-increasing number of women in Northern Italy are showing themselves capable. They would be amazed at discovering the extent to which all the social and economic

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problems in which the position of women is involved are discussed and understood, how extensive a feminist literature is in existence, how keenly alive many Italian women are to the importance of the questions involved. And they would find this interest, not confined to a few cultivated women of the upper classes, but spreading downwards among the wage-earners of the nation and crystallizing into a national and popular demand, if not as yet for women's suffrage, at least for greater equality before the law, wider facilities for self-education, and for a recognized means of making known the aspirations and claims of their sex in the councils of the nation.

Something of all this has been made manifest to observers by the national congress of Italian women that assembled in Rome in the last week of April. The attendance was unexpectedly large and representative, the Queen graced the opening meeting with her presence, and the popular Queen-mother gave a garden party in honor of the delegates. Judging from the Italian newspapers and magazines which devoted many columns to describing the proceedings, the level of speaking was remarkably good, and the discussions practical and to the point. They covered a very wide field, over two hundred written papers being submitted to the congress; and the women discussed subjects as diverse as illiteracy and the white slave traffic, the means of fighting tuberculosis and the need of improved hygiene. They demanded the *recherche de la paternité*, the right of married women to their own earnings, and various reforms for teachers and post-office employees and telephone clerks. They passed resolutions in favor of inculcating thrift in schools and of improved technical training. They expressed the opinion that feminine literature should be chaste and moral, that women writers should be inspired by high and serious aims, and that more books should be written for young people. In short, it might well have been said, in spite of some exaggeration of thought and of language, that the congress proved a triumph for the women of Italy, had it not been for one incident as surprising as it was unfortunate. This was the vote on religious education. On the proposition of Linda Malnati, a well-known Socialist leader from Milan, the congress, by a large majority, after a hasty and excited debate, declared itself in favor of a system of purely secular education in the elementary schools of the country, "out of respect for the liberty to which

a child's conscience is entitled." And this but a few weeks after the Italian Chamber, as the outcome of a prolonged controversy and a ten days' debate, gave a decisive vote in favor of teaching the catechism wherever the parents desired it.

Needless to say this lamentable expression of opinion produced much excitement throughout the country. The Catholic women delegates were loud in their protests, so much so that the President of the congress, Countess Spalletti Rasponi, and some others tried to explain away their vote as being less anti-Christian in its intention than people assumed. Others have attributed their protest against religious teaching in the schools to the extremely unsatisfactory manner in which apparently it is often imparted in Italy by state teachers, who have little or no faith themselves. These explanations, however, do not carry one very far, and many of the best friends of the feminist movement in the peninsula, such as the well-known *Rassegna Nazionale*, have hastened to dissociate themselves from a vote which may go far to discredit the whole agitation. The *Civiltà Cattolica*, which has always been an unsympathetic critic of emancipated womanhood, drew up and issued a vigorous and effective protest against the Malnati resolution, as being "anti-Christian, anti-patriotic, and anti-educational," and was enabled to publish in its next issue (May 16) a long list of signatories containing an imposing array of Roman patrician names. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the vote, the outcome of skillful engineering rather than of any widely spread conviction, has met with openly expressed disapproval in all save Socialist and definitely anti-clerical organs.

Personally the moral I draw from this regrettable incident is the urgent need for the active participation of Catholic women in all that concerns women's life and interests. It is a familiar spectacle to see deliberate absentees wringing their hands over what has been done in their absence. They usually forget that they are responsible for what occurs only in a less degree than the actual participants. Why were they not present to oppose it? The days are gone by in Italy as elsewhere when women could be content to be mere onlookers of contemporary politics; and if Catholics are not prepared to organize and educate themselves for the defence of their ideals and beliefs, they will undoubtedly witness the triumph of doctrines they detest. It is at least a hopeful sign of the times that a magazine so con-

servative and orthodox as the *Civiltà Cattolica* should, at this juncture, have published an article from the pen of Père Pavissich, S.J. (June 6), emphasizing just this aspect of the problem. No one will accuse the learned Jesuit of minimizing the importance of those very points on which the utterances of some of the ladies assembled in Rome gave cause for alarm. But brushing aside mere exuberance of language, and making allowances for an occasional violence of denunciation due in part to the excitement of the occasion, he has discerned the real importance of the congress, and the value of much of the work accomplished by it. He has the courage to welcome what is, to Italians, the innovation of a women's congress, and acknowledges freely the need for women's co-operation in the solving of social problems and their entire competency to pronounce on many of the topics under discussion. He applauds all that women have to say concerning thrift and co-operation, the need for labor legislation and the special dangers of emigration for women and children. He has nothing but praise for their treatment of all subjects connected with maternity, with domestic hygiene, with infant mortality, with the prevention of alcoholism and of the spread of tuberculosis. Even on the more debatable ground of legal rights, he acknowledges that modern Italian legislation has unfortunately adopted some of the worst features of the Code Napoleon where women are concerned. He admits the justice of the demand for the *recherche de la paternité*, for a single moral standard for men and women, for a woman's right to her own earnings, and for a mother's right to the guardianship of her children.

In a word, Père Pavissich admits the essential reasonableness of a feminist movement in all its fundamental claims, although he doubtless differs from women as to the best manner of enforcing necessary reforms. Where he rejects utterly the views so widely expressed at the congress is in regard both to religious education and to certain so-called moral teaching associated with the name of Ellen Key, the Swedish feminist leader, to be imparted to young people. These are the very subjects, he considers, on which Catholic women are bound to make themselves heard, not only privately and in their individual capacities, but publicly and collectively; to oppose, as Père Pavissich expresses it, "action by action and congress by congress," in order to demonstrate that Christian faith and

Christian morality can alone secure to woman her rightful position and inspire her to the heroic fulfilment of her mission to the home and to society. The congress, then, in spite of its regrettable features, has served the useful purpose of accentuating the situation as far as Catholic women are concerned, and making it plain just why and how their collective action is needful. It has excited so much controversy in the Italian press that the questions at issue can no longer be ignored by any one, and there are already signs—apart from the article quoted above—that Catholic women are being roused to a fuller sense of their national responsibilities. I am, however, far from wishing to imply that hitherto they have wholly neglected the wider religious interests of their country, or are lacking competent leaders. Those who have followed at all closely the development of events in Italy will testify to the very marked increase in recent years of social and religious activity, more especially in the cities of the north. A vast number of new *œuvres* of every kind have been established; a great impetus has been given by women of the upper classes to the revival of the peasant industries for which Italy in the past has been so famous, such as lace-making, straw-plaiting, and the beautiful drawn linen thread work; much has been done to open up new careers for girls as well as to improve their domestic and industrial training; an effort is at length being made to provide skilled nursing for the sick, and, in a general way, a more intellectual appreciation is being shown of both the moral and material needs of the working classes. The splendid work due to the initiative of Mgr. Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona, on behalf of Italian emigrants of the navvy class, for whose spiritual and educational welfare no one had labored, and in which women have taken their share, is but one example of the new progressive spirit that is informing Italian philanthropic endeavor. Another is afforded by the growing importance of the Italian sections of the international federations for the abolition of state-aided vice, and the infamous white slave traffic. Indeed, one has only to look through the pages of the new illustrated magazine for women, the *Vita Femminile Italiana*, which, in spite of certain tendencies one must deplore, possesses many admirable and useful features, to realize with how much vitality women's work is endowed and how varied

and numerous are the fresh departures that every month seems to bring forth.

At the present time, too, a new *Circolo Femminile di Coltura* or study-circle is being organized by Catholic women in Rome with the express sanction of the Holy Father. To quote from the preliminary programme, it is being started "in response to the wishes of many Catholic women who have remained hitherto outside the social feminist movement, but who now realize the duty of taking part in it in an effective manner. The *Circolo* aims at uniting all the sober energies of those women who wish to defend and support the principles of Christian faith and morality and to participate on an intellectual basis in the social movement of our day." The organizing committee includes many well-known Roman patrician names, and it is hoped that the *Circolo* will open its doors next November with a full course of lectures divided under three sections, the religious, the social, and the legal.

The Roman ladies are clearly beginning in the right way, by educating themselves, and this new organization, should it prove successful, may exert a very real influence over the destinies of the women of Italy.

Another hopeful sign is the improvement in girls' education. It seems strange that in Italy it should ever have fallen upon evil days and have grown both cramped and superficial, when it is remembered that in the past the women of Italy have been the most learned in Europe, and that lecture halls and university honors and professorial chairs were open to them long before their sisters of northern Europe had even dreamt of knocking at college doors. Moreover some of the most learned women that Italy has been delighted to honor have also been the most devout: witness Elena Lucrezia Cornaro Piscopia, who conversed in seven languages and took her degree at Padua in philosophy and theology and followed the rule of St. Benedict in her father's house; or the later Maria Gætana Agnesi, who was urged by Pope Benedict XIV. to accept a mathematical professorship at Bologna, but who relinquished her public career in order to devote herself to the poor of Milan. No one in their day ventured to assert that learning in a woman was incompatible with true piety, or that public lecturing was in any way destructive of feminine modesty. It was the sinister influence of the French Revolution,

with its reversion to the theories and ideals of ancient Rome—always inimical to the high status of woman—that is the root cause of the inferior education and restricted sphere of activity accorded to the women of Italy from the close of the eighteenth century. It is only at the dawn of the twentieth century that any real educational progress was achieved. To-day the "gymnasiums" in various large towns, notably Rome and Florence, throw open their classes to young people of both sexes and are widely frequented by the girls of the middle classes, while *lycées* and professional schools for older girls have been opened in several cities. Year by year girl graduates are more frequently met with, and if professional careers are still difficult of access, an ever-increasing number of women are studying medicine and surgery and even jurisprudence. Indeed it would seem as though they were already taking possession once more of those professorial chairs they once filled with so much distinction, for quite recently Signora Rina Monti was appointed professor of zoölogy at Sassari, after holding important appointments both at Pavia and at Siena.

A natural outcome of the growing desire for educational efficiency for girls is the revolt of some mothers against the hitherto universal custom of consigning girls of the upper classes to convent boarding schools for the whole of their education, often allowing them home but once a year. It is hardly necessary to emphasize for American readers the ill-effects of a system that makes brothers and sisters strangers to one another, and that keeps children for so many years away from the parental roof, that when at length they return to it, they come to no rightful place, no natural duties. Among those who are taking the lead in this movement may be mentioned Countess Sabina di Parravicino, one of the most distinguished women in Milan to-day, herself the mother of daughters and an active apostle of Christian feminism. She rightly holds that, however admirable convent schools may be as aids to Christian education, they cannot fulfil, and were never intended to fulfil, the whole of a mother's duty towards her children. It is pleasant to know that Pius X. has expressed himself strongly in favor of home education under suitable circumstances. It must not be forgotten that it is the worldly mothers who are the most desirous of ridding themselves, in what is apparently an edifying manner, of the responsibilities of motherhood, for children may

be highly inconvenient witnesses of what happens in an ill-regulated household. It is thoughtful, conscientious women who want their little daughters under their own eye, and this new tendency, far from springing from any indifference to religious education, is really an index of a purer and more wholesome home life.

These, it may be said, are but side issues, and do not take us very far in the direction of that active, independent career that a Scandinavian or Anglo-Saxon woman can achieve for herself. It is true that in Southern Italy, and more especially in the smaller provincial towns, women of the upper and middle classes still lead what to American and English women would appear lives of almost oriental seclusion, scarcely venturing in the streets unaccompanied by their husbands, and with interests limited to the most trivial subjects outside a purely domestic range. Social conventions such as these are hard to break down. Yet in all the great towns of the North much has been accomplished, and ladies in Milan, Turin, and Genoa are at least as free as their Parisian sisters. It is precisely in these towns that there has been of recent years so remarkable an outburst of philanthropic activity, so much real social effort based on an understanding of actual economic conditions. And it is too among the women of these cities that we find the beginnings of a definite Christian feminist movement. They have come in contact with the women workers in the Socialist camp, they know the special dangers to faith that await the inexperienced novice in her first plunge into the controversies of the day, and they have realized the need of providing a sound platform from which Catholic women can speak out boldly to the world. Some are developing practical social work on thoroughly Catholic lines; others, more tentatively, are pleading with their pens for a fuller recognition of women's powers and formulating the principles of women's activity in the social and economic sphere. I have already mentioned the name of Countess Sabina di Parravicino, who presided at the first congress of Italian women held in Milan last year, and whose pen does valiant service in the feminist cause. This congress was organized in the main by an energetic group of Catholic women in Milan, who issue a fortnightly publication, *Pensiero e Azione*, and who seek to promote the co-operation of women in all that bears upon their moral and economic progress. They

carry on an admirable educative propaganda among working women on definitely Catholic lines, their most able spokeswoman being perhaps Signora Adelaide Coari, who moved an amendment in favor of religious instruction at the Rome congress. Another name frequently to be met with in magazines at the end of thoughtful articles on the woman question is that of Teresita Friedmann-Coduri. The woman, however, who more than any other is responsible for the very existence of a feminist movement on Catholic lines, and whose name, well-known to her countrymen, commands universal respect, is Luisa Anzoletti, a poetess of much charm, the biographer of Maria Gætana Agnesi, and the author of numerous books and pamphlets dealing with various phases of women's progress.

Luisa Anzoletti takes her stand boldly on her dignity as a Christian woman, on her equality with man in the sight of God, on the teachings and examples of Holy Scripture. If she is a feminist it is because of, not in spite of, her creed, and she advocates nothing that cannot be brought into harmony with orthodox Catholicism. Her devotion to the Church is fully as intense as her devotion to the progress of her own sex. Her teaching is reiterated through a vast number of contributions to the newspaper press during the last fifteen years, but in its main features it is summarized for us in a little volume *La Donna nel Progresso Cristiano*, first published in 1895 and since translated into French. At once penetrated with Christian sentiment, and keenly sympathetic to the varying needs and aspirations of women to-day, the book aims at showing that within the boundaries of Christian doctrine there is ample scope for the intellectual and social emancipation of women, whilst the assumed dangers of immorality, of neglect of family duties, of scorn for the old-fashioned virtues of renunciation and unselfishness sink into insignificance wherever Christian teaching is firmly grasped, and devotion to our Lord in the Holy Eucharist remains the active center of worship. It is a mere agitation for rights, carried on in a materialistic spirit, that is to be feared, not the insistence on a wider recognition of women's duties and responsibilities, with a demand for greater facilities to fit herself for them. In this book, written some thirteen years ago, Signora Anzoletti notes the active and intelligent propaganda carried on even then by women of the Socialist party, and chronicles with grief the disorganized

condition of Catholic women in comparison, their lack of any coherent policy, of any wide progressive spirit. Happily in the eloquent address, published under the title "Le Finalità Civili e il Femminismo," that Signora Anzoletti delivered before the Milan congress last year, she is able to adopt a more buoyant tone. She rejoices in the marked change that has come over not only the position of women in Italy, but of public opinion towards women, and is able to claim that both the power of ideas and the power of practical experience are on the side of her sex in their striving for freedom and equality. I have seldom read a more ably reasoned plea for the emancipation of woman, or one more impregnated with the idealism that religion alone can inspire. To possess a leader such as Luisa Anzoletti is a source of incalculable strength to the cause of Christian feminism in Italy.

What first brought her name prominently before the public was her action in reference to the reiterated attempts of the Government, some six or seven years ago, to impose a Divorce Act on the country. It is difficult for American or English women to realize how much courage was needed for an Italian lady to fling herself into a political agitation of that character. But religious feeling throughout the peninsula was profoundly stirred, and women felt that their home life was imperiled and that it was their duty to defend it. Signora Anzoletti placed herself at the head of the women's protest, and held a series of conferences against divorce in many of the chief towns of Northern Italy—Milan, Florence, Bergamo, Pisa, Lucca, and others—conferences that were subsequently summarized in a pamphlet that had a very wide circulation. This pamphlet is an appeal not only to sentiment and religious belief, but to justice and common sense, and sums up at once with eloquence and moderation the whole Christian position. The author is profoundly convinced of the practical evils that a relaxation of the marriage-tie would entail, of the social demoralization that would ensue, and the special hardships it would inflict on women and children. One feels, as one reads, that she flung herself into the controversy in much the same spirit as that which urged Mrs. Josephine Butler, forty years ago, to inaugurate her campaign against the state-regulation of vice. There is the same shrinking from the subject to be overcome only by a deep sense of the necessity for fighting a

gigantic social evil. "It is," she writes, "the voice of religion and of patriotism that summons us imperatively from the peaceful domestic hearth, and an irresistible impulse which springs from the depth of our hearts and fills us with a burning zeal." The Divorce bill was dropped at the time, and the success of the agitation against it may be gauged from the fact that not only has the proposal never been seriously revived by the Government, but that although every conceivable reform, desirable and undesirable, was urged at the recent congress, not one woman ventured to lift up her voice in an attack on the existing marriage-laws.

In administrative matters also, Luisa Anzoletti has set an example that her Catholic countrywomen will do well to follow. At Milan the Municipality is responsible for three large historic institutions, an orphanage for boys, another for girls, and the Pio Albergo Trivulzio, a hospice for old people, to which Maria Agnesi devoted her declining years. These were managed by a committee composed wholly of men, and it was only when the Socialists some years ago obtained a majority on the Town Council, that it was decided to place a woman on the committee of management. The Socialist choice fell on Signora Malnati, whose name has recently been so prominently before the public in connection with religious education. No regular religious instruction was given at that time to the orphans, and certainly Signora Malnati did nothing to encourage it. When, some three years ago the Catholics returned to power, they resolved to continue the presence of a woman on the committee, but to select one from their own party, and their choice fell on Signora Anzoletti. She accepted at once, in spite of a natural shrinking from a post that requires much tact and hard work, and frequent contact with councillors and officials with whom she could have little in common. It was an opportunity for work at once religious and civic, for it gave her a controlling influence over the education of hundreds of children. Since her election not only has she been able to introduce regular religious teaching under the supervision of a priest, but she has carried on much-needed reforms in the food and clothing of the orphans as well as in their industrial training. It is administrative positions such as this that Catholic women should aim at filling, if they would save

the rising generation from materialism and religious indifference. But they can only be filled by women of recognized experience and a thorough understanding of municipal affairs.

Concerning the whole position of women, much to American readers will appear obvious and elementary that still strikes the Italian as daring and even perilous. To judge of the religious and social conditions of a country one must, for the time, try to see things from that country's standpoint. Catholic women in Italy have, in a measure, been brought by recent events to the parting of the ways. Are they going to form an active party of progress and strive by all lawful and peaceable means for the triumph of their ideals and their faith, as the women in the Socialist ranks are striving for theirs; or are they going to stand aside, timid and helpless, as in a backwater, while the stream of life flows irresistibly onwards? I believe they are choosing the nobler alternative, and that they will be cheered and helped by knowing that their efforts are followed with sympathy by the women of other nations whose easier lot is only to reap where their mothers have sown.

WITH A WHITE STONE.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

THERE was at least an elevator of sorts in the Eyrie, so that tread-mill climbing of ten mysterious and musty staircases need not lay the last straw to a wearisome day. "It is a mercy to be thankful for," breathed the young man who at his own landing slipped out of the little cage which had crawled with him aloft; and he waved his hand in friendly acknowledgment to a mostly unappreciated elevator boy.

This hireling of indifferent and discouraged aspect yet muttered on his upward way with a trace of feeling: "That there Mr. de Longy, now, he's kind o' sunshiny in this here black old pit."

The subject of his eulogy had stopped before reaching his especial doorway. A rapid survey ascertained that the length of the dingy corridor was quite deserted and he leaned wearily against the wall, closing for a moment his bright dark eyes and stretching his slight figure to the extent of its inconsiderable height. Then he went through a few physical culture exercises, bending his lithe frame backward and forward, waving his arms up and down, breathing deeply, his hands at his waist.

"Ha, that refreshes! I am myself again—once more elastic," he said in French; and with buoyant step and smile he entered the door.

Within was a studio, well lighted enough but chillingly bare. The occupant, a tall, squarely built man, stood near an easel, and as he stepped backward to regard his work, waved a hand holding palette and mahl-stick towards the newcomer without looking at him.

"How goes it?" asked the latter cheerily. "Well? Superbly? *À merveille?*"

"Marvelously enough," said the artist grimly. "The janitor's robustious wife, whom you wheedled into ordering this portrait, gave me her last sitting to-day. You may observe the addition of three rows of gilt beads, the pendant ear-rings, some extra green in the gown, some extra red in the cheeks,

with a fatuous smile such as you and I have never seen her wear."

"Ah, well, the poor woman! We are rather slow pay. But—except the smile—it is Rosanna herself, her very counterfeit. She looks for once benignantly upon us, as who should say: 'Be easy, *mes beaux gaillards*, when Michael announces that the rent is long overdue, this gorgeous picture shall plead for you.'"

"Gorgeous, indeed," agreed the painter, with disgust. "Is it not sickening to have to degrade one's art? I beg your pardon, old fellow. I'm none the less grateful for a way to meet the rent; but let's cover the thing. I'll feel better when it's out of my sight."

"Forget it," advised his friend airily, "and recuperate yourself with that delicious little landscape, or that admirable full-length of the great Anatole de Longy as Mercutio; in short, with any of the treasures for which one day art-collectors will scramble. Meanwhile your gloom, if not due to Puritan ancestry, is, perhaps, from hunger. Have you lunched?"

"Not consciously."

"And it is late afternoon!"

"Luncheon is not an everyday affair with yourself."

"You have not reckoned, my good fellow, with the new play. Our manager is a realist of realists. There is a sumptuous banquet in the third act to which no guest did greater justice than your Anatole. If the manager's eagle eye was upon me, I fancy he was appalled. But what would you after no supper and a breakfast of caviare and hope! The perishable props were 'perishable' and 'props' in every sense. You shall try for yourself." Whereupon, with gravity, he produced, from this inner pocket and that, some cold paté and a broken yard, more or less, of crisp bread-stick. "There is still a bottle of beer left in the cabinet—and there you are."

"Upon my word, de Longy," said the artist, relaxing into an unwilling grin. "What sort of prank is this for a gentleman? I wonder what your picture gallery of ancestors down in New Orleans would say to such a tramp affair."

"Since they left their sole and graceless survivor to build the family fortunes anew," said the other unconcernedly, "the gallery may frown. I smile, myself, to know that their illustrious name is regarded by the dear public as too obviously a

nom de théâtre. Meanwhile, I wear what is my own, worthily, I hope, if work may count."

"Nothing better yet?" Joyce stopped in his pacing to ask with interest.

"Not yet," Anatole admitted. "If the leading man had his appetite sharpened by my frequent fasts he might contract in its satisfaction a gout which would be his understudy's chance. But he is exasperatingly moderate and drinks water only; and mine continues to be largely a thinking part."

"It can hardly be said," commented the painter, with abrupt bitterness, "that things go very well with either of us, waifs and strays from South and North, in the great city's howling wilderness. This monstrosity of a portrait—my one sale within the month—pays something on account; but the bill to the color-man swells, and your salary goes mainly for costumes in a high-flown, absurd drama, which gives you no opening for talent or hard work. To-day is nearly over. Even you cannot call it fortunate." He crossed the room to where a bronze vase stood upon a table and dropped into it a black pebble taken from a bowl beside it.

Anatole followed him, deliberately abstracted the black pebble and calmly substituted a white one. "When we made that agreement," he observed with serenity, "so to mark our days as black or white in classic manner, it was certainly not to be without duly remembering such mercies as came. To-day, for instance, you finished Rosanna's picture, smile and all; and, it being your eyesore, it will be removed—and, incidentally, paid for. As for me, I heard the great critic remark of my lines: 'Not so rotten bad—considering the stuff.' Also I lunched royally; and shall again to-night, God willing, sup with Lucullus," he waved his hand dramatically at the bread and paté.

"Optimist!"

"Pessimist! I hurl the epithet at you!"

"Hurl away; but we cannot live on air."

"Admitted. Therefore let us try the beer."

The heavy-browed, serious-faced young painter grinned again, laying an affectionate hand on his companion's shoulder. "One mercy I freely acknowledge. That to a sober-souled fellow like me is granted a comrade with his forebears' Provençal sunshine in his veins."

"'A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad one tires in a mile—a,'"

chanted Anatole, overcoming the last of such fatigue and dispiriting as his friend had not guessed. "I drink to better times, when the jade Fortune shall pipe to our dancing. Meanwhile we laugh at her, work hard, and drink beer—when we can get it. Come in," he added, as the clink of their glasses chimed with a tap on the door.

A lady, young, graceful, gracious, was framed there hesitating. Inconspicuous in dark street attire, the only points swiftly to attract were the waving mass of chestnut hair snooded with a black velvet ribbon, and the frank appeal of wide blue eyes.

"Mr. Joyce's room?" she asked.

And "Miss Tredway!" de Longy exclaimed at the same moment. "You know Mr. Joyce?"

"Oh, a long, long time," she smiled; and Joyce already realized that to have met a risen star behind the scenes where she had been courteous, preoccupied, inaccessible, was quite another thing from seeing Veronica Tredway in his own surroundings—such as they were. He regretted the bareness and bleakness as never before; he was internally conscious of the crumbs and glasses; he deplored the fact that the cover had slipped from the janitor's wife's picture. Yet both men received her and her companion with entire simplicity and absence of excuse.

"I am not sure," she said, "that it is permissible to intrude on a genuine work-room. But a fellow-worker, like myself, of scant leisure, cannot defer too much to straight-laced convention."

"Except in the matter of a venerable chaperon," Anatole jested, bowing to the silent, veiled figure beside her. "Shine forth, little Isabel, from that matronly disguise and be an *ingénue* once more."

The laughter of the two girls—Miss Tredway was but twenty-four—made pleasant music through the rooms. "She would insist, the baby, upon dressing the part in my interest," declared Veronica, looking kindly at the pretty, childish face and form, now relieved of cumbrous veil and wrap.

The ice so broken, she turned to Joyce, delightfully at ease. "Mr. de Longy has said so much to me of your work that I

am impatient to see it. You have not yet exhibited? No, it takes time in a swarming city for recognition of gifts. You will show me what you have here—but especially his portrait, will you not? He says it is a masterpiece."

"Allow for friendly prejudice," said Joyce. "Though if I am to attain at all, it will be in portraiture. You know yourself, in another way, of the fascination of studying and depicting human nature as one sees it through outward manifestations."

Her glance fell on Rosanna's picture and she repressed a smile. She went murmuring and admiring though the room; but before de Longy's portrait she stood long and absorbed. "It seems almost alive," she said at last. "What a delightful Mercutio! Some day, Monsieur de Longy, some day." The young men watched her as she wound her boa about the firm white throat which carried her head so finely. "Your art, Mr. Joyce—ah, that endures. You leave proofs of greatness; but we play-actors shall bequeath nothing but an ever-fading tradition; and must have present cheers and hand-claps to keep us in heart. Come, little Isabel, it is time to dress and dine and prepare for the evening's mumming. We have had our treat here—thanks to Monsieur Anatole." The great, lucent eyes of quick sympathy which held her audiences, had divined the meaning of their scanty belongings, of the flamboyant Rosanna's portrait, of even the thin, sallow, distinguished woman's photograph, with its cheap knot of violets in front, glimpsed before Anatole closed the inner door. And now they met Joyce's gaze intent upon her in a long, unfathomable instant. Then she had laughingly drawn Isabel with her in a backward curtsey through the doorway, reciting:

"'*Ce sont des marionettes qui font, qui font*
Trois petits tours, et qui s'en vont.'"

"Fresh justification for to-day's white stone," exulted Anatole.

"Your kind contrivance once more, my dear fellow," said the artist quietly. He was carefully re-covering Rosanna's earrings. "If your star were a capitalist, now—"

"She is better. She is an artist and a charming woman; and, above all, a lady. It was an accident—the stage—for her; a happy one, since she has success. But how she works; and for the sake of a paralyzed father whose home, after bankruptcy and illness, is now assured. That is the household—

simple, quiet, almost bourgeois. Lately she has included Isabel, that she may keep an eye on a thoughtless, unprotected girl in her teens, subject to much dangerous dalliance. I hear that the gilded youth, when not of Miss Tredway's adorers, call her 'The Fair Dragon,' on account of Isabel."

"It does her honor," said Joyce after a pause; but de Longy within was already preparing for the theater while he whistled: "*Sur le pont d'Avignon.*"

To one of them the memory of this visit, to the other daily association with the visitant, were for long the only reasons for the white stone which Anatole ceremoniously deposited in their urn each evening, to the accompaniment of the painter's scoffs. Obstinate cheerfulness disclaimed need for discouragement in lack of histrionic opportunity, in scarcity of picture-buyers, in accumulating debt, in precarious dependence on "perishable props," in the janitor's returning unfriendliness. The grayer the skies, the more debonairly he whistled: "*Sur le pont d'Avignon.*"

"I am of Democritus' school," he explained. "Thus one creates an enlivening atmosphere. Does not the primer of my childhood say:

> "'*Quand un gend'arme rit*
> *Dans la gendarmerie,*
> *Tous les gend'armes rient*
> *Dans la gendarmerie.*'

"Kindly laugh, *mon gros gendarme.*"

Now and then he triumphed in bringing some modest order to his friend, the purchaser anonymous. "I only exact as commission that you come and see me in this ridiculous play, which Miss Tredway has made the vogue."

Joyce, acceding to this, was amazed that he had not oftener availed himself of the passes at his service. "You should mount high in your art," he told de Longy later. "With your star as inspiration, a man could do—almost anything."

"Avail yourself of her rays, then, when you will," said de Longy, but he spoke abstractedly; and it seemed an echo of his thought when the painter presently inquired:

"Who was the stout, florid man that claimed Miss Tredway's every moment between the acts. Since when has she been so smilingly tolerant of distraction from her part?"

"You must know Percy Chadwell—man about town, plutocrat, art-collector."

"By reputation only."

"Oh, well," in answer to the unexpressed, "one cannot tell a woman everything. She only knows that his Barye bronzes are the finest in the world, and that he refused twenty thousand last week for a Mir-Saraband rug. But"—a sudden red mounting to his fine temples—"he is likewise an animal whose presence in the same room is profanation to her. Yet he has been all over the world, is immensely clever, and has a tongue to wile the birds off the bushes. Also he is intently pursuing her, and would even marry her. It would be only to get a divorce on one pretext or other in a year or two; and, *voilà*, he is free again. But what about her who has no place in her maidenly thoughts for indiscriminate marrying and unmarrying and re-marrying? Do you know, Joyce, that—that lovely child is as devout as was my venerated mother. Because work hours interfere with attendance at the early morning Mass at our church, she slips in unobtrusively for daily devotions in the quiet afternoon—which I know by merest chance. You may fancy that when he speaks of '*la belle Véronique*' to me and others, with just the faintest suggestion, how I long to strike him across the face."

"Why not do it then?" Joyce asked very softly and with downcast eyes.

"Because I should put myself hopelessly in the wrong, even with her."

"Yes"; the artist agreed after a pause. Then he straightened his shoulders and threw back his head. "See here, de Longy, you disquiet yourself without cause—you may believe me. She being what she is, and of fine and delicate perceptions, is perfectly safe in virtue of—what shall we call it—a heaven-born instinct which will divine him vaguely but sufficiently. In proof of which conviction, I deposit the stone tonight."

He was at work alone a few days later when Miss Tredway once more illuminated his studio. "We are fortunate to find you, Mr. Joyce. You have, perhaps, met Mr. Chadwell. Isabel, I am sure you have. I very much want Mr. Chadwell to see your work. He is, you know, one of the directors; as well as a noted *connaisseur*."

Joyce saluted gravely and placed chairs; but the art-collector chose to roam about the room, peering at this or that picture or portfolio, with small, half-shut eyes, while he tapped his silk hat with a glove. Meanwhile Isabel yawned a little, caring nothing at all about art for art's sake; and Veronica, after a few words with Chadwell under de Longy's portrait, spoke to Joyce with soft precision, that he might not know how her heart was beating.

"Since I have seen your Mercutio, Mr. Joyce, I have dreamed of being immortalized in the same way? Would you care to undertake it? Should I be a troublesome subject? Would it need many sittings?"

He answered the last question first, and very slowly, that she might not guess how his heart—in its turn—had leaped. "One cannot say decidedly how many sittings a subject will need. It depends upon a variety of things. But, no; you would not be—troublesome." He could not keep a change out of his tone. "It would be a wonderful chance for me."

Chadwell at this turned and joined them. He said in an uninterested, monotonous way, which, curiously, held attention: "Your Mercutio, Mr. Joyce, convinces me that Miss Tredway's design is excellent. In fact"—he peered again at the portrait—"if it should prove equal to that, I have some influence with the Committee and can insure its being hung on the line, perhaps; but we shall see. For the present, I should like to know your price for this marine."

Joyce stepped apart with him, discussed, made courteous acknowledgment, while an inner voice warned of the Greeks bearing gifts.

"I know the great news, you need not tell me," said de Longy, after the visitors' departure. He was a little pale, even while he heartily congratulated.

"I owe this chance to you, too. I wish it was your own."

"All in good time," with cheerful confidence, "that will come. But what sticks in my throat is that he was advising her, when I passed them—and masterfully—in which rôle she might best be painted."

"He need not trouble," said the painter drily, "I will attend to matters of detail, myself. It was her own arrangement, however, that the sittings shall be at her home. The light is good—a certain high-backed chair, effects of costume

easily accessible, and so on. But you may like to know my belief that it was intended to exclude that man."

"Her inflexible rule," assented de Longy thoughtfully, "is to receive no one there. Yet I heard her say that she wished the portrait's perfection to be a surprise to him."

The painter said no more, but he pondered silently on the connection between her recent marked graciousness to the millionaire, the munificent price she had casually mentioned for the picture, and the place promised for it to an artist yet unknown by the collector and probable purchaser. He was daily troubled during these sittings, where her beauty and charm fed his growing passion. "It would not be fair, it would not be right, it would be monstrous!" he thought. "If I had but the ghost of a chance—but who am I! I could even give her up to de Longy—but this creature! A brute!" He spoiled a bit of drapery and had it to do over.

De Longy had long ago, with Gallic quickness, leaped to a conclusion—and he could have kissed the fairy princess' hem; yet he was disquieted, not knowing into what ensnaring indebtedness generous intention might lead. Between the friends nothing was exchanged on the subject but an occasional: "How goes it?" and its answer: "Well enough."

"You will come, Monsieur Anatole," at last Miss Tredway commanded, "to the Very Exclusive View which precedes the Private View. And you must find my picture delightful. For it is to make your friend's fortune." It was a shadow of his thought when she added: "Mr. Chadwell desired very much to see me pictured *en grande tenue*—even offered the loan of his world-famous rubies; but I am sure Mr. Joyce's choice was wiser."

The artist's choice, indeed, had been simplicity itself; yet it was a wonderful study which gazed at them standing under where it was to hang on the Academy's wall. In compelling beauty of tint and line she confronted them, clad in filmy, clinging white against the high-backed chair, with no ornament but the roses she held, these being also white. The little group gazed silently, isolated almost, amid bustle and din of hurrying artists and their intimates and workmen hammering. If Percy Chadwell had been irritated at opposition to him in the matter of costuming he showed nothing now but an almost arrogant satisfaction. It was he who spoke first.

"Admirable, admirable, quite admirable!" He stepped backward and forward, contracted his eyes and narrowed their vision with hollowed palm. "I thought it wonderful when I saw it last week; but it has reached absolute perfection since then. I congratulate you, Miss Tredway, and you, Mr. Joyce, and—myself, above all, for you have, of course, known me for the owner. The public should know it, too—in your interest; a certain prestige—I am supposed," raising his eyebrows, "to be something of a judge of such work." He took the green ticket already in the frame and added some words, returning it.

Veronica read in large and clear letters: "Sold—to Mr. Percy Chadwell." She was very still for a moment or so, then raising her eyes they encountered those of Joyce, and he, like herself, had paled and was breathing quickly.

The millionaire, exulting in his acquisition, descanted in leisurely manner on line and color, on background, light and shadow to Anatole de Longy, who watched Veronica. She was in pale spring costume and carried a fluffy parasol of the same delicate tint. She used it now to point to a Dutch interior being hung just above where her picture leaned; and her movements struck him as unusually abrupt. She made now a sudden turn, wheeling, and: "Take care!" he cried; but too late, for the sharp ferule had gone through the portrait, gashing the canvas across the face.

"Oh! Oh!" shrilled Isabel; and "Ah—h!" said Chadwell very slowly.

The young actress went straight to Joyce. "Will you forgive me? Can you forgive me? Do you forgive me?" she pleaded with outstretched hands.

"I will—I can—I do," he assured her firmly.

Chadwell had set his teeth savagely for the moment; but already his stolid composure was the same and he continued to tap his hat with his glove. "It was a most unfortunate—accident," he then said deliberately, "by which I am the chief loser. Though Mr. Joyce"—with slow significance—"might also be so to a very considerable extent. But to prove to the fair subject that I am *assez bon diable*, as *you* might say, Mr. de Longy—in other words, a good loser—we need not withdraw Mr. Joyce's name or give his space to some one else. We can substitute your picture as Mercutio. If you will excuse me, I will see some of the Committee now here about it." He

went off heavily, but undoubtedly with some of the honors of war.

While de Longy led Isabel on a perfunctory tour of the rooms, the artist and Veronica had opportunity for sentences together, few, low, disconnected even, yet such as sent him home with an uplift of the heart and a light in the eye which he fancied to be unobserved.

"It is curious," said Anatole, speaking heavily, "how little a woman counts the cost where she sacrifices for some cherished interest. But she will not always pay the price; no, she will not always pay the price, in the end. All the better for you, my fine fellow," and he kissed his hand with a factitious gayety to the Mercutio, which was to be moved in the morning.

It had hung on exhibition some days before the original ran into his manager among a discerning crowd beneath it. "I see you are gloating upon the beauty of one of your troupe," observed Anatole.

"I am admiring the workmanship," said the manager, who knew something of art himself; "also, the green ticket. I hear it has brought a fine price, and much talk about the artist. He has, probably, arrived." He drew de Longy to one side. "The costume becomes you sufficiently well, and it has suggested—" He did not mention that Caustic, the great journal's dramatic critic had just left him. "What should you say to trying the part in a revival before long? Now, don't go too fast and imagine the part a stepping-stone to Romeo's. The gifts that make Mercutio do not belong to great passions."

"You really think so," said de Longy lightly—"that a sense of humor cannot consort with a deeply-buried, hopeless, unrelenting pain about the heart? Perhaps you are right; yet there be men—I have known them—who laugh at everything, even themselves."

He ran fleetly down the Academy steps, humming: "*Sur le pont d'Avignon.*" Obstinate hopefulness was justified. His name identified with this noted picture should be so with the part, if work could do it. And he knew himself capable of fine work; had heard that Caustic said so pertinaciously and sometimes aggressively. What a horizon of opportunity recognition of good work would open up. His olive cheek warmed, his dark eyes glowed. "For these and all Thy mercies," he

murmured, in a long-forgotten memory of childhood; and he started to cross the mid-street babel.

And then a huge, clanging automobile bore down upon him. He could have escaped, perhaps, but in its direct path faltered a tiny, ragged, bewildered child, and in seizing and throwing her to one side he was struck down and crushed. When once more conscious, he was lying inert and bandaged upon a hospital bed, and Joyce was near him.

"They found your address on a card," the artist explained with effort, "and I was, luckily, at home."

"I remember," whispered Anatole, "but—the mother's picture there, on the table—and all those violets?"

"Veronica's thought," said Joyce. "She is below."

He did not know he had said "Veronica," but the injured man was silent for a space. "It is serious, then," he said. "How long have I?"

"They—they cannot say. Not very long. She—she also thought—there is a priest with her—a Frenchman."

"Yes, I will see him." Afterwards he slept, and when he waked asked for Veronica. He called her that himself now, quite assuredly and very tenderly. "It was a little girl, I think?"

"Yes"; she said softly.

"I should like to believe—that she had been saved for something good."

"It shall be so if I can—" her voice broke.

"Why"—unconquerable cheeriness still in the faint tone—"it is well worth it, then. Did you know I was to have a fine part soon—my chance?"

"Arrington has been to inquire," said Joyce, not trusting himself further.

"No more perishable props, eh, old boy? It was great fun, though."

He wandered for awhile, muttering: "A pity, too, that cut across the sweet face—not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church-door, but it served."

When himself again, he smiled upon Joyce: "Promise, promise me faithfully, that to-night of all nights a white stone is put in."

His comrade nodded. "With faith, hope, and some love," murmured Anatole, "the passage is not hard—the readiness is all. Remember, Joyce, a white stone."

ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN

*AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THREE mounted travelers were slowly making their way towards the old port at Houlgate, from which their Norman ancestors, two hundred years before, had set sail to the conquest of England. They were traveling slowly, apparently because one of their party was infirm; for, though all three rode armed, his hood was unstrapped and lay back upon his neck. Also, he leaned forward painfully in his saddle, as though unable to sit erect upon his horse. Two rode together behind, the sick man, and another, whose nasal helmet hid what otherwise might have been seen of his visage through the opening in his hood. At his saddle-bow hung the helmet of the other. The man who rode ahead was clothed in a leathern jerkin over which hung a loose vest with arms, made of rough hempen stuff diapered all over with stout twine knots. His hood was of padded cloth under the low cylindrical headpiece. This was Roger equipped for travel. The two who rode behind him were the knight, Sir Sigar, and his squire, de Valletort.

They had journeyed through France and Normandy from Paris, and were drawing near to their journey's end. Only a few leagues lay between them and the sea; for already they had left Evreux in the rear and were making towards Caen.

All along the route they traversed they had found the castles being fortified, as if for war. This, they learnt, was by order of the King of France. Masons and armorers and victuallers they had met in plenty, together with bodies of soldiers on the march. But, avoiding for the most part castles and fortresses, they had lodged where possible in the guest-houses of the monasteries and friaries they had passed. Everywhere

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they had been well and kindly received, with the ready hospitality that made the religious establishments of the time so famous. And indeed, but for the guest-house and the hospitable cloister, traveling would have been almost as generally uncomfortable as it was often dangerous. Besides, what with the bustle and activity of the army of workmen at every castle, village, and town, accommodation of even the poorest kind would have been scant. The old knight preferred the quiet and peace of a Franciscan or Dominican house, or the more stately lodging of some great monastic establishment, to the precarious chance of an honest landlord and a sober crowd in an inn.

Many of the monks or friars at the religious houses where they stopped had heard of Vipont and his pilgrimage to Rome, for there was an almost constant stream of people crossing between England and France, and news of all sorts passed rapidly from place to place. Doubtless those who had heard of the murder or remembered it, had expected to see a murderer of a very different type from that which Sir Sigar presented; and many were the glances of pity and commiseration bent upon the aged and feeble old man as, having thanked his good hosts for their hospitality, he rode away, bowed and dejected, from the convent door.

Now they had reached a desolate tract of country. There seemed to be no building of any kind in sight, and the sky lowered threateningly. The road, too, was deserted and the beams of the sun, filtering through the murky, piled-up clouds, warned them to press on if they would find lodging within walls either sacred or secular before the threatening storm broke upon them.

Arnoul was doing his best to animate the flagging spirits of the sick knight and urge him onwards towards some place of shelter; while Roger, faithful scout as he was, forged ahead to discover some sign of habitation where they might find refreshment and a bed for the night. In less than an hour the sun would have set, and the road was not altogether a safe one, even for three armed travelers. A peasant, who had pointed the way out to them a few leagues back, had warned them of the danger. Marauding bands of robbers were not infrequently to be met with on the way to the coast. In particular he bade them be on their guard when they reached a certain wood, the features of which he described minutely to them. For here

the road passed near the castle of a lord who found it more profitable to waylay and rob small parties of travelers than to grind the faces of his own unfortunate serfs and tenants. The peasant had spoken bitterly—doubtless with reason—and had repeated his warning when their paths sundered.

By Arnoul's computation they should not reach the wood in question at the rate they were traveling for a good two hours; and he hoped to find shelter long before that. Roger was on the lookout in advance. So his chief preoccupation was to cheer his companion, and to draw his mind from the melancholy brooding that had settled upon it.

"Hasten! We must hasten, my lord, if we would find a harbor from the night and the weather," the young squire was saying, as he tried to stir the jaded spirits of his companion.

The knight looked up vacantly. "Aye; we must make speed," he said. But his horse jogged ahead as before, and he made no effort to spur it on. Then he fell to musing aloud.

"Bethink you, de Valletort, are we right, thou and I, thus riding together side by side—I who slew thy brother and thou? Have I not done thee a further wrong, joining thee thus in the company of one who is blood-guilty?"

"Peace, peace, I pray you, Sir Sigar!" pleaded the young man. "Have I not forgiven thee? Has not the Holy Father loosed the bonds of thy sin? Did not Brother Thomas bid me take service with thee as thy squire?"

"Yea; yea and nay. Oh, accursed sinner that I am! I repent me of my evil deed. God wot, I would wipe it out in my own blood—my own blood! But hither ride we together, thou and I—thou the victim and I the slayer; and the price of thy service is my daughter Sibilla. Oh, de Valletort, release me of my promise! I cannot, I dare not buy thy reconciliation thus!"

"Release thee? That will not I!" said Arnoul through set teeth. "I have forgiven thee—fully and from my heart. But thou hast promised, my lord. Thou hast promised upon thy knightly word. I hold thee to it. I serve thee for thy daughter's hand. For a year will I serve thee—for two, three years if thou wilt, and until I have found a lord to make me knight. But I shall not go back. Thou would'st not have me go back upon my resolve. Nay, lord; thou thyself would'st not break thy engagement, cost what it may!"

"True words! True words!" the knight murmured as if in pain. "I have pledged my knightly word. I, who am an outcast and an accursed being, have given my promise. I will hold to it."

"Then away with these sick fancies, my lord! Set spurs and let us ride apace! There is Roger hurrying back towards us. Doubtless he has discovered a place of refuge for the night. And the storm is on the point of breaking. See, yonder, how the tongues of lightning flash! Even an outhouse or a cavern were something in this waste!"

The knight lurched yet further forward in his seat, silent and brooding. He took no interest, so it seemed, in the finding of shelter. During all the time that de Valletort had been his squire he had not seen him so depressed. So he rallied him with cheering words as they jogged forward to meet the returning Roger.

It was soon apparent that he brought other news than the discovery of a building where they might take refuge. He sat low and rode hard, galloping up to them through the gathering storm-darkness.

"Master Arnoul! Master Arnoul!" he shouted along the road. "For the love of God make speed forward, an you wish to win your spurs! Travelers in distress. And two of them mere lads! Set upon by a band of ruffians!"

He drew a short sword as he panted out the words and turned his horse in the direction from which he had just come.

"What is that you say, Roger?" cried Arnoul sharply, unhooking, as he spoke, Sir Sigar's helm from his saddle bow and passing it over to the knight.

Vipont sat up in his saddle with a strange glare in his sunken eyes, and commenced fumbling at the strap of his hood in preparation to putting it on. The lightnings were playing fast now, and great, sparse drops of rain fell heavily upon the frightened horses and their riders.

"What is it, Roger? Who are these travelers? How far off? How know you they be attacked by villains?"

"Parley not, good master, for the love of Christ, but come!" cried the man, with difficulty reigning in his panting, trembling steed. "Or, ere you can reach them, they are done! I saw the party riding, as we, for shelter. A band of

armed cutthroats sprang sudden from the thick wood by the roadway. They are close at hand. The spur, Master Arnoul! The spur, for God's love; and to the rescue!"

Even Sir Sigar was stirred. He shook off the melancholy that possessed him and urged de Valletort on.

"Go! I shall follow; and if any fight be left in these old bones—"

But at the word Arnoul was off and at full gallop down the road. The lambent flashes flickered on his drawn blade and seemed to ripple like water up and down the bright steel rings of his mail.

"England!" he shouted, "and Vipont!" whirling the sword above his head and changing his buckler from its sling to his left arm. Roger, shouting out advice, lumbered heavily at his side.

"There are four of them, master—two sturdy knaves and two striplings."

"How many against them?" Arnoul shouted back.

"I could not count. Six or seven, they seemed. The knaves had reined in and drawn sword. I saw no blazon."

"They were hard pressed?"

"The assailants—some mounted, one or two on foot—bore iron maces, glaives, and daggers. A felled trunk blocked the passage."

"Forward then!" cried Arnoul. "Press forward!"

A sharp turn in the road brought them suddenly in sight of the attack. One of the men was dismounted—his horse flying riderless down the road. Setting spurs, Arnoul took the low barrier and was at once in the thick of the unequal combat, Roger still at his side. The assailants turned, with fierce oaths, to the newcomers. Now the fight was closer matched—six armed men to nine, two of whom were on foot. One of these had closed with the unhorsed knave. The leader of the attack, a huge man clad in rusty black armor, wheeled suddenly and made for de Valletort, whirling a spiked iron club high above his head as he came at him. An unsheathed dagger glinted at his waist-strap as he sawed with his left hand at the shortened reins. Arnoul raised his buckler to intercept the descending blow, his arm bent at the elbow to lessen the shock. A sharp clang of metal upon metal and the arm fell limp and powerless at his side. The edge of the buckler had

turned the heavy mace aside, but it was bent and crumpled like a piece of paper.

But the squire had not only been on the defence. As his opponent swung the heavy weapon up for a second blow, he stood up in his stirrups and brought his sword down with a sickening crunch upon the other's arm. The good steel quivered with the force he put into it, and the mace fell harmless. Again the arm was raised to strike, and a second time the sword descended on it, this time breaking off short in Arnoul's hand with the violence of the impact. The man, with a yell of pain, dropped the mace from his nerveless fingers. It hung dragging by its rawhide thong from his wrist.

In the meantime, a second man had crept up, knife in hand, and crouched near the prancing horses. He was awaiting an opportunity of hamstringing de Valletort's charger. But Roger, seeing him, shook himself free from his assailant and, leaning over, drove the point of his sword into the back of the scoundrel's neck. There was a wrench, a jerk, and the body fell forward under the hoof-beats, the head nearly severed from its trunk.

"One!" shouted Roger grimly, wheeling back upon his former combatant with dripping sword. But the two men of the original party had already accounted for another, while a third, catching sight of Vipont riding up, made off into the thick tangle of the woods.

De Valletort and his assailant were now both crippled. Only, the life was coming back again now into the younger man's arm. The other shook himself clear of the useless mace and, dropping rein, caught at the dagger and lifted his left arm to strike; but, as Arnoul reached for the short, pointed sword that hung at his saddle bow, the great horse slipped and he found his opponent fighting on the ground.

Quick as thought he saw his danger. He could never cope with it as long as he was mounted. So, with a glance to see that all were occupied in a hand to hand fight, he slipped from the saddle and rushed at him. The point of his weapon glanced harmlessly off the other's armor as he cut and thrust. Both men slipped and slid in the rain-beaten clay. It was as much as he could do to keep his footing, and parry the lightning-like strokes of the gleaming dagger upon his shield. The man in rusty armor seemed to possess the strength of ten. He was,

for all his huge bulk, as agile as a cat, springing hither and thither over the greasy clay and directing a perfect rain of blows upon the squire's shield and mail. Arnoul pressed forward and drew back again warily, his breath coming sharp and quick as he summed up his chances. There was one at least, he thought, that might bring the struggle to a speedy end if he could but make it serve him. The man wore a helmet with a nose piece of bars shaped something like an open fan. At all other points he was invulnerable to a dagger thrust. Here, at least, he might be wounded. Drawing back for an instant he let his adversary press on, holding his round shield the while before his face and evading, rather than parrying, the stabbing weapon. Then, with a hiss of indrawn breath, he lifted his short steel blade to the level of the man's head and, heedless of blows, rushed at him. The dagger struck the steel bars of the nose piece, glanced off, and found an entry. The man screamed with pain; but Arnoul, getting his shield up close against his breast so that his adversary was powerless to strike other than sideways at him, thrust his dagger again and again between the bars. Twice—thrice it struck steel; but something warm trickling down its blade and soaking through his gauntlet, warned him that his enemy was wounded. At last the point pierced deep. With a shriek the man fell, tearing the dagger, wedged tight between the bars, from Arnoul's hand. The point had gouged the eye and entered his brain. He was dead.

De Valletort was unarmed. His sword was broken, his dagger wedged by the hilt between the bars of the dead man's helmet. And the fight was not yet done. In the struggle he had worked his way to the side of the road; but Roger, he could see and hear, was giving battle yet manfully to two assailants, and the strangers were still hard pressed man to man. He stumbled across the roadway. On a sudden he caught sight of the fallen mace. Seizing it, he hurried up to Roger's assistance and, coming behind one of the two men, brought it down with a crash on the back of his steel cap. He rolled off his horse and fell like a log.

"Two! Well struck, my master!" shouted Roger. "Go you now to the rescue of the others. God's blood! but I can settle a score here. Get your horse, though, first; or else mount this one."

The man's words came in gasps. He had been fighting hard, and blood was running down his face.

But Arnoul remained on foot. The rain had ceased now, and the lightnings came fewer and fewer. The roadway was aplash with greasy mire. It was safer on foot.

Before him he saw the dismounted man throw up his arms and fall with a groan. His assailants made off to help his fellows. They were five now—two on foot and three mounted—against three. De Valletort pressed on towards them, whirling the mace. A high pitched shriek rang out as one of the riders went down; and a muttered oath was cut short by the heavy thud of his ponderous weapon. Four to three! No; four to four, for there was Vipont himself riding with his sword drawn. Before the knight could come to close quarters Arnoul had disabled another man who was in the act of dragging the unhorsed rider towards the woods at the side of the road. He stooped down and laid his hand over the man's heart, but the armed hauberk effectually prevented his feeling the beats.

"Saints!" he exclaimed, astonished, as he perceived the loose set of the mail upon the figure. "'Tis a child, at most, they have wounded. The brutes! To set upon children in this guise!" And, picking up the inert body in his arms, he bore it away from the plunging horses to a place of safety near the barrier. Then, without more ado, he turned to rejoin his companions.

But the fight was finished. Of the sixteen who had engaged in it five were lying stretched upon the ground. Roger had his steel cap off and was wiping the blood and sweat from his face. Sir Sigar sat proudly in his saddle as he thrust his sword—there was a stain on it, too—into its sheath. A man sat stupidly in the roadway rubbing his head. All the assailants who were not wounded or dead had run away.

"Here is a fine thing!" said Vipont with a smile. "We set out to make our way peaceably to England and we meet with the adventures of the knights errant! Bravely done! Nobly fought, my son! I watched your blade make pretty work of yonder carcass. Would to God I could have come to your assistance! Nay; glad am I that my horse would not take the barrier, since you have thus knightly acquitted yourself alone! For this deed you shall have your golden spurs.

It is worthy of knighthood. Though, indeed, even I worked one small work. That man"—he pointed to the fellow sitting in the middle of the road and grinning stupidly—"will have cause to remember my sword. Come, scoundrel, who are you and who are these gentlefolks that you have attacked?"

The man rubbed his head, getting his scattered wits together. His had been a shrewd blow. He gave no very intelligible answers at first, but Arnoul and Vipont gathered that they had fallen upon the very lord—Fuld his name was—against whom the peasant had warned them, in the act of attacking another band of travelers. Fortunate for them was it that they had come upon him and his murderous retainers already occupied. Otherwise, thought Arnoul, the issue would have probably been quite other than it was.

The man sat in the road, answering Vipont's questions.

"And this Fuld—where is he?"

"There," the man made answer, pointing at the same time to the body in the rusted armor, the haft of the dagger still protruding from the helmet.

"Hell's curse upon him!" began Vipont shrilly. And then lowering his voice almost to a whisper: "Nay, nay, Sigar; those days are over, please God! God rest him! God assoil him! Arnoul, methinks thou hast killed the man!"

"Aye; he is dead right enough," grunted Roger, awkwardly undoing his jerkin, so that he might get at his wound.

"Where lies his castle? Is it near by?" pursued the knight judicially.

"A half league through the woods," the man muttered.

"These for his soul—though he deserve it not!" Vipont threw a handful of coins before the dazed man. "See that Masses be read for him, fellow. It sickeneth me to see dead men. Come away, Arnoul! Come away! Not but that it was in fair fight and a brave deed, lad," he added.

But de Valletort was attending to Roger's wound. He stayed where he was as the knight turned away, and questioned in his stead.

"Is there shelter to be had nearer than thy master's castle?" he asked.

"Nay; nought closer than Houlgate."

"Who are these, then, with whom you fought? Are they faring towards the coast?"

"Nay, lord; they ride inlands from Caen."

"We cannot leave them here in this plight, master," said Roger. "Either must we remain here, or they turn back with us."

"We shall see. We shall see. How is that, Roger? Is it more easy now?"

"Thanks to you, Master Arnoul. For a day or two I shall be stiff, doubtless. I am not used to steel thrusts. But 'twill be no more than a scratch."

As they spoke together to the man, de Valletort attending to Roger's wound, a sound—half groan, half sigh—came from the barricade. Then they noticed that one of the rescued had slipped from his horse and gone to the rider whom Arnoul had carried senseless from the fight. They went over to the pair. One was on his knees unlacing the other's headpiece.

"My father! My father! I shall never reach him!" came from beneath the mail in a childish voice.

"Yes, mistress; indeed you will. See! we are rescued and the villains put to flight," whispered the kneeling figure.

"Mistress!" echoed Arnoul. "Then it is a woman! Sir Sigar, methought these two were children. The one I carried weighed light as feathers. They are women we have rescued."

And then, as the unlaced hood fell back and the dark hair escaped on each side of the pale face, he started in amazement, seizing Vipont's arm.

"What is it?" asked the knight, laying his hand upon his sword hilt. "Are there more thieves to destroy? I would I were but young again, and I should pursue those cutthroat villains to the death!"

"Look! Look!" gasped Arnoul. "'Tis your own daughter, Sibilla, we have saved from capture. That is Sibilla lying on the roadside!—Sibilla, I tell you, Sibilla!"

His voice came high and hysterical. What with the sudden action of the fight and this discovery, he was excited and unnerved. Vipont turned his horse's head, and then slowly climbed from the saddle. He moved over to the prostrate figure, not realizing at once what Arnoul had said. But de Valletort was before him and, kneeling, passed his mailed arm under the girl's head.

"Sibilla! Sibilla!" he cried in a rapture, as he gazed down upon her beautiful, pallid face. "It is I, Arnoul, Arnoul de

Valletort. Do not fear! We have put your assailants to flight. Look up! Look up, my beloved! 'Tis I, Arnoul, and your own father, Sir Sigar, who have come to you!"

He pushed his helmet back from his head as he spoke and discovered his features.

The girl lifted her eyes to his face with a sigh of content. She put her arm, covered with its unwieldy chain armor, up towards him in a gesture of trust and abandonment; and then quietly fainted. Sir Sigar stood, looking down upon the two of them, Roger staring, eyes and mouth open, over his shoulder.

"Sibilla!" exclaimed the knight in wonder. "Sibilla! And here? Thank God we were in time! And this—? This is Blanche in man's attire. Loosen the strappings of her armor and give her air! Thank God! Thank God!"

Then kneeling too and uncovering his head he addressed the squire and the unconscious girl.

"My son de Valletort, worthy to be a knight, worthy of my daughter Sibilla! What said the friar? 'Let him win the maid.' And, forsooth—it is indeed a providence!—he has won her, won her at the sword's point! A valiant fight! A noble prowess! Daughter, you hearken? This is my son—my son, I tell you, de Valletort. He makes suit for your hand, Sibilla. He loves you; and, by God's grace, he has rescued you from these dogs of robbers. I give my consent, my full consent. What say you? What—?"

But Arnoul interposed. "Sir, your daughter is in a swoon. She hears you not. Neither can we stay here all the night. The darkness grows apace. We must forge ahead and find some shelter, or else push on to the harbor. Roger, get the horses and the men together. One poor fellow is dead—or wounded. If he be dead we must perforce leave him where he lies; but, wounded, you must make shift to take him on your mount. My lord, to horse! I shall carry the maid. To horse all, and forward!"

He pressed his lips upon the brow of the unconscious girl and lifting her in his arms, approached the horse that Roger led forward by the bridle rein. Quickly he swung himself into the saddle; and bent his arm around the motionless form.

Then, with Sir Sigar at his side, and the others following, he rode forward, in the fast gathering gloom, towards Houlgate.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

It had all happened in this wise. The Franciscan friars had brought it all about when they trudged, begging, to Exeter and made their way to the convent. There were many comings and goings at the Benedictine house of Exeter. The Lady Abbess was something of a celebrity in the land and a power, certainly, to be reckoned with in things ecclesiastical. And so, not only the grave Cistercians who journeyed to and fro between England and France, but Premonstratensians and Cordeliers and Blackfriars as well, sometimes found that their business compelled them to take this same good lady into their counsels.

So it was that one, a Franciscan friar, Elias by name, who had, though he did not mention it, been some four months in voyaging from his convent in France into Devon, bore her tidings of her brother, Sigar Vipont.

He was a doleful man, this friar Elias, with a woebegone countenance and a lachrymose voice. His ungloved fingers, as well as his bare feet, were swollen and blue with cold and exposure, for he had come on foot with his companion, as begging Minors should, on a quest for his convent and order.

Of the two, he ought assuredly to have been the companion, for his fellow was plump aud well-favored, with a ruddy face and a twinkling eye, to whose fingers and toes the cold weather brought no chilblains, and from whose jovial countenance no amount of hardship or care could smooth out the perpetual smile.

Still, Brother Elias was the superior, and it was for him to address the Lady Abbess. He did so without so much as raising his eyes to her face—Brother Leo the while letting his gaze range about the apartment and taking good stock of the sister at the same time. The business that had led this strangely assorted couple to the Exeter nunnery completed, Brother Elias hummed and ha'ed.

"There is one other thing I ought, perchance, to tell your ladyship. I am lately come from Paris and— That is to say, Brother Leo here and I have crossed the ocean— Good Saints! how the barque rocked in the crossing. We happened upon a certain knight—in the convent of St. Jacques, it was—sorely afflicted, forsooth—the hand of the Lord lies heavy upon him,

for he has slain a priest of God—one Sigar, Lord of Moreleigh. This same lord," the friar continued, not noticing, since his eyes were fixed upon the oaken planks of the floor, the Abbess' change of color, "this same knight, his name is Vipont—is not your name, Lady Abbess, Vipont?—he lay sick of an incurable disease. He—"

"For heaven's sake, man, speak your mind if you have anything to say!" the impatient lady broke in upon him. "What of my brother? Is he dead, too?"

"Dead? The good saints send not! I did not say that he was dead, did I?" the Minor whined and drawled. "I said, forsooth, that I—that my Brother Leo here and I—had seen the knight in Paris, ill and—"

"And what said he?"

"Said? I did not say that we had spoken with him. We saw him only, in the convent of St. Jacques."

"What news have you of him, then?" snapped the abbess, losing patience.

"That he is ill."

"Of what? A podagra or a melancholy humor? Is he choleric or has he been stricken with the leprosy? Speak, friar, and tell me what you know!"

"I know naught, Lady Abbess. I did not say that I knew aught. But he assuredly looked ill—as one nigh to death's door. Did he not look ill, my Brother Leo?"

Thus addressed, the rubicund friar let loose the flood gates of his pent-up eloquence, and poured out, without once stopping to take breath, a circumstantial account of the appearance of Sir Sigar. As Brother Elias was painfully accurate and kept to his facts, so Brother Leo, ignoring fact, put his own interpretation upon what he had seen, and gave the good Lady Abbess so detailed and harrowing a picture of her brother's state, that even that self-possessed lady lost countenance.

"So he is indeed nigh to death?" she questioned sadly, when a pause came in the torrent of words. "Poor Sigar!"

"Nigh to death!" exclaimed the friar, wreathed in smiles and rubbing one plump hand comfortably over the other. "Nigh to death, of a surety, if he be not already dead. At the least, from his appearance, he must be stricken with the fevers of Italy, with phthisic and with rheumatic caught in the mountains, with—" The sentence finished in a catalogue of maladies.

"Good St. Scholastica!" The Lady Abbess was much moved. "What a calamity!"

The intentions of the abbess were of the best, and she only told the prioress what she had heard. She did this merely to ease her own feelings. The prioress gave it, in strict confidence, to the cellarer. The cellarer kept her counsel and said nothing. But in convents, sometimes, notwithstanding the manifold rules and regulations, of which the practice of silence is one and not the least, news seems in an inexplicable manner and with incredible swiftness to get abroad. Before vespers even the lay sisters had heard that Sir Sigar was *in extremis*, as a result of falling over a precipice in the Alps. When compline was over Sibilla had learnt that her father was lying seriously ill in Paris. She went straight to her aunt the abbess.

"Well, child," said the good lady, catching sight of the girl's pallid face, "what is the matter that you seek me after compline? This is not the time for breaking the silence of a religious house with idle chatter."

"Dear aunt," Sibilla said piteously, "they tell me that father is dying."

"Tut, tut, child; nothing of the kind! Who has been telling you such nonsense?"

"Who has told me? I don't know. I don't remember. Every one seems to know all about it. But it is not nonsense, Aunt Matilda. I see in your face that it is true. Dear aunt," she pleaded, "tell me the truth. What ails my father? Is he—? Is he—?"

The brown eyes brimmed over with tears.

"No, he is not"; the Lady Abbess was emphatic. She drew Sibilla towards her and put her arm about the girl's slight form. "He suffers from an ague, child, or a chill, or a twinge of the gout, perhaps. Take my word for it, it can't be anything serious, or I should have been advised of it."

"Still, he is ill, and alone in Paris?"

"Unwell, possibly; but hardly alone. He will be in some guest-house or lodging where he will be well attended to. The leeches of France are as good and better than those of England. Do not fear for him, Sibilla. Come, weep not, child! Tut, tut! a Vipont and tears! Blessed St. Scholastica, what a sight!"

The good lady's own eyes looked suspiciously bright as she spoke, comforting and mothering the weeping girl.

At last Sibilla dried her eyes. "I am going to him," she said simply.

"Are you out of your mind, girl, to think of such a thing?" her aunt asked almost roughly.

"No, aunt, I am not mad, but I go to Paris to my father."

"You shall do nothing of the kind. You are in my care; and I forbid anything so foolish and so absurd. The idea! A slip of a girl like you to talk of crossing into France and making your way to Paris alone!"

"Yet I shall certainly go."

"I forbid you to dream of such madness! It is preposterous—impossible! Come Sibilla, I am truly sorry for you, but you must see that you can do nothing. Say your prayers and be off to bed! Poor Sigar will come back safe and sound never you fear. That's a good child, now!"

The abbess kissed the girl upon her brow, and dismissed her with cheering words. Then she sat back in her chair and wrinkled her old forehead and thought how much easier it was to manage a whole abbeyful of sisters than one Vipont, and that a girl.

Sibilla, meanwhile, went to her room. But she did not obey her aunt's advice. She, too, sat far into the night thinking. At last she rose and went into the adjoining room.

"Blanche!" she whispered, shaking her sleeping maid. "Wake up, Blanche, and listen to me!"

"What is the matter, mistress?" asked the woman sleepily, rubbing her eyes.

Without the dawn was just beginning to stir in the sky.

"Hush! Do not speak so loud, Blanche! Some one might hear! Are you ready to do me a great service? Listen! My father is ill in France; and I am going to him. You will help me, Blanche, won't you?"

"Help you, mistress! of course that will I. But why all this suddenness and secrecy?"

"Hush, Blanche; do not speak so loud! My aunt prevents my going; so I must steal away. I want you to slip out and make your way over to Moreleigh. See Pigot and tell him my plan. You will get money from him and two of the castle men. Also, we shall need four horses—for you will come with

me. Then go yourself and find one of the page's suits—one that will fit me—and a jack or a light suit of mail from the guard-room. If Pigot makes any objections tell him that it is my will. You must get arms, too, and man's clothing for yourself. And to-morrow, by nightfall, be you with the two men at the mouth of the river. We are sure to find a ship sailing for France. They come and go every day. Pigot had better come with you—or go to-night to see about the ship—"

"But, mistress," broke in the bewildered maid; "how can all this be done in the time? And what will Pigot have to say to it all?"

"Hush, Blanche! Hush! it must be done, as I say. And Pigot must do as I tell him. Say nothing about this to any one—not to a living soul—in the convent; but as soon as ever you can, get away and make for Moreleigh. Do everything as I have told you. Pigot must hand over to you enough money for any emergency. Show him this ring if he questions or refuses; and tell him that it is my bidding. And, Blanche—?"

"Yes, mistress?"

"You are a faithful creature. You love me, Blanche?"

"And have I not loved you ever since I held you in my arms as a baby?"

"And you would do much for me?"

"All I might do, dear mistress. There is nothing I would not do for you."

"Then see you fail me not to-morrow at dark. Make all the preparations for the journey. See that Pigot gives you two strong men and used to arms—both of them mounted on good horses and with provision. They will both ride armed. Find yourself a light hauberk, too; and we had both better have large hoods to them to hide our hair. But fail me not, Blanche! As you love me—and I know you do love me—do not fail me."

"I shall not fail you, Mistress Sibilla. Upon my life, all shall be done as you have said. And if that cross-grained Pigot refuses— Ah! So much the worse for Pigot!" she concluded.

The impulsive girl threw her arms about the serving woman and hugged her. She knew that her plan would not miscarry. With what results it was carried out the reader is already acquainted.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Moreleigh Church was nearly built. The old knight saw the walls rising with a great satisfaction and content, knowing that his penance was all but accomplished. With his own hands he labored at the growing pile of masonry, carrying the rough blocks of stone and setting them in their places, bearing the mortar to the masons on the scaffolding, trying, even, with his unskilled hands to chisel the squared stones that were to serve as corner-pieces for the angles of the building.

From the late springtime, when he had come back to Devon, and on through the summer months until the russet of early autumn took the place of the soft greens and the flowers began to fall from the yellow gorse, he had hardly missed a day at Moreleigh Church. He had grown to love it as a part of himself. It was no longer as a penance that he built. Rather was it in fulfilment of a vow, but a vow, none the less, that spelt his release.

And so, as the days shortened and the walls ever grew higher from the greensward, his tall, bent form could be seen going in and out among the workmen, to whom his kindly words and sad, sweet smile had endeared him no less than his pathetic story. He was no more the fiery Sir Sigar of Moreleigh Castle, with a harsh word or a blow for all who crossed him, but a patient, broken old man, with bowed head and gentle speech and kindly smile, ready to undertake the roughest and the meanest work beside his own servants.

And so Moreleigh Church was built—a body waiting for its soul, for as yet it had not been consecrated nor had Mass been offered within its walls. It was a little church. A man could measure it from end to end in twenty paces. But surely never church was built with so great love and care. The short, square tower rising sheer and solid amid the surrounding trees towards the blue sky, the tiny sanctuary carrying on the lines of the narrow nave, the south aisle—all were planned and executed with a minute detail of proportion and decoration that made the church, small as it was, a perfect example of art and skill. The south wall was pierced by an archway giving access to a chantry chapel. "That," said Vipont to himself, "I shall provide for my own soul. When I am gone and forgotten a priest shall read the holy Mass there for me too." And he smiled his sad smile as he thought of his prudence.

Truly a wondrous change was wrought in the heart of the Lord of Moreleigh.

The lovers, too, Arnoul and Sibilla, were frequent pilgrims to the spot. He had come back with his golden spurs, for Vipont had insisted upon going straightway to the royal court at St. Alban's upon their landing in England and craving the boon of knighthood for his squire. He himself had stood sponsor for the lad with no less a person than Baldwin de Redvers, the Earl of Devon. Together they had kept vigil in the great abbey church through the long silence of the night, broken only by the chanting of matins in the far-off choir. Sir Sigar had insisted on keeping the fast with Arnoul, and, shriven and houselled also, had led him to the king. The abbot of St. Alban's had blessed the sword that hung about the lad's neck. And King Henry, always ready to honor bravery, had repeated the formula of knighthood and the admonition with a merry smile lurking in his eyes.

"To what end do you desire to enter into this order? If it is that you may be rich, repose yourself, and be honored without doing honor to knighthood, then you are unworthy of it, and would be to the knighthood you should receive what the simoniacal priest is to the sacerdotal office. But we know," he added, glancing towards Sibilla, "what your purpose is, and we have heard of your valor and chivalry. Clothe him, sirs and ladies, for the accolade!"

The knights and the ladies brought his knightly dress and put it on him in place of the white tunic, the red robe, and the black doublet that he wore. The golden spurs were tied on at his heels with scarlet leather thongs. The chausses were strapped in place at waist and knee. The shining hauberk was slipped over his head and girt about his middle, and the bracelets were fastened at his wrist to hold the gauntlets in place. Then, last of all, the sword was girded on, and he knelt before the king.

"In the name of God," spoke the monarch, rising to his feet and touching him lightly with his drawn sword. "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I make thee knight. Be thou brave and loyal." Then the king struck him gently with the hand upon the cheek and raised him from his knees.

Thus was Arnoul the Englishman, sometime clerk of Paris, dubbed a knight by Henry III. of England at the Benedictine House of St. Alban's.

But there was more than this. The king had other ways of honoring bravery than conferring knighthood; and Vipont and Redvers had doubtless arranged it beforehand. Before he left St. Alban's, de Valletort had the title deeds of the king's grant of the manor of Harberton in his possession. He was a lord as well as a knight.

So Sir Arnoul and the Lady Sibilla were frequent visitors at Moreleigh Church. They were hardly less interested in the building than Vipont himself; and many were the gray stones that Arnoul set in place in the walls and tower, Sibilla watching him with her great, dark eyes.

But what he loved the best was to sit beneath the trees on the rising ground behind the church and watch, through the leafy screen, the steadily rising courses and the busy workmen at their toil, with the bowed figure of Sir Sigar moving to and fro among them. There they would sit like happy children, playing with the woodland flowers, whispering words of love into each other's ears, and looking into each other's eyes. Or they would wander through the woods, by the banks of the stream, listening to the singing of the birds, drinking in the soft scents of summer, telling each other the wonder of their love.

So went their wooing; for Vipont had given his consent, and Arnoul was a knight. And the violets and yellow primroses faded and gave place to wild hyacinth and daisies in the woods and hedgerows, while they spoke ever the self-same words. Sir Arnoul would ride from Buckfast, straight and strong on his great bay horse and doff his plumed cap as he threw a kiss to her before dismounting. Or he would come up on foot from Avon Mouth, striding along, clean-limbed and vigorous, in a simple dress of homespun from Cistercian looms. But his greeting was ever the same: "Hey, sweetheart! and how fares the building?" as he took her in his arms. And she would make answer, her heart beating against his bosom, her blushing face turned up towards his: "It grows apace, my beloved. It will soon be done."

For the consecration of Moreleigh Church was the term towards which all things seemed to move. Vipont yearned for the fulfilment of his penance and his freedom. Arnoul and Sibilla were to be united once the church was built and blessed.

And so at last, when the cornflowers were paling before the upstart Michaelmas daisies, one early morning Arnoul rode to Moreleigh. He wore a light chain mail of Saracen make

under his surcoat of rich sendal. The long golden spurs of his knighthood shone at his heels. His cheeks were flushed under their healthy tan, and his eyes sparkled as he thought of the purpose of his riding. A squire followed him bearing his shield —vert, with three mullets, gules, upon a bend, argent.

By all the roads, from all the villages, the peasants flocked to Moreleigh. The Bishop of Exeter, accompanied by his escort of dignitaries, was already there in the castle with the Abbot of Buckfast and his monks. His Lordship of Exeter was fasting since the day before, for he was going to perform the ceremony of the consecration of a church.

Vipont was talking earnestly with the abbot as Arnoul rode into the courtyard and dismounted. He flung his bridle rein to a page standing by and, with greetings right and left to all, hurried across to the hall. He had caught a glimpse of Sibilla standing at the head of the steps—waiting for him where she had so often waited for her father in the old days.

"Beloved!" he cried. "The day has dawned at last! The church is finished. The penance is done. And you are mine, Sibilla, mine until death and beyond it! In a few short hours the bishop will have consecrated Moreleigh Church to God, and you will be my wife, sweetheart."

"My beloved!" the girl murmured, yielding to his embrace.

"Think how the knots have been cut away, sweetheart. Think how the tangled skein has been straightened," he said, smoothing her hair back from her brow and kissing her upon the lips. "The poor clerk of Paris mating with a Vipont! It is passing strange!"

"Hush, Arnoul! Where is there in all the world a knight such as thou? Oh, beloved, my beloved! 'Tis I who should thank God and wonder! When I think of poor Sir Guy—"

The knight raised her downcast face to his and kissed her again upon the brow. "My brother is with God," he said simply. "Brother Thomas of Aquin comforted me with that word. He watches us in spirit, dear heart, from beside the throne."

"And Brother Thomas—" faltered Sibilla.

"Yes, heart of my heart, Brother Thomas told me I should win you. But for him—but for your sweet image in my heart —I should— See, Sibilla, all these years have I worn thy relic in my bosom. Do you remember the day you placed it there, sweetheart?" He drew out the golden case with its faded ribbon from beneath his mail and raised it to his lips reverently.

"My beloved!" the girl murmured again, nestling yet closer to his side.

"Come, sweetheart, they are moving in the courtyard. The bishop is making for the church. We must go now with the rest. Bravely, my own beloved, bravely! In one short hour we shall come back hither man and wife."

As Sir Arnoul and Sibilla appeared together at the head of the low steps leading to the courtyard, a cheer went up from the crowd of retainers aud guests. They had been bidden for the consecration, but they divined that it was not for that alone, and that the day's ceremony was to end with the wedding of de Valletort and the heiress of Sir Sigar. Every head was turned towards where they stood side by side, at the entrance to the hall. Old Bishop Blondy, still rubicund and portly, though his age was beginning to tell hardly upon him, smiled his approval of the pair and waved his bejewelled hand in cordial blessings from the castle gate. The abbot raised his eyes and smiled too, while Vipont straightened himself and, walking over towards them, joined their two hands and held them for an instant in his own. It was a graceful act, and shouts of approval burst from the assembly.

There they stood, the three of them, framed in the gray stone doorway of the great hall. The old lord, smiling his pathetic, yet supremely happy smile, as he looked proudly from the one to the other, the young knight, the sunlight playing on the rich colors of his silken surcoat and glinting from the close-woven links of his mail. Bareheaded he stood, the short locks of his recent knighthood crisping on his brow, his mien noble, his visage determined, yet lit with the light of a great love. He had no eyes save for Sibilla, as he clasped her little hand in his great brown one, looking down upon her as though to proclaim his worship to the whole wide world. And she, clad in some clinging, flowing stuff of simple white, shaped to the contour of her form by every breath of the breeze, the hood thrown back and her wondrous hair held by a plain golden fillet such as—he remembered it—she had first worn at Buckfast for Abbot Benet's feast, the color coming and going in her face and bosom, tears of sheer happiness and love trembling upon the long lashes that veiled her downcast eyes, she drew closer to him and her little hand trembled in his as she heard the shouts of joy and welcome uprising from the packed courtyard of the castle.

"Long live Sir Arnoul de Valletort and the Lady Sibilla!" A stentorian voice made itself heard above the rest; and Arnoul, turning for an instant, caught sight of Roger hurling his headgear high above the throng.

As the crowd took up the acclamation, good Bishop Blondy waved his plump hands above his head and turned to pass through the gate towards the church.

But at the moment there was a stir under the archway and confusion. The bishop was shot violently to one side, as a white mule trotted through, followed in a moment by four others ambling more decorously. On the foremost beast sat—or rather, hung—the Abbess Matilda, puffing and panting, her veil awry, her rosy cheeks redder than ever, her eyes rolling wildly and closing alternately. When she managed to get breath and saw the devastation her beast had wrought, she cried aloud, speaking with great rapidity and gesticulating violently: "Don't stand staring there, you dolts! Blessed saints! have you never seen a nun before, or a mule, that you look as though I were a ghost? Hold this beast, some one, and get me down. Oh, St. Scholastica! the brute is possessed by seven devils!"

"My Lady Abbess!" the bishop exclaimed, regaining his countenance with his equilibrium as the nun slid to the ground. "My Lady Abbess! This is hardly—"

"Oh, my Lord Bishop! My lord! Think you that I—? But you! I am covered with confusion! You are not injured, my Lord Bishop? Blessed saints! What a calamity! Where is Sir Sigar? Where is Sibilla? My lord, it was in this wise. Purposing to come to the consecration, I bade them saddle the mule—the sedatest of mules, my lord, a very paragon of mules! But to-day it is of a surety possessed by the evil one. Scarce could I urge it from our cell hither. It crawled at a snail's pace. When I beat it with my wand it turned its head to look at me, wagging its ears. Methought the sacring would have been done ere I reached Moreleigh."

"Natheless, you are here, my Lady Abbess," the bishop remarked, smiling.

"Here!" she panted. "I had near been in purgatory by now! At the top of the hill I heard shouting. Straightway the devil entered into the mule. I could not hold him. My arms cracked with the strain. And ere I could breathe a prayer to my patron, St. Scholastica, I had jeopardized the life of your

lordship as well as my own. I crave your forgiveness, my good lord; but it was the mule's fault."

"There is naught to forgive, my Lady Abbess. But see to it that you ride not a mule possessed, or we shall soon be having an election at the Abbey of Exeter. But come! We must to the consecration! I had like to faint with hunger."

The bishop gave his blessing to the abbess and her nuns and passed on, followed by the crowd, to the church; and the good lady, catching sight of the group standing upon the steps of the hall, crossed the courtyard and joined them. Last of all, they passed out of the now deserted castle.

And so the church was consecrated. A tent had been pitched for the holy relics near by the western door, and in this tent vigil had been kept all the previous night, for the consecration of a church is the burial of a martyr, and on the bier within, surrounded by burning tapers, lay the tiny splinters of bone from a martyr's tomb.

The bishop entered the building. Fixed at intervals upon the walls were twelve crosses before which were stuck twelve unlighted tapers. He gave orders that these should be lighted and then, accompanied by his clergy, retired to the tent where the first part of the service was to take place. After the penitential psalms had been recited, the bishop meanwhile vesting in his pontificals, the procession returned to the church. All round it they circled thrice, sprinkling the walls with holy water, before they entered. Then, as the deacon who had been left alone in the empty church opened the door to them, the *Pax æterna* was sung and bishop and clergy went in. The crowd gathered in a group about the door, waiting until the alphabets, Greek and Latin, had been traced upon the ashes with which the floor was strewn in the form of a cross, from corner to corner. The salt and the water, the ashes and the wine were exorcised and blessed. The altar, the walls, the pavement, were aspersed; and all was made ready for the entombment of the relics. Even the mortar that was to seal up the cavity in the altar that represents the tomb was mixed by the bishop. And then, once more, the church was left empty, as they went to bear the relics to their final resting place. The procession came back, with lighted tapers and incense, and wound round the church. The voices of the priests repeated again and again the words *Kyrie eleison! Kyrie eleison!* as the relics, almost hidden in a cloud of in-

cense, were borne, shoulder high, immediately before the bishop. When they had once more reached the main door his lordship took his seat upon a faldstool and addressed the Lord of Moreleigh, founder of the church, according to the appointed custom.

"'You are aware, dearly beloved brother, that the Sacred Canons do not allow the consecration of churches that are destitute of endowment and ministers. We would therefore know, dearest brother, the number of priests and clerks, and the appointments you purpose allowing them, and what endowment you intend to settle on the church.'"

Sir Sigar hung back. Surely, in this case, when the work was a penance imposed by the Lord Pope, the usual formula of address was unnecessary. But the bishop continued, recounting the priviliges and claims of founders in a monotonous tone. The day was wearing. It was already becoming hot. The bishop wore full pontificals and a heavy miter. Besides, he was fasting, so there was some excuse for his reading without over-much eloquence this purely legal part of the ceremony. A notary stood ready, waiting with the deed of gift. Vipont hung back; but Arnoul, who stood near him, whispered in his ear: "It is only a formality, my lord. You must acquaint the bishop with the nature of the provision you have made."

The old knight cleared his throat nervously. "My lord bishop," he said, "I have done that which our lord the Pope has commanded me. I do hereby give the church that I have built to Holy Church, craving the prayers of the faithful that it may indeed be an acceptable penance in the sight of God for my great wrongdoing. I have provided for the maintenance of three priests—one to read Mass, day by day, for the eternal repose of the soul of Sir Guy de Valletort; another to minister to the good people living hereabout; the third, my lord, I purposed—I desire that he should read the Holy Mass for me. Your lordship has said that the founders of churches have the first place of honor in the processions on the anniversary of the dedication. My lord, it is an honor that I shall never claim. This church is a penance for a sin. I give it, my lord, and I give it freely. But I cannot forget the occasion of its building, and I could not—I— You have said also, my lord, that if a founder of a church should come to want, the Church gives proof of her grateful remembrance

of the founder's liberality. So be it. But, my lord, it is a penance and not a liberality. Besides, there is little I shall want. I am an old man, my lord. The days of my pilgrimage are nearly done. I crave of the Church—of all good, faithful people—the boon of their prayers." The knight's voice faltered. He drew humbly to one side, scarce hearing the bishop's gruff: "Sir Sigar! Sir Sigar! You have done well. I' faith, more than our lord the Pope has commanded you. And as to prayers, methinks we could now ask you to pray for us!"

The words are set down in no known variation of the rite for the consecration of a church, but the good bishop, moved beyond his wont, used them none the less. The service of the hallowing continued. The sacred relics were borne to their temporary resting place within the building, while the altar tomb was prepared for them by the unction with the chrism. Then they were reverently laid within it, and solemnly incensed by the bishop. The tomb was closed and sealed. The unctions of the altar, with the oil of the catechumens and the oil of chrism, of the walls, where the twelve crosses marked the places of anointing, with the chrism alone, were completed; and the five litttle fires of wax and incense were lighted at the four corners and in the middle of the altar. Lastly came the cleansing of the holy table and its adorning with fair linen for the celebration of the sacred mysteries. The church was consecrated. Vipont's penance was accomplished.

And then the Mass began, old Bishop Blondy himself singing it, with the monks from Buckfast for a choir.

And when the Mass was over Sir Arnoul and the Lady Sibilla were married. They knelt before the newly hallowed altar while the good old bishop blessed the ring and pronounced them man and wife. The monks craned their necks the better to see Sir Arnoul; and Abbot Benet, leaning back in his stall, shut his eyes and let his mind run back to the day when the handsome, stalwart knight had first come, a little lad, holding his brother's hand, to the Abbey of Buckfast.

So it was done. A great shout rent the air when Sir Arnoul and his bride came forth once more into the sunlight. Roger was beside himself with joy as he helped the peasants to strew the path to the castle with autumn leaves and flowers. So bereft was he of his senses that when he found

himself beside Blanche he even whispered to her that another wedding might be arranged in which he and she should play the leading part. He got a box on the ear for his pains, but her blush and giggle paid him well for his venture.

At the castle there was feasting to follow. Sir Sigar sat in the great hall at the head of the board with Sibilla and Arnoul beside him. He was at peace with all the world and smiled gently to himself as the guests enjoyed the good cheer he had provided.

And in the courtyard below the retainers and peasants feasted and made merry in honor of the bride and groom, until once more Sir Arnoul stood before them upon the steps with Sibilla hanging upon his arm, Vipont and his guests pressing forward behind them. The slant sun wrapped them both in its glory, flashing back from the golden reliquary upon his breast and the fillet in her hair. Together they stood before the retainers of the house and the peasants from its broad lands, acknowledging their joyous greetings, smiling back upon the throng of happy, smiling faces.

Then Sir Arnoul took the Lady Sibilla's both hands in his and drawing her towards him, kissed her sweet face before them all.

Chapter XXXVIII.

The bells of the Abbey of St. Mary at Buckfast were ringing for Solemn Mass. On the high altar of our Lady the tall tapers were lighted. The monks, choir brethren and lay, were slowly filling up the choir, four ranks of them, two on each side, of white-cowled figures and brown-cloaked forms, kneeling motionless in the stalls. The abbot was in his place facing the altar, and away from him, on either hand and then at right angles in lines towards the altar, knelt the brethren. At the far end the ragged thatch of Brother Peter struggled out from under the hood of his habit. His little, wizened face was bent down. His eyes were closed, and his weather-beaten, knotted hands folded in prayer. He had come from the moors to the abbey to prepare himself for the last great day of shepherding. On the other side of the choir, opposite him, knelt a solitary form, clothed in a plain tunic of white wool, girt with a leathern girdle. It was time for the Mass to begin.

In the body of the church few people were gathered—a

knight and his lady, a little knot of the dependants of the abbey, a handful of neighboring peasants. They were all watching, close as might be to the choir, for the sacred ministrants to approach the altar.

But before they came from the sacristy, and the brethren set to singing the introit of the Mass, the abbot rose in his stall and moved to the middle of the choir. The white-robed figure rose, too, and approached him. What words were spoken the watchers could not hear, but they saw the postulant fall upon his knees and they caught the rapt look of utter peace that shone in his face, as with hands meekly folded, and eyes uplifted, he received the black scapulary at the hands of the Lord Abbot. It was the sign of his reception into the Cistercian family.

With tears streaming from his eyes he took his place, among the youngest of the novices, and the abbot went back to his stall.

Sir Sigar Vipont, Lord of Moreleigh, was a Cistercian novice of the house of St. Mary of Buckfast.

The Mass began. The monks chanted the strange old melodies of *Gloria* and *Credo*. The incense clouds rose aloft before the altar, and drifted back into the nave. Sibilla's eyes were brimming as she knelt beside Arnoul; and he, as he let his glance stray from the altar and the new novice to the dear one at his side, felt a tear start unbidden to his own.

"My own beloved," he whispered to her as, Mass finished, the abbot came out into the nave, leading the novice towards them to take his farewell. "Sweetheart, Brother Thomas bade me know how wonderful are the ways of God. Meseems 'tis He who has had us all within His keeping. And He has given thee to me, even as Brother Thomas said."

"Aye, dearest"; and Sibilla lifted her dewy eyes to his. "God has given thee to me and me to thee."

"And to St. Mary of Buckfast has He given a most worthy son"; added the abbot, overhearing her words. "All are blessed by Him; and may His blessings rest upon us all!"

"All but Sir Guy!" the novice murmured sadly.

"To His priest, Sir Guy, has He given the paradise of His eternal love," said the abbot.

(THE END.)

SCEPTICISM THE PHILOSOPHY OF LORD BACON.

BY MICHAEL HOGAN, S.J.

WE have already examined some of Lord Bacon's assertions about the science of psychology, and have found them to be equivalently an unqualified denial of the existence, and even of the possibility, of such a science.* There can be no doubt about his meaning when he tells us that "no knowledge of the nature of the rational soul can be had from philosophy," and that all speculations regarding its origin, or its final destiny, are "subject to deceit and delusion." We have but to put faith in these assertions of the Lord Chancellor (and if we accept them at all it must be on faith, for he gives no reason for them), and we are already in hopeless scepticism in all that pertains to the world of the soul.

But he has told us, moreover, that it is not alone in endeavoring to give itself a satisfactory account of its own nature, its origin, and its ultimate destiny, that the human soul is helpless. He has assured us that, apart from Revelation, it cannot know anything of the origin of the created universe, or of Him Who called it out of nothing—another assertion as untrue as it is unwarranted, and leading once more into the maze of scepticism with regard to the existence of God, His attributes, and the Providence which He exercises over the works of His hands. Finally, he has told us that "the doctrine of religion, as well moral as mystical, is not to be attained except by inspiration and revelation from God." And thus he would again bring us out into the dark night of scepticism about man's duties to his Maker, to his fellow-man, and to himself.

There is now left for man's cognitive faculties, very little material to work upon, save physical nature—the fair child of the Lord Chancellor's adoption. And this, at least, we might expect him to pronounce the one grand object of the mind's unaided, infallible, and irresistible conquest. Not so, however. Such a background would not suffer his "method" to stand out in bold relief, nor show how much it was needed, and

* *Cf. The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, for February, 1908: "The Psychology of Lord Bacon."

how well adapted to the emergency. He must represent the human intellect as drowning in the ocean of universal darkness, with that "method" as the last plank after shipwreck.

And first he tells of the shipwreck. "The doctrines," he says, "of the human understanding and of the human will are like twins; for the purity of illumination and the freedom of will began and fell together" (*Adv. of Learning*, Book V. Chapter I.) It is plain that Bacon is here giving us a part of the doctrine of the Reformers concerning the condition of fallen man. "Profundissima corruptio," says Luther, "totius naturæ et omnium, imprimis vero superiorum animæ facultatum." And Quesnel: "Voluntas quam gratia non prævenit nihil habet luminis nisi ad aberrandum, virium, nisi ad se vulnerandum." That the Lord Chancellor, like the Reformers, attributed this imagined wreck of man's faculties to the fall from original justice, is placed beyond all doubt when he assures us that the purity of illumination and the freedom of will "began and fell together." Moreover we find him a moment later bent on "restoring the senses to their former rank."

He next proceeds to recount the sad consequences of that shipwreck of man's faculties of cognition, even in their relations to physical nature. On the very first page of the *Novum Organum*—the work in which his so-called method is expounded—he says: "The subtlety of nature is beyond that of sense or of the understanding, so that *the specious meditations, speculations, and theories of mankind, are but a kind of insanity, only there is no one to observe them.** This assertion differs in nothing from the fundamental tenet of the philosophy of Pyrrho, the most thorough-going sceptic the world has ever seen. "Things are inaccessible and incomprehensible to our knowledge," says Pyrrho, "and it is our duty to abstain from all judgment regarding them." Again Lord Bacon says: "The testimony and information of the senses *bears always a relation to the man and not to the universe*, and it is altogether a great mistake to assert that our senses are the measure of things. *We attribute but little, then, to their immediate perceptions.*" Compare this passage with the following from Sextus Empiricus, one of the later sceptics: "There is a relativity in all our notions, since the object appears different according to the consitution of the individual perceiving it, and according to its relations to other objects."

* The italics occurring in the citations from Lord Bacon's works, are the present writer's.

These and many other similar expressions of the Lord Chancellor are not very hopeful beginnings, nor likely to end in a reformed philosophy in the best sense. And yet he proposes, in the face of these difficulties and many others with which we shall afterwards meet, to put the old philosophy on the anvil and hammer it into a system that will insure certainty in everything pertaining to external nature. "Our method of discovering the sciences," he says, "achieves everything by the most certain rules and demonstrations."

But, as we have already said, the difficulties are all of his own making. After the manner of a juggler, he weaves about him the web of scepticism, until he is completely enveloped in its folds, and then by a pretended application of his "method," appears to shake it off in an instant as if by magic. "Our method," he says, "and that of the sceptics *agree in some respects at first setting out*, but differ most widely and are completely opposed to each other in their conclusions. For they roundly assert that nothing can be known; we, that but a small part of nature can be known by the present method. Their next step however is to destroy the authority of the senses and understanding, while we *invent and supply them with assistance*" (*Novum Organum* Book I. Aph. 37). In saying that his method and that of the sceptics "agree at first setting out," he speaks the truth. In saying that they "differ most widely and are completely opposed to each other in their conclusions," he also says what is true. But there is some truth still left about which he says nothing. The "conclusions" of the sceptics—if, indeed, they can be said to draw conclusions—are in harmony with their premises; his conclusions are not. The sceptics are consistent, at least to the extent of remaining sceptics; Bacon starts out from scepticism, and at the end of his traveling, finds himself in dogmatism. But he does not give and cannot give any reasonable account of the journey. It is certain that he did not travel over the road of logic. Between scepticism and dogmatism there lies an unfathomable chasm, and he does not tell us how he bridged it over. He simply says that he began on one side of it and made his ground good to the other side. Dr. Jekyll tells you that he is now Mr. Hyde. But he has already undergone before your very eyes, the violent convulsions necessary to effect the transformation. Bacon says: "I was a sceptic, and by a method all my own I passed over to dogmatism." But

the method all his own was in operation behind the scene. None of his hearers saw or understood how the transition was effected. They were told simply that it was an accomplished fact and that ended it. No one, however, is bound to make an act of faith in the story. That system of philosophy which starts out and journeys part of the way in company with scepticism, and then suddenly takes leave of every form of doubting, is a real curiosity, at least from a logical standpoint. The experiences of Descartes must be a warning for all time to those who would dally with scepticism, believing that they may part company with it whenever they choose. With rare gifts of genius and a sincere disposition in his search after the truth, he was yet unable to disengage himself from the iron grasp of his "Methodic Doubt," as long as he was encumbered by the laws of inference. If he wished to be logical, he had either to dismiss his doubt at the outset, or stand still for the remainder of his days. To go forward was impossible with that "Doubt" blocking the way.

But the *Novum Organum* abounds in absolutely sceptical assertions about our unaided cognitions, though, in almost every instance, the author of these assertions is careful to append an assurance that all reasonable grounds for doubting are removed, when once his method has come to the assistance of the faculty concerned. In the preface we find the following: "Logicians rest contented with the mere information of the senses if well directed. We, on the contrary, have many ways of sifting the information of the senses, *for the senses assuredly deceive.*" However harmless this statement may appear at first sight, in ultimate analysis it is unadulterated scepticism. For if the information of the senses be not reliable, then man has no reliable knowledge, for he has no knowledge save that which he receives in some way or other through his senses. "Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu." This is sufficiently proved by the significant fact that persons blind from their birth have no idea of color except that which they get from one who has had the power of seeing; those born deaf have no idea of sound except such as they get from one who has had the power of hearing, and so of the ideas corresponding to each of the other senses. If, then, we have no knowledge that is not derived from the senses, and if at the same time our senses "assuredly deceive," our position is plain enough. If the fountain itself be poisoned, the stream is not

likely to be very wholesome at any point of its course. A flaw in the first link diminishes, if it does not entirely destroy, the straining capacity of the whole chain.

Here, however, as in many another storm raised by Lord Bacon and those of his school, ancient philosophy comes to our rescue. That philosophy denies that "subtlety of nature is beyond that of sense or of the understanding"; that "the testimony and information of the senses bears always a relation to the man and not to the universe." It denies that man's natural knowledge of the moral law is merely "sufficient to check vice," but not sufficient "to inform duty"; or that such knowledge is had through an "inward instinct," a faculty distinct from reason. It denies that our senses deceive, that their information has any need of being sifted, or that such a sifting process is even possible. That philosophy starts with the supposition which neither requires nor admits of proof—for it is sufficiently recommended by common sense—namely, that many truths can be known with certainty by unaided reason, and this supposition implies the veracity of our senses, just as the bringing about of any other result implies the placing of all the indispensable conditions. The boy of twelve, for instance, has very little doubt that the father who is whipping him, and the instrument of torture with which the whipping is administered, are stern realities. That there are such people as Russians and such people as Japanese, and that they met not long since in a place called Manchuria, seems to have some truth in it. It is a little more than highly probable that there was a presidential campaign in the United States in the fall of nineteen hundred and four, and that, as a result, Theodore Roosevelt and not Judge Parker, is the present incumbent of the White House. The man who wagers that San Francisco was on fire some time ago cannot be said to be taking a very great risk.

And so there are thousands of other truths connected with the affairs of everyday life, of which we are certain beyond the shadow of a doubt. Now such certainty would be impossible if the testimony of our senses were open to deception. If while listening to an account of the fall of Port Arthur, related by an eye-witness, my ears failed to give me a correct report of his words, or if when I read the account of it in the newspaper my eyes did not receive a true impression of the printed record, how could I have become aware at all of the

fact that was narrated, much less be certain of it? And if it be true, as Bacon claims, that "the testimony and information of the senses bears always a relation to the man and not to the universe," how comes it to pass that all who read the same paper, and all who listened to the same account, went away with exactly the same conviction; namely, that Port Arthur had capitulated? Why do the senses of all deceive them in just the same way, and why do the different senses of the same individual deceive him in exactly the same way? Why or how is it that what he hears does but confirm the deception of what he has seen? Besides, to doubt about the veracity of your senses would be to render the first step towards reasoning impossible. If you doubt about your height you may measure yourself with a rule, and if you doubt about the correctness of the rule, you may have recourse to the government standard. But if you doubt about the correctness of the government standard, you had better stop the investigation then and there. There is no measure in existence that can give you a reliable account of yourself in feet and inches.

Ancient philosophy, then, does well to begin by supposing that some truths may be known with certainty. The fact sufficiently establishes the possibility. It does well, too, when it supposes that our senses do not deceive us. It is a necessary condition of our certainty, and our certainty proves that the condition has been realized. To Lord Bacon is due the credit of reviving the philosophic quackery, which, by doubting the testimony of the senses and the judgments following immediately upon them, would make of our simplest and most rudimentary notions, monstrosities more at variance with reason and common sense than the story of Aladdin's wonderful lamp or the legend of the Golden Fleece. As a result of such doubting we have Fichte rejecting everything but the *ego*, which for the sake of becoming conscious of itself, by its own unconscious activity posits the *non-ego*; we have Schelling deriving the *ego* and the *non-ego* from a superior principle, which is not the one and not the other, but yet a fusion of both, and which he calls "the absolute"; and we have Hegel making thought the essence of all things, and arriving at external nature by a simple process which he calls "the heterization of the idea."

Nor is it the senses alone that Bacon would inoculate with the infection of error. The human intellect too must go.

"There are innate prejudices," he says, "*inherent to the very nature of the understanding* which appears to be much more prone to error than the senses." Senses that assuredly deceive, and an understanding still more deceptive, and that by its very nature! Behold the sad plight to which the "Father of Physical Science" has reduced the cognitive faculties of him who was made to the image of his Creator, and who retains the resemblance even in the fallen state! But listen, meanwhile, to some of the reforms he proposes to work in senses that are deceptive and an intellect that is, by its inherent nature, even more deceptive. "Our method," he says, "consists in determining the degrees of certainty, whilst we, as it were, restore the senses to their former rank, and open and establish a new and certain course for the mind." One is curious to know what the process might have been by which he was to "restore the senses to their former rank." A pair of spectacles is the nearest approach that has yet been made to such restoration. And if the understanding has, "inherent in its very nature," a proneness to error, how is he or any one else to "open and establish a new and certain course" for it, unless by going to the root of the evil and changing that nature. Nothing short of this will rid it of its inherent proneness to error. Was Lord Bacon aware of the task he was undertaking when he set about restoring the senses to their former rank and opening "a new and certain course" for a faculty prone to error by its nature? One can hardly think so. The philosopher of poetry—who, strangely enough, has come to be regarded by many as no other than Lord Bacon himself—tells us that it were "wasteful and ridiculous excess"

> To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smooth the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow, or with taper light,
> To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish.

And yet the gold, the lily, the violet, the ice, the rainbow, and even the orb of day itself, shall all return to the nothingness out of which their Creator called them. Perfect with a perfection that mocks at human skill, they are wanting in the image and likeness of Him Who made them, and therefore in that enduring destiny which is an attribute of the human soul. That soul—the nobler and more perfect specimen of the Cre-

ator's handiwork—is destined, together with all its faculties, to be one day ravished with the brightness of the beatific vision. The senses too, through which the soul operates, shall enjoy each its own peculiar object, and to the full measure of its capacity. And yet these are the senses which this sophist is going to "restore to their former rank"; this the intellect for which he proposes to "open a new and certain course." The fabled giants of old attempted to scale heaven, and the mighty Cæsar proposed to drain the Pontine marshes and change the course of the Tiber. But never, until the time of Lord Bacon, did any one conceive the grand project of procuring such assistance for the senses and intellect, that truth and certainty, hitherto impossible, may henceforward be easy of access, without any room for doubt or error. The sceptics of the Grecian Academy doubted the testimony of their senses and all the operations of their intellects, as well as he. But they did not set about supplying the deficiency with the same apparent seriousness that he does. "That which you think you see," he would say, "you really see not, and that which you think you hear or feel, you really do not hear or feel. Moreover, things about which you regard it as absurd to doubt, nevertheless deserve to be doubted of, for the faculty by which you judge is, of its nature, erroneous. But I, Francis Bacon, will furnish you with an instrument, by the right use of which you can always be sure that you do really and actually see and hear and feel that which you think you see and hear and feel, and that you judge correctly, despite the erroneous character of your understanding."

And this is the precise result which Bacon persistently claims as the fruit of what he repeatedly calls his "method." It is surprising that he should have been ignorant of the absurdity of the claim. For what would be his answer if asked about his own senses and understanding? Before he had yet evolved that magic method from his inner consciousness, did his own senses assuredly deceive him, and was his own understanding by its very nature "prone to error"? If so, how did he construct the *Novum Organum*, that wonderful machine which was to "level all capacities" and "achieve everything by the most certain rules and demonstrations"? He had no innate nor infused knowledge wherewith to correct the deceptive reports of his senses or the errors of his understanding, any more than any other human being. As one of the race, he was

bound by a law of man's nature, to acquire even the beginnings of knowledge through his senses, just like other men. What happened then when he awoke from the unconsciousness of infancy and became aware for the first time that he saw or felt or heard something? Did his senses or his understanding deceive him? If they did, he must remain deceived for the present, for he has as yet acquired no knowledge with which to correct the error. Did his senses or his understanding again deceive him the second time that something acted upon them? If they did, he is again in the same difficulty as before. He is still without any knowledge wherewith to judge whether his senses or his understanding are deceiving him or not. And the same will happen the third time that he received a sensation and formed a judgment, and the fourth time it will be still the same. It will be the same with regard to every sensation and every judgment of his life, until one is reached which was not deceptive. His knowledge can begin only when he has had a sensation and formed a judgment which were not a deception, and his "method," if it is to be of any value, must be founded on knowledge previously acquired. Previous knowledge, then, is indispensable for such a method, and a sensation and a corresponding judgment which were not deceptive, are equally necessary for such previous knowledge. Did the Lord Chancellor experience such a sensation or form such a judgment previous to the formation of his "method"? If he did not, his method was impossible. He who is lost in the labyrinth himself, is unable to furnish another with the thread wherewith to effect his escape. If he did, his method was unnecessary. A true sensation was experienced prior to and independently of the sifting process of that method. His unaided faculties of sensation were not deceptive. Neither was his intellect in the judgment that immediately followed.

Coming now to some of the operations of the intellect he says: "There is the same licentiousness in forming axioms and in abstracting ideas. The syllogism consists of propositions, propositions of words, and words are the signs of ideas. If, therefore, the ideas which form the basis of the whole, be confused and *carelessly abstracted* from things, *there is no solidity in the superstructure.*" Now for any one who understands what an idea is, and how it is derived from an object, an idea "carelessly abstracted" has just about as much meaning as a sleep carelessly taken. Care is as unnecessary in the one case as it

is in the other, and equally impossible in both. Any ideas abstracted from an object, must have a corresponding reality in that object, for otherwise how could they be abstracted from it? Hence the idea, as such, cannot be false. The abstracting process may be repeated, and additional characteristics noted in the object, but the idea thus obtained is a new one, nor is it any truer than the former, though it is more comprehensive, and therefore a more adequate representation of the object. My idea is equally verified in the man about whom I am thinking, whether I think of him as a rational animal or merely as a living being. Moreover if the process of abstracting ideas were subject to error, we should have to face once again the same insuperable barrier to knowledge, that would follow from the deception of the senses, since a true idea of the object is as necessary a condition of the beginning of knowledge as a true impression upon the senses. Nor must Bacon be interpreted as meaning by "ideas carelessly abstracted" judgments carelessly formed, for he distinctly says that "propositions are made up of words, and words are the signs of ideas." The idea therefore, according to Bacon, must share the fate of the sensation and the judgment. It may be deceptive.

But the havoc is not yet complete. Though man's senses "assuredly deceive," though his intellect has error "inherent in its nature," and a "carelessness in abstracting ideas," his faculties must be dwarfed still further. His soul has yet one grand characteristic left, in which above all others it resembles its Creator—the power of self-consciousness—and this, too, Bacon is resolved to destroy. Indeed we have already witnessed one of his efforts to destroy it. We have already heard him declare that "no knowledge of the nature of the rational soul can be had from philosophy." This is the same as saying that no knowledge of the operations of the human soul can be had from philosophy, for it is a principle confirmed by experience, that as are the operations, such is the nature. To say then that the soul cannot know its own nature is to say that it cannot know its own operations. But lest we should fail to draw this conclusion for ourselves, and thus be ignorant of his teaching on this all-important point of doctrine, he is careful to leave us an explicit statement to the same effect. "It is *solely in the interpretation of external nature*," he says, "that the human soul shows its strength, but when it *returns upon itself* and seeks to apprehend itself, it is like a spider, that can merely

draw from itself fine, delicate threads, which, however, have *no solidity or use.*" This is as near as he dares come to saying what he wants to say. But the implication is evident. If he were to admit that the human soul is a spiritual and not a material substance, how could he deny either solidity or usefulness to the act of self-consciousness? Notice he does not say "when it apprehends itself," but "when it *seeks* to apprehend itself." He would make it appear, a little while ago, that he was going only half way with scepticism, by telling us that his method and that of the sceptics "agree at first setting out, but differ most widely in their conclusions." We have seen however, that logically he went, and had to go, the whole way. Theoretically he now goes only half way with materialism and the consequent scepticism regarding the truths of consciousness. But in practice he goes the whole way as before. He would have the soul avoid seeking to apprehend itself, since the results are neither solid nor useful. The act of self-consciousness, too, is a deception—one more added to the many deceptions we have had to contend with! Man is capable of knowing external nature, but such knowledge cannot itself become an object of thought. Man knows, but he is not capable of *knowing that he knows*, or of knowing *what* he knows.

Locke, who was born six years after Bacon's death, finding in this philosophy only the shadow of a spiritual soul—the semblance without the reality—reduced intellectual cognition to a mere operation of the senses. He constructed the Philosophy of Sensation out of the raw materials which he found in Bacon's workshop. Then by the application of the so-called "critical method" to the philosophy of Locke, there sprang into existence a host of new systems, all equally grotesque, yet all retaining the name of philosophy. Some of them admitted the subjective element in cognition, but denied the reality of the object; others denied the reality of object and mind alike; while not a few identified the one with the other, making the human mind a mere phase or function of matter. And thus we have the sensism of Locke, the idealism of Berkeley, the scepticism of Hume, and the materialism and atheism of Diderot, Voltaire, and Rousseau, all the legitimate offspring of the philosophy of Bacon, the philosophy that was to "open a new and certain course for the mind" and decrease the number of "wanderings and wanderers."

But is not such a doctrine of self-consciousness refuted by

the self-conscious act which Bacon endeavors to disprove? Are we not sometimes self-conscious and at the same time conscious that we are self-conscious? What prevents one from thinking about himself, and while he thus thinks, becoming aware that he is doing so? Once more, the possibility of self-consciousness is proved by the self-conscious act. Moreover, if the act whereby the soul "seeks to apprehend itself," has no solidity, how is it ever going to become aware of its own errors? No amount of investigation of external nature can make it aware that it is or is not conformed to its object. If it be capable of no solid introspective act, how is it to distinguish the "idols of the tribe"—those errors which it has in common with the rest of men—from the "idols of the den," or those which are peculiar to itself? Furthermore, what becomes of moral obligation if the act of self-consciousness be once admitted to be unreliable? How can every man be "a law unto himself" (Rom. ii. 14) if his intellect has no "solidity or use" except in investigating external nature? Why should the law have been written by the Creator in the hearts of the Gentiles, if they were unable to look within and read it, and how could their consciences "bear witness to them" (*Ibid.* ii. 15) if they were incapable of listening to their dictates? "If our immediate internal experience could possibly deceive us," says Leibnitz, "there could be no longer for us any truth of fact nor any truth of reason."

And now we are come to the end of Lord Bacon's scepticism. He does not mention any other deception, but it is only because no other deception is even thinkable. He has doubted every report of every sensitive faculty; he has doubted the truth of every idea abstracted from every object by the act of simple apprehension; he has doubted the reliability of every judgment and every process of reasoning; he has doubted the "solidity" of every act of self-consciousness. There is one thing, however, about which he has no doubt, namely that the human soul is incapable of acquiring any knowledge of its own nature, origin, or destiny, of the God Who created it, of creation itself, or of the moral law; nor is it even capable of acquiring any knowledge of physical nature independently of his "method." The incapability is for him beyond all doubt.

And if we suppose him to have been sincerely convinced that all this was so, does he not deserve our pity rather than

our ridicule, when we find him cherishing, throughout the greater part of a long lifetime, the deluded hope that he should succeed in changing it all by the magic influence of his "method"? That "method" is to sift the information of the senses and restore them to their former rank; it is to open and establish a new and certain course for the mind; it is to level men's wit and genius, and leave but little to their superiority; it is to "establish forever the real and legitimate union of the empirical and rational faculties, whose sullen and inauspicious divorces and repudiations have disturbed everything in the great family of mankind" (Preface *Novum Organum*). But whatever may have been his convictions, and whatever may have been his purpose, the influence of his philosophy has been strikingly at variance with the project he has here set forth. He has led many others to doubt as he did. He has *disestablished* forever, in the minds of many, the real and legitimate union of the empirical and rational faculties.*

Of what avail is his solicitude that "reason yield to faith the tribute due to faith," when his philosophy would wreck the foundations of all reason and of all faith? To what purpose do his pages teem with pity for the bodily ills of mankind, when he would plant in their souls the deeper and deadlier maladies of materialism and scepticism and atheism? Anxious that "what is human should not prejudice what is divine," he would do away with every reality both human and divine. He would destroy human nature, by denying to man everything that raises him above the brute. He would destroy all belief in the existence of the Divinity, by making Him unknown and unknowable to the world which He created.

> "I trust in Nature for the stable laws
> Of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant,
> And Autumn garner, to the end of time.
> I trust in God—the right shall be the right,
> And other than the wrong, while He endures.
> I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
> The outward and the inward—Nature's good
> And God's."

* "It has been," says Cardinal Newman, "and is to this day, the tendency of Bacon's philosophy to depreciate and trample on theology." And Lecky speaks in the same strain. "It was from the writings of Bacon and Locke," he says, "that Voltaire and his followers drew the principles that shattered the proudest ecclesiastical fabrics of Europe."

WEST-COUNTRY IDYLLS.

BY H. E. P.

VI.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

A YEW-TREE with a pond beneath it, and beyond the tree a low, straggling house with a thatched roof—a wide, hospitable door protected by a porch containing seats, a stretch of gravel which leads from the door to the garden gate, skirting the pond on its way—such is the old schoolhouse. Built for a farm, perhaps two centuries earlier, the farm in time was swallowed up by some greater landlord, and the house—too big for a cottage, and too inconvenient for anything better—seventy years ago became the only school in the village.

The chief room during the days the place was a farm, was just as useful when the house was a school. The flag-stoned kitchen, with its great fireplace, not only held all the children, but teaching went on while the dinner was being cooked. The teaching in those days was scanty and expensive. Twopence for each subject was a price that sadly limited the learning, when wages were eight or ten shillings a week, and the children at home about as numerous as the shillings. Boys learnt addition and reading, girls sewing and writing or reading, rarely the two latter together. When one of these arts was acquired, the other might be begun, but not till then, for the school-fees were generally limited to fourpence. It was only the better class, such as farmers' sons and daughters, who could indulge in the luxury of three subjects at once, and bring a silver sixpence Saturdays.

The children sat on forms or chairs according to their size in the kitchen. There were no classes with titles, and the word "standard" was not born till forty years after the time of which I write. The teaching was of a domestic nature, being mixed up with the housework and cookery, and sometimes even with the baby, when the schoolmistress happened to pos-

sess one. The idea that the teaching of cookery or washing, or housewifery in school, is a modern development, is a complete mistake, for these subjects were taught in a most practical, if not a very scientific, manner seventy or eighty years ago.

The fireplace in the great kitchen was a continual source of wonder and mystery to the children. It went back deep into the wall, so deep that on either hand was a seat built in the masonry, wide enough to let two persons sit side by side and warm themselves. The fire itself was down on the hearthstone, and two roughly made iron "dogs," something like door-scrapers, stood out from the back, and supported the ends of the wood logs, which sent their blaze up into the great black cavern above. Down the middle of the chimney there came—but hanging from what was a mystery—a huge sooty iron chain, ending in a hook, which held the kettle or pot in the flames. But the thing of all others that delighted the boys was the "smoke-jack." Somewhere far up the huge old chimney was a fan that revolved with the draught. In the kitchen, near the ceiling, a wonderful piece of machinery protruded from the wall above the fireplace. Now and then, on account of old age or want of oil, it would utter dismal sounds. Some of the squeaks came down the chimney, and then the children thought that the Old Man up there—for his existence was firmly believed in—was tired, or else the smoke or heat were too much for his feelings. Old Mrs. Luff, the teacher, would on these occasions make the scholars get out of their places, and when they had moved their forms and chairs to one side of the kitchen, call them to assist at moving the great table across to the chimney place. Then a chair was put on the table, and the old lady, taking a wooden skewer with a dab of lard on the end of it, would mount on the chair, and insert the skewer deftly in some vital part of the machine, when the groans would get easier, and finally cease.

The climax of joy was reached, when there was really something to roast with the smoke-jack. This didn't happen often, for in those days persons of the working class rarely or never ate meat, with the exception of bacon. But when the parents of one of the children sent the teacher a chicken, that was the chance. "Will he be roasted or biled?" was a question debated with suppressed excitement; and the child who was privileged to pluck the feathers off instead of doing sums,

was the one who generally conveyed to the rest the final fate of the fowl. If the operation was roasting, an apparatus was set down before the fire which consisted of a long steel spit, having a wheel at one end, and a sharp point at the other. Everything had to be spitted so that it would balance, and this was an art. With a fowl it was comparatively easy, but with a leg of mutton, or a lop-sided piece of beef, it was often difficult to secure a balance that was perfectly true. The spit, when in use, was fixed between two heavy iron blocks which stood on the hearth before the fire. From the big wheel hung a curious and rather greasy black leather strap. On roasting days this strap was taken down, and Mrs. Luff, with many twists and jerks and shakes, would throw it up until she got it over the big wheel, and well into the groove that ran round it for that purpose. The other end of the strap would be placed round the wheel or the spit, and when tightness was secured by forcing the spit down into the blocks, the chicken would begin to revolve in front of the flames.

Before these final preparations were made for the day's dinner, the children were arriving for school. It is a damp morning perhaps—one of those days when, without exactly raining, a "Mendip mist" wets everything through and through in the gentlest and most unsuspecting manner. The children, damp with the "misk," as they call it, stand inside the old fireplace. Three or four make a group on either side, some of the bigger ones standing on the stone seats at the back, and the girls spreading out their "pinneys" with both hands, hold them to the blazing wood to dry. When a sufficient number of children has arrived, Mrs. Luff, with a great swinging motion of her arms, drives the children from the fireplace to their forms, much as if they were a flock of hens. The girls get their needlework, the boys their slates, and teaching begins. A certain amount of poetry has to be learnt by heart, but this is reserved till later in the morning. Many interruptions of the work take place, and they have the merit of preventing it from becoming monotonous. Mr. Luff puts his head in at the door, and requires help with a new sack of meal for the pigs, and Charlie Moon, one of the biggest boys, is told off to give the necessary assistance. Ten minutes later a tramp knocks and asks for food. Mrs. Luff hands him out

the solid bottom crust of a home-baked loaf, and shuts the door with a suddenness which shows she is not pleased. Then the class goes on.

The teacher looks at the clock, and decides that it is time "to put the fowl down," as the roasting operation is described. That being determined on, the children are set to learn poetry, which always meant that for a while household cares were about to occupy the teacher's attention. Then the fowl, having been previously spitted, is set before the fire to roast, in the manner already described. As soon as it begins to turn in a satisfactory way, Mrs. Luff comes back to hear the poetry. Most of it has been learnt for some time, and only the final verses need to be got by heart. "Lucy Burge, begin the 'Farmer's Son,'" says the teacher. The child stands straight and prim. Closing her eyes, and having her hands joined behind her, she begins to recite without the least shade of intonation:

"A farmer's son so sweet,
A keeping of his sheep,
So careless fell asleep
While his lambs were playing.*

"A fair young lady gay
By chance she came that way
And found asleep he lay,
Whom she loved so dear."

"Go on, Polly Watts—and don't say it like the last."

The girl appealed to stands up, folds her hands, and in a subdued voice continues:

"She kissed his lips so sweet,
As he lay fast asleep.
I fear my heart will break
For you, my dear.

"She said, Awake, I pray,
The sun is on the hay:
Your flocks will—"

"Please, mum, he be stopped," calls out one of the boys, alluding to the fowl, which had ceased to revolve.

* Somerset Folk-Song.

"Go and start 'un again, then, and watch what do make 'un drug [catch]. Take thee slate over there the while," says Mrs. Luff; and adds, addressing the poetry class: "Now go on, Lizzie Stock."

"Your flocks will go astray
From you, my dear.

"He woke with great surprise,
And saw her handsome eyes;
An angel from the skies
She did appear."

"He be too heavy underside, mum," is the verdict of the boy who had been set to watch the failings of the chicken. "Wants a bit t'other side."

Mrs. Luff appears not to hear. "Now say the two new verses, and don't spile 'um. Next maid."

"For your sweet sake alone
I wandered from my home.
My friends are dead and gone;
I am missed by none.

"His flock he laid aside,
Made her his gentle bride:
In wedlock she was tied
To the farmer's son."

Having started the last two verses, the teacher goes to the larder and returns with a lump of bacon, which she pins with a skewer where the boy suggests, and then waits to see the effect. Yes, the balance is right, and the fowl revolves without further hesitation.

Things being thus happily settled, the scholars can do more serious work. Mary Ann James has her sampler and Mrs. Luff gives directions. The sampler is an extraordinary work of art, beginning at the top with all the capital letters. These are followed by the humbler forms in cross-stitch, and the use of the two kinds, combined, is illustrated by a verse which says:

Mary Ann James, aged Eleven,
Is a good girl And hopes for Heaven.

On either side of the verse is a tree in a pot. The branches grow with wonderful regularity, this result being caused more by the requirements of the canvas than any desire to improve on nature. Below the verse is an array of fancy stitches, and these are followed by the Doxology. Some final flourishes bring the piece to a close. The sampler had been in hand many weeks, perhaps months, and it was looked on as one of the greatest works ever produced in the school, or, perhaps, as some of the children imagined, in any other school. It had cost many tears, and much red and black marking cotton, and was to be framed when finished, and hung up at home as a trophy for all time. This was not the only sampler in the school, for Susan Jones was working one as well. But hers was very ordinary. There were no flowers and no fancy stitches, only the letters great and small, and no poetry. Her father was a farm laborer at ten shillings a week, and the wages would not run to red and black marking cotton. So Susan's sampler was a humble affair and excited no attention.

It is not easy, after a lapse of sixty or seventy years, to find out exactly what the children, particularly the boys, really did learn. Some boyish prank seems to stick in the memory better than lessons. "I do mind she, she beat I shameful," said an old man to me one day, when I was trying to restore some early memories, and had asked him about Mrs. Luff. "But I paid she out," he added, "least in a sart of way. You see, Father, she'd locked I up in the cupboard under the stairs, for summat I'd ha' done, and there wur a little keg o' porter there, and I thought I'd turn the tap and let 'un run a bit, and there wouldn't be so much in he next time she comed to drar her supper's beer. It wur martal dark under them stair, but the light comed in through the cracks betwix the boards, and presently I could see enough for me mischief. Back beside the keg wur a jar, mabbe he'd hold two gallon or so. 'Wonder what she keeps in thic 'un,' I says to mysel', and I pulls he up to the door. You see, Father, there wur more light come through under the door, and I could see a bit plainer there. I outs wi' the cark, and spills some of the stuff on the floor, and I'm blessed if it ain't porter agen. 'The old girl's fond o' porter,' I says, 'but she won't see thic lot agen.' The jar wur only half full, so I puts 'un under the tap in the keg, and fills 'un up to the cark. Then I ha' got to

get out. The kay comed through the door, and I tries to turn the end of 'un wi' me fingers, but he wur too shart. Well, Father, I weren't a gwoin' to bide there, so I pushes the kay out, and he falls on the floor t'other side. I get me fingers under the door, and I soon has hold of that there kay, and it ain't a minute afore the door's onlocked. I gets me jar, locks the door agen after me, and goes out tiptoe, so she shouldn't hear I from the kitchen, and I crumps down when I passes under the winder, and puts the jar in the lavendar bush, just by the teacher's gate. Afternoon school comes, and I wur there along wi' the rest. Teacher wants to know who let I out o' jail, and I says I turned the kay from the inside—which wur true enough—and she says as how I'll live to be hanged, and that ain't happened yet, Father, and I be seventy. Evening comes, and the chaps wur all stood top of the lane talking. I goes up to them, and asks them if they wants a couple o' gallon o' porter, for I know'd for some. They didn't want much asking neither, and one of 'um goes in home and gets a mug, and we takes the jar to the conqueror tree [horse-chestnut] in Farmer John's paddock. The chap as had the mug held 'un up, and we filled 'un out o' the jar, and blowed the froth arf and filled 'un up agen, so he wur full. 'Twur Charlie Dark drank 'un arf—him as I told you as come wi' we when we got them rabbit wires from the old manor house—and you should ha' zeed he! He was up on his legs in a minit, roarin' and shoutin' and hollerin', and saying he wur pisin'd and wur agwoin' to die, and then he'd throw hisself down on the grass and roll over and over, and hold hisself, and then start roarin' and hollerin' agen. The rest of the chaps wur about scared, and we wur all asking what wur the matter, when we sees old Parson Torley—you do mind he, Father, he wur very old when he died—coming across the paddock from his house. I 'spect he'd ha' zeed we wi' thic jar under the tree, and wur acoming to stop we. When we zeed the parson, we all runned out of the paddock 'cept the chap as a ha' had the porter, and he wur too rough [ill]. What do you think I ha' done, Father? I ha' drar'd a gallon o' porter on top of a gallon o' the school ink, and Charlie Dark ha' had a pint o' the mixture, and next day he wern't none the worse, neither."

Other memories crowd in, and one by one the details of hose simple school days live again, and I learn of the diffi-

culties of the much-enduring Mrs. Luff. Her mathematical powers seem to have been limited, and as boys were apt to be unruly if over pressed, sums occupied but a small place in the educational system.

Mrs. Luff had a husband who took a useful, if somewhat secondary part in the teaching work of the establishment. When some boy had become more than ordinarily out of hand, it was Mr. Luff who was called in to meet the emergency. The correction took various forms, for it depended on what the old gentleman was doing at the time. If he was working in the garden—worst of all, if he was putting sticks to the peas or beans—he generally had something to hand that would meet the requirements of the situation. If he was sweeping the stable, he arrived with the broom or the whip at the school door, in response to Mrs. Luff's call of "Richard!" in a tone of voice that neither he nor the culprit ever misunderstood. Strangest of all was when he was in his little bakehouse across the yard at the back—he baked bread for others besides himself, for the neighbors thought no oven so good as the one in the old farmhouse—and was sent for suddenly to quell a riot that had taken place among these bigger boys. The heads of a couple of the most deserving—chosen more by reputation than from actual guilt—would show marks of floury fingers, and then the baking was resumed. Sometimes, when unforeseen difficulties arose in the boys' sums, and Mrs. Luff was not equal to them—she was not intended to be—the slate was ordered to the bakehouse for solution. If the visit was well-timed, and the hot loaves were just out of the oven, there were steaming pieces of soft crust to be deftly picked off, while Mr. Luff, slate in hand, was busy explaining the rules of subtraction.

Such was this old-world school, and such its simple ways and teaching.

I am sorry the history of Mrs. Luff's teaching establishment has to end in a cloud, but some fifty years ago, the disappearance of her husband was one of our village tragedies. Richard Luff had set out on a December morning, with his old pony and cart, to go to Coleford. I am not going to tell the story now—it will do for another time—but towards four o'clock, when it was getting dark, the pony and trap came slowly into the yard at the back of the house, and it was some half-hour

or more afterwards, that Mrs. Luff discovered that they had come alone. From that December day Richard Luff disappeared totally and entirely. His wife tried to keep up the school, for she had nothing else for her support, but it slowly failed. The numbers grew less and less, as the teaching became poorer and poorer, and at last the four or five children that remained did not return when the school opened again after the following summer. Mrs. Luff had never recovered the loss of her husband, and she was mentally unfit to teach, or indeed to look after herself, as her health and strength were failing. When the great landlord found that she no longer paid her rent—in the forty years she had lived in the farmhouse she had paid for the old place over and over again—he gave her a month's notice, and Mrs. Luff had to give up her home. The pigs and the cow had long ago been sold, and neighbors had bought odd pieces of furniture from time to time, and on the proceeds the poor old lady had managed to live up to the present. Now with the home gone, and everything of value sold off, there was only the workhouse left. Thither they carted Mrs. Luff in an open cart, one November morning, with her box containing the salvage from the wreck and her feather-bed rolled in a bundle. The beech-trees shed great brown leaves on her like tears, as she passed down the dear old familiar Green Lane, out on to the Bath road, on her way to exile for the crime of being lonely and poor and old.

Under the strain of workhouse life her mind gradually grew more feeble, and amid the poor creatures clustered there, she lived her few remaining years in childishness. Sometimes, when she happened to see half a dozen old cronies sitting in a row knitting or talking, Mrs. Luff would think she was back at her school, and had a class of little village maids before her. Sitting in front, she would bid them say their poetry, and when some aged dame had mumbled out a verse or two she had learnt as a child, Mrs. Luff would say: "Next," in the same tone of voice as of old. And when these pupils were tired of playing school, or the mistress thought them idle, she would hobble across the room, and opening the door, put her head out, and shout: "Richard!"

MADAME JULIE LAVERGNE.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES is the patron of story-tellers. It was his delight during recreation hours to amuse those about him with charming little anecdotes and sprightly narrations, each of which—a gem in itself—bore, like a sparkle of light, a moral concealed within its bosom. Many, and of infinite variety, are the stories which have been told and are still in the telling since his day; but, alas! the right kind of stories are rare. Stories that are short yet to the point—dramatic, yet wholesome—full of the little tragedies and ironies of life, yet lacking the luridness which French writers, especially, seem to consider necessary to success.

Stories like those of St. Francis, while sparkling with vivacity and brilliant with color, carry a moral which lingers as long as their delicate tracery lasts. Stories in which each line and each word count for much; a simple phrase which fixes the background in our minds—two or three strokes of a practised pen, and the characters seem like old friends; then, lo! with a step, a word, a gesture, the story is finished.

To be able to write thus is a fine art; it is also a gift. If it has not been granted us, no study, no apprenticeship, no labor can teach what must be inborn. Such a gift was given to Julie Lavergne.

Cécile Josephine Julie Ozaneaux was born at Paris, December 19, 1823. Her father, Jean Georges Ozaneaux, was Professor of Philosophy in the College Royal Charlemagne, and also a native of Paris, while her mother, Catherine Lucie Sproit, was born at Lille. M. Ozaneaux took entire charge of the education of the children. The system which he followed consisted in addressing himself to the reason of the child and, unlike that usually followed, trusting in the least possible degree to memory. Grammar or history lessons were never learned

by heart. They were related by the master, and the pupil was obliged to show by her observations and responses how attentive she had been to the recital and how much of it she had understood.

He desired his daughter to pay special attention to composition; style being the object of his particular care. Having been appointed Inspector General of Schools, M. Ozaneaux was often obliged to be absent from home. On these occasions Julie wrote to him every day, giving an account of what she had seen and done. When her letter was especially good the father, who had wonderful talent with the pencil, would make a picture of the scene of the recital, which was placed in her album by the delighted child—thus recompensed for her literary talent and success.

The religious instruction was also given by the father, who composed and had printed at Toulouse a small book entitled *Religious Instructions and Prayers for My Children.* The dedication is as follows:

> Julie, Clotilde, Lucien.
>
> This little book has been made for you. Preserve it with care as a souvenir of your parents—meditate upon it as the most important among the lessons you will have to learn. And if some day you should have children, put it into their hands. God grant that they may profit by it, as I desire that you will also.
>
> Be good, my children, and you will be happy.
>
> G. O.

This little book comprises in seven chapters the principal doctrines of the Catholic Church. It also contains morning, evening, and Mass prayers; to the latter explanatory notes are added. It is worthy of re-publication. It has at least, unlike many others of the same kind, the merit of being easily learned and intelligible to childish minds.

It was in such an atmosphere, sheltered by the love and solicitude of her parents, that Julie passed the first period of her life. After many years of strenuous mental labor M. Ozaneaux, whose advancing age relegated him to duties less arduous, securing leisure for him during the greater part of the year, finally installed himself at Versailles. He lived there from 1838 to 1844, occupying himself with the education of his chil-

dren and the composition of several important works, such as the *History of France* in two volumes—which was crowned by the Academy—and a French-Greek Dictionary. The distinguished author, Casimir Delavigne, was his intimate friend, and both found amid the splendors and historic interest of Versailles sources of unfailing inspiration.

His daughter Julie shared in his appreciation of the place and its legends. She knew and admired Versailles so intimately that she embodied her feelings and her knowledge in the celebrated *Legends of Trianon.* Life in the Rue Mademoiselle, Versailles, was the simplest possible. M. Ozaneaux went alone to the State balls and ceremonial functions of the Court or the Ministry. Occasionally in the evenings a few friends would drop in, or they would go abroad, where the amusement consisted of dancing and charades. These were the only distractions of the family.

> At home [writes Julie Ozaneaux in 1843] every one is occupied with his or her duties—my father in his office, entrenched in a double rampart of books and papers, Lucien at school, Clotilde and I with Mamma. In the evening the whole family gather around the brightly lighted table; we read, work, and chat—happier than if the time were passed at the noisy *soirées.* Nevertheless an invitation came last week to disturb the uniformity. We were bidden to the Royal play at Trianon. My father went with Clotilde and on their return, they delighted us with an account of the ravishing beauty and wonderful *toilettes* of the young princesses.

We may have some idea of the intellectual progress of Julie by the following extract from a letter written to her beloved father, when she was little more than seventeen:

> I love to vary my occupations. It multiplies my pleasures, and—thanks to this habit of changing from one thing to another—I listen with delight, now to a serious conversation, now to a foolish one.
>
> After having reasoned and exchanged opinions with my elders, I run around with the children and play with the cats and dogs. I look with admiration on a beautiful picture, I listen to a musical composition with the greatest pleasure, and that does not hinder me from being delighted with a toy flute and laughing with all my heart. I can accommodate

myself to circumstances; having serious books on hand I study them—with those of lighter vein I laugh—happy even when alone. However I will confess, that I like to mend stockings better than to read some of those musty, dull old books. Still, wherever I may be, I am always able to occupy myself.

There is only one thing which I cannot endure—the society of stupid and ignorant persons. What I like best in all the world is to be in the company of thoughtful, intelligent, educated people. This privilege has thus far been accorded me, and, in as far as in me lies, I resolve always to possess it.

Julie had the intellect of a man with the heart of a woman. In all things essentially feminine—gay, lively, amiable, and attractive—at the same time, she had resources within herself which were not shared by other girls, who, as she approached womanhood, were her acquaintances and occasional companions. Society could never fascinate her, nor its multifarious claims and exigencies ever hold her in thrall. Her spirit was an independent one, as we shall learn through the following extract from a letter, written in 1817 to her father:

. . . I am going to tell you of the disappointment of my life—the only lasting and irremediable regret I have ever had. *I am a girl* (there it is) and I can never be a boy. Alas! if I were, my studies would now be completed, and I assure you they would have been honorably finished. Proud of the success of my examinations, proud of the name I bear, I should have seen a hundred careers open before me. I would have chosen yours, my father. I would have been a professor and perhaps gone to Colmor, as you did, to begin my new life.

But as I am only a girl—what have I done since? What is there for me to do? I have been happy, I am so still; but I have done nothing to earn happiness. As a boy I would have been a scholar—I would have attained an honorable position, where you would have been prond of me.

As a girl I pass my time in various trifling occupations. I know nothing thoroughly. Latin and the sciences I loved have been laid aside; I have renounced them, yet feeling all the time I must resume them. But I am a girl, and I have a dislike to "blue-stockings." . . .

Love me always, my dear father, even though I am only that stupid and inconvenient person denominated a "marriageable daughter." If I cannot find a husband such as I

desire, I shall remain single. I shall never leave you, and with the passage of time, I shall study—I shall learn, and when I am old I shall be a *savante!* That is a consolation.

Greet beautiful Alsace for me. Tell your friends that I love them because they love you. Write to me, I beg, and love me always as well as if I could sign myself

JULES OZANEAUX.

But Julie was not destined to comb St. Catherine's tresses. Shortly after the preceding letter was written, the family became acquainted with M. Claudius Lavergne, a young artist of Lyons who had come to Paris to reside, after having spent some time in Italy. He was a friend of the illustrious Abbé Lacordaire, and for a time had serious thoughts of entering the Dominican Order. The future husband and wife were at once attracted to each other, and only a short time elapsed until, with the hearty consent of Julie's parents, the couple were engaged. At this period Claudius Lavergne was more pious than his future wife and, on the threshold of marriage, instead of pouring forth protestations of love and admiration, we find him writing to her in terms which drew forth the following ingenuous response:

Blushingly I confess to you, that though short has been the time I have passed in the world, it has enfeebled the pure faith and trust of my earlier youth.

But in loving you I have renewed them, and nothing can better explain the happiness I feel in having found them again than to tell you that all at once I feel myself worthy to pray, and to pray for you. Be my guide, my friend; make me good and pious like yourself; and, above all, never doubt that I love you.

Serious and reserved though the young artist was by nature, he unfolded his soul when among his friends. Handsome, amiable, a good conversationalist and a fine singer, his presence in the Ozaneaux household served to increase the peace and joy that always reigned there. Travel and intercourse with the world had broadened his mind without injuring the faith of his soul. Julie could not understand what had attracted him to her. But he could very easily have explained that. It was the charm of her manner, as well as the simplicity and transparency of her soul. They were married

on the ninth of November, 1844, in the parish church of St. Louis-en-l'Isle, where Julie Ozaneaux had been baptized. The Abbé Lacordaire performed the ceremony, and finding himself in the presence of a large assembly—composed for the most part of university men who did not often hear a sermon—he profited by the occasion to give a masterly explanation of the Catholic religion.

Ten months after their marriage their first child, Lucie, was born. She was baptized by Father Lacordaire in the same church where her mother had been baptized and married. Mme. Lavergne writes of the joyful event as follows:

> The moment the child was born the mother made the sign of the cross on her forehead. Then her father placed a medal of the Blessed Virgin around her neck. It was four o'clock in the morning—a brilliant star glittered above Notre Dame, which can be seen from our windows. *Stella Matutina!* Dawn of joys maternal, first prelude of sacrifice, the child whom Thou gavest me was later to bear Thy name!

Seventeen years later this child became a religious, and a most saintly one. Her star still watched over her—she was given the name of Sister Marie Stella.

II.

From her youth Julie Lavergne was impressed by the saying of St. Paul: "The mother shall be saved by the children she brings into the world." She had nine in the maternal nest and the last was as welcome as the first. On the occasion of the birth of the ninth she wrote:

> This dear child was welcomed as joyfully as would have been a first-born son—his brothers and sisters surrounding his cradle with a joyousness of expression worthy the shepherds of Bethlehem. The number of these pensioners of the good God does not affright us. He is rich enough to take care of them, good enough to lead them in the right way, and who knows but He may honor us by reserving one entirely for Himself.
>
> And finally, I love them all too well not to be persuaded that they will grow up to be respectable men and women—something greatly needed in our day.

In 1861 she wrote to her sister:

> How I wish I could show you my children! You cannot imagine how glad I am to have seven, and how deeply I mourn the void that my two angels in heaven have left behind. Claudius would have been thirteen—Marie-Rose twelve. I am always seeing the places where their dear heads would have lain. How a mother suffers in losing a child! They had hardly drawn a breath and yet I shall never forget them.

As long as her children were small they were taught at home by their mother, or under the maternal eye. Later, at convent or college they completed their education. Then came the time when, having sheltered them as long as possible under her wing, she was obliged to see them face alone the realities of life.

In 1873 a new military law obliged the eldest son, Noël, artist and painter like his father, to serve for a year in a regiment of the line. Of the most intense artistic temperament, eminently sensible, and pure as an angel, Noël Lavergne was singularly disinclined to, and unfitted for, military life. The contrast between the home and associations he had left and the surroundings in which he found himself caused him a good deal of discouragement. In this moral distress he had recourse to that never-failing friend and sympathizer, his mother, who was not, however, a weak mother in any sense of the word. Two extracts from letters written by her at this time will be sufficient to indicate the character of the advice she gave her son, to part from whom had been a veritable crucifixion:

> You say the soldiers are vicious brutes. Alas! my son, are civilians any better? You do not know the world, my child; you believe, perhaps, that all vice is centered in the regiment. In civil life it is even worse—there hypocrisy and an elegant exterior often conceal crimes the most hideous. All that is not Christian is almost diabolical. Let us thank God He has preserved us from the like; thank Him and tremble, for He will demand from each one according to what he has received. In the place of these evil-doers we would, probably, have been as wicked as they. We should learn to admire that which is superior, and compassionate that which is beneath us—but before God let us never be satisfied with ourselves.

Well, my dear boy, *Sursum Corda!* St. Francis de Sales says that in imagination we combat and conquer the monsters of Africa, while in reality we permit ourselves to be vanquished by the little beasts we meet on the roadside.

Keep yourself unspotted, first of all; and that done, take care that your piety be of the kind that bears fruit. Put obstacles, trials, and sufferings under your feet, and sing the song of the hussars. For, after all, that is the real French gaiety—the true song of France.

These innumerable regulations are very wise. It is necessary to be arbitrary in order to command sustained attention and obedience. You see all that disgusts you in one quick glance, as it were; curses and blasphemies revolt you—and you judge everything accordingly. Apparently nothing could be more absurd than the following counsel given by St. Pacomius to his disciple, but mark the sequel:

Said the saint: "Plant this dry stick, go and draw some water from the Jordan a league from here, and water it. Tomorrow do the same, and so on, till the stick blooms and blossoms." The little novice obeyed, and at the end of three years the dry twig was covered with flowers—but the novice had become a saint.

It is likely your corporal no more resembles St. Pacomius than your broom resembles the palm of the desert; you must water the twig of grace and good humor, and, raising your eyes, acknowledge that all which oppresses and wounds us in this world has been ordained by the will of God.

Such lessons were not long without fruit. The young soldier took courage and was advanced to the rank of corporal, and later that of sergeant and lieutenant. Death came early to this ardent, faithful soul, and his comrades often bore witness to the joyous enthusiasm and military spirit of the artist, poet and soldier, Noël Lavergne.

Mme. Lavergne was called upon to give up five of her children. Her eldest daughter became a religious at the age of seventeen, dying at twenty-seven. Although she had been parted from her loving mother for ten years, the affection which existed between them had never diminished, as will be seen by the following extract to Dom Jehan Solesmes. She wrote:

I am going to ask you to pray for me, that I may be enabled to carry my cross courageously. My daughter, Sister

Marie Stella, was the eldest—the only one of my children whom my mother had known. She left me for God only, and since her entrance into religion it appeared that our mutual affection was greater than before. I was proud and happy to see her so good a religious, beloved and appreciated by all who knew her.

She was as beautiful as she was good, and I have seen her die in the flower of her age. My tears will not cease falling. I see her constantly before my eyes, and it is very hard for me to submit to the will of God. I must try, nevertheless, to be worthy of rejoining her in heaven.

My other children are all with me, caressing, embracing, trying to console me. I am a happy mother—I know it, I feel it—and yet I can do naught but weep.

Still later she wrote:

Lucie is constantly before my eyes; I cannot accustom myself to the dreadful thought "She is dead! She is dead!" I spend hours weeping in the chapel of Sion (the convent where her daughter had been a religious).

Mme. Lavergne had scarcely begun to recover from the death of her daughter when a new trial awaited her. Marie Lavergne had been with her sister during her illness; she had seen her suffer and die, and as the pure soul of one sister took flight into paradise, the mantle of earthly sacrifice and sanctity that had enveloped it fluttered to the shoulders of the weeping survivor. At that dying bed she resolved to take the place and name of Sister Marie Stella—"to live and to die as she had lived and died." Thus germinate the flowers of the tomb. The sorrowing mother wrote:

Marie is about to leave us. She will enter Sion as a postulant, on the eighth of September. She obtained her father's consent before asking mine. I would have liked her to wait until Noël had returned from his regiment, and she had reached the age of twenty. I wanted to keep her a little while longer—this sweet and lovely child. But she is determined to go. No; I cannot tell you the pain I feel, but I ought not to complain—she has chosen the better part.

Sister Stella has left so sweet a memory at Sion that all the house regards the arrival of her sister as a blessing from God. If she perseveres, Marie will take the veil the sixth of January and will have her sister's name. She will be *Sister Marie*

> *Stella* II. She will be twenty on that day. She is radiant with joy, making all her little preparations—like Lucie. Her good health makes me believe that the double sacrifice will not be asked of me, and that God will take me out of this world before giving me the sorrow of surviving her.

Alas! such was not to be the case. Nine years later the second *Star* rejoined the other—in heaven.

In the spring of 1882 Sister Marie Stella, teacher of drawing and painting in the convent, was sent by her Superior to the house at Royan for much needed rest, where she died on the second of June of that year.

Warned of her danger, her mother and younger brother hastened to her side, where they remained during the last fourteen days of her life. Days of inexpressible anguish they were for the mother who, watching the least sign of hope or improvement, was yet to follow the inevitable progress of the malady that was destroying her daughter.

The dear child herself had but one complaint; from time to time she would say to her companions: "Poor mamma! How long is her martyrdom!" But the heart of the mother, though tortured beyond description, was still strong and courageous enough to hide the tears that welled up from her bosom. Poor mother! she had no illusions. She wrote from Royan:

> My child is dying. You know how I love her—how worthy she is of being loved. God gives us wonderful strength. I cannot understand the peace I feel in the midst of such anguish. It all comes from her example. She is resigned, patient, always smiling, entirely abandoned to God, without a murmur, without a regret. As she lies there, surrounded by her family and her companions, she assures us that she does not suffer, but her sweet face, formerly so beautiful to look upon, is no longer recognizable as hers.
>
> Pray for the poor child, dear friends, and ask for us also entire submission to the will of God.

After all was over she wrote to a friend:

> Last Friday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, within the shelter of the Royan she loved so dearly, my dear angel began to enjoy the vision of heaven. She thought she saw the angels, the Blessed Virgin, and her sister, Lucie, awaiting her and she said: "How happy I feel! I am going to

heaven! As soon as I am gone, sisters, begin to sing the *Magnificat*."

God has plucked this flower in all its beauty, and in doing so has ordained for us another sacrifice. May His Name be blessed!

My husband is wonderful in his faith and resignation. I was with her during the last fortnight of her life, and I can affirm that she bore her intense suffering and long agony without a murmur—always praying, always blessing God, and endeavoring to console the mother who was watching her die, and who could hardly say "Amen" to her constant "Fiat."

I did not want her to die. She had so often and so joyously said to me: "I am going to heaven," and yet I would have retained her in this miserable world. Finally, on the First Friday of the Month of the Sacred Heart, at Holy Communion, I understood what our Lord desired of me, and I said to Him: "Lord, take her! To-day, at three o'clock!" And He did it—the Lord Jesus, infinitely kind! I cannot understand how I had the strength to say that. All Sion weeps with us; but no one doubts her happiness. That is what we must think of.

This morning at the Mass which was sung for her, her poor father recited the *Magnificat*, then he silently passed me the book. I read it, but could not pronounce the words with my lips. That will come later.

Our old friend, Mgr. Mermillod, who is in Rome, telegraphed us at once: "The Holy Father blesses you in your sorrow. My heart is with you." *Sursum Corda!*

III.

Mme. Lavergne, whose graceful and prolific pen has left France a legacy of stories that may well be called literature, had long been a wife and mother before she put her thoughts to paper to be given to the world.

It was not until she had passed middle-age—had lived, loved, sorrowed, and suffered, had experienced all the horrors of the Revolution of '48, and those of the Commune many years later—that she began to follow what had always been her dearest inclination. After the events of the Franco-Prussian war had altered the face of Paris and changed the old conditions, and the success of her husband accorded her leis-

ure, she permitted herself the luxury of perpetuating the thoughts and fancies which had occupied her mind from her earliest youth. Born and educated in a very intellectual atmosphere, her natural gifts were fostered and encouraged by a wise father—himself learned and unusually talented. As a child she possessed the art of inventing and relating little stories; her style is sufficient indication of the ease with which she handled her pen.

Apropos of the beginnings of her literary work she wrote to a friend in 1871:

> My heart is so full of anger against the enemy, of shame and regret for our unfortunate country, that I cannot read, coolly, a single line which tells of our disasters. The very word "Alsace" makes me weep! I leave that cruel past to the mercy of God, and the dreadful future to Providence, and, tired of hearing and reading frightful things, I am like the old mariners, who, between times, employ their leisure in the recital of fantastic tales.

She writes thus to her daughter of some of her stories:

> I hope these tales will amuse you as well as worldlings. M. X—— is scandalized because, out of the ten stories, there are five that end in marriage. He would wish, he says, that I did not mention it. I took his *critique* in good part and replied, laughingly, that the Holy Ghost was not of his opinion, because He had admirably related to us the histories of Rebecca, of Rachel, of Tobias, of Esther, and Ruth—matrimonial histories— But the good man is so fearful his daughters will marry that he will not permit the wicked sacrament to be mentioned in their presence!

Later she writes to Mme. Laporte, the only daughter of Frederick Ozaneaux:

> You ask me, my dear Marie, where I find those stories which you love to read. Where do I find them? Wherever I can get them, my child; in a song, in a cloud, in a flower. The one I intend to dedicate to you—*Henriette de Laubespine*—I plucked at Versailles, in that clump of white anemones which bloom in your garden.
>
> That day I had been at Chesnay, and in going through the village at the golden hour when the setting sun empurples the woods, my husband had bought an old *fauteuil* of the style of Louis XV. of a most elegant design, the back finished with a

carved bouquet of anemones. . . . And after that, when I had spent several hours with you, Marie—with your two mothers, your husband, and the dear little child—and the image ever present of Frederick Ozaneaux—everything around me breathed of affection, devotion, passionate love of duty, and of precious memories. It all formed a harmony, and even as a single note is reëchoed without the touching of an instrument, the imagination of the story-teller spreads its wings and is lost in the world ideal.

In that world, as through a mist, you see passing the dim uncertain shades of other beings who have preceded us in this life—knowing, as we know, fugitive joys and lingering sorrows. Little by little those phantoms are endowed with vitality, their voices grow distinct, a light more and more vivid discloses their features, and after that the story they whisper to us fixes their images in our mind and endows them with a misty immortality.

Prophets have the second sight of the future; story-tellers the second sight of the past. It is a gift—but do not envy it, Marie. It is rarely accorded to youth. It is an aftermath of autumn, like the flowers that spring up in August among the garnered fields—like the last smile of the fading day as the cart rattles slowly homeward.

During a period of five years Mme. Lavergne wrote only for the distraction and amusement of her children, of the things which interested her most. In a letter in which she avows her intention of publication Mme. Lavergne formulates her profession of literary faith:

I shall never write a line which I might not read to my daughter, who is a religious, but I shall write no more for children. It is to grown persons that I shall address myself in future, and though a moral lesson may often be found in my writings, I never preach and never shall.

I write to amuse, and possibly divert, people of refined taste, and I do not intend to make my stories excuses for sermons. I do not pose as a teacher, but on the whole I shall strive to make my romances antidotes to those which are fashionable at present.

I hope to make them as touching and interesting as possible. . . . And I wish that the French language could always be as simply and purely written as I hope to write it. I detest the involutions, the languors, and the horrors of ro-

> mancers. I would like to be able to write like St. Luke. He is my model. The story of *The Disciples of Emmaus*, for instance, is perfection; and I am persuaded that the reading of the Gospel is the best lesson in literature that can be given to children. When persons advise me to lengthen my stories I reply: "On the contrary, the more I retouch them, the more I abridge them."

Once fairly launched on the sea of literature, Mme. Lavergne's work was wonderfully prolific. Having chosen her subject and, when necessary, consulted authorities (for she was very particular to be accurate in everything historical), she sat down to her sketch or story and wrote, one might say, without lifting her pen from paper, until her task was accomplished. Thoughts flowed as rapidly as she could write them; there was no hesitation, no lagging, no searching after ideas—they were all there, at the point of her magic pen. At the same time she did not neglect any of her domestic duties. She writes in one of her letters:

> I never have an hour to myself, and I write like a windmill—called away twenty times a day, but always taking up the last word without the least trouble. Seated at my little table, I forget the Republic, the devil and his train, and set out for the land ideal. It is good for me to have some household cares; I would write too much if I had more than three hours a day at my disposal.

It was under the trees in her garden in Paris, that Mme. Lavergne wrote the greater portion of her books. It was there that she brought from the storehouse of her memory—for anything once read she never forgot—those charming souvenirs of Mme. de Lafayette, Madeline de la Vergne, Mme de Sevigne, La Rochefaucauld, Mme. Scarron, and others that have so delighted her readers. She had formulated various plans in her mind—the portrayal of various historical events and characters of certain types, and in the main she had completed them, when death stayed her busy hand and brain.

Her French readers know and acknowledge the debt they owe her, but among the English and Americans who have read in translation innumerable sketches and stories of Mme. Lavergne, more or less faithfully translated or adapted, few are aware of their authorship. Enough to say, however, that no

one ever read anything that came from her graceful, facile, and accurate pen without being charmed and fascinated—without longing to make her further acquaintance.

Her writings number between twenty and thirty volumes, comprising more than two hundred stories and narratives, many of them quite long—little books in themselves. And each is a gem.

In 1882 her health began to fail. In 1884 she was obliged to submit to an operation, which gave only temporary relief to her sufferings. In the grasp of a cruel malady she continued to work as long as she was able, and preserved the wonderful patience, resignation, and entire cheerfulness which had always characterized her. During the long, sleepless nights when her suffering was almost intolerable, she passed hours in composing verses, which were so beautiful that there is no doubt, had she given her attention to poetry—or one might better say rhyming—she would have excelled in the art. In a broad sense, every work of hers was a poem.

She died March 16, 1886, at the age of sixty-three. Her whole life had been a consecration to the comfort, education, and welfare of others. For others—not only her immediate family but all who came within her sphere of love and usefulness—she lived and worked, giving of her substance, her time, and her spirit to any or all who would ask or receive. And in the midst of her practical, everyday existence there blossomed thoughts so sweet, so pure, so holy, such flowers of poesy as are seldom generated in the garden of this humdrum world.

There have been other story-tellers and other poets who have delighted the world with their dreams, yet few with a grace so modest, so persuasive, as that of this noble woman whose books show what was the ruling spirit of her life—piety, purity, charity—love of all things beautiful and good, replete with sentiment the most delicate and the most ideal.

The poetry of her books but images that of her heart, the goodness of her life, the charm of her personality, winning, serene, indescribably attractive. Hers was a mission, the memory and influence of which shall long endure.

It is to be hoped that some one capable of the task, and loving it, may give to the world an English edition of her collected works. Such a one would confer a blessing on literature, religion, and the English-speaking Catholic world.

THE DIVINE FRIEND.*

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

I said: "Though death or life would stay me,
  My thoughts pursue Thee, and adore.
If self and folly still betray me,
  Towards Thee I only sigh the more.
Thou hast me captive in Thy power
  When far I stray and long forget,
And when there comes the lonely hour,
  Through secret tears I know Thee yet.
The flash that probes the midnight ocean
  Can thrill not like one look from Thee;
Nor Nature, in her whole bright motion,
  Doth so caress and compass me;
No dove's note in the wood-recesses,
  While dark and dreams are over all,
Had ever half such tendernesses
  As, deep within my soul, Thy call."

And then Thou saidst: "I love thee. Listen.
  Thou shalt in Me full joy regain.
Why flee away? Is doubt uprisen?
  Who else to save thee were so fain?
I am the more than brother-hearted
  Whose Name and home thou knows't. O break
Whatever bond would keep us parted,
  Nor when I plead, let 'No' awake!
Fear nothing: pledge Me faith securely:
  I walk beside, unweariable.
But strain thy wing to reach Me surely,
  For in Eternity I dwell."

* From the French of C. Olivier.

MONACHISM.

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

THE feeling of Catholicism for the cenobitical life, which it has done so much to promote in the pursuit of its own spiritual ideals, is not an easy thing to describe. On the one hand, there is the sum of its transmitted teaching, supplemented and reduced to definite practice by a sacramental system in which both laity and pastorate meet in the historic fullness of the Mystical Body of Christ for the work of sanctification in every legitimate walk of life; and, on the other, there is the cloistered world of its "counsels" where the relatively few seem to labor austerely apart from the many whom Baptism, Penance, and the Eucharist, and, it might be added, Matrimony and Orders, too, as the case may be, have already made *holy to the Lord*. Is there any real opposition—for so the question might conceivably be put—between the *sanctification* which the ordinary layman must achieve if he submits to any least *obedience* of the Church at all, and the *perfection* which the monk works out at such expense of spirit in the enjoined renunciations of his often heroic Rule?

That a difficulty of a very serious kind exists for many honest souls in this apparent anomaly of Catholicism will scarcely be denied by those who have had experience of current prejudices in the matter—prejudices, it might be noted, not always restricted to the Protestant mind. Yet if Catholics have sometimes been found among that great cloud of hostile witnesses who have looked askance upon the monastic state in every age, their temper of mind will be discovered on analysis to be very different from the more elusive and yet more radical mistrust of Protestantism. They have stood out against the monk in the concrete rather than against his more sacrosanct state. Their opposition has been inspired by the chance urgency of issues peculiar to their own eccentric personality or local to their immediate environment. They have been scandalized by his tonsure, forsooth; they have been irritated by the cut or color of his garment; they have mourned over the novel

accent of his psalmody. If they have sometimes found quarrel in straws more considerable than these, again, it has been the man rather than the ideal that has given substance to their grief. They have resented the spiritual disturbance in the accepted order of things which the monk's advent seems inevitably to involve, whether he fix his abode in a wilderness or in a populous town; they have felt obliged to withstand him because of certain supposed encroachments on long-established custom or right; they have denounced him, Gospel-creature that he is, and pledged by the soul, if not by the letter, of his Rule to all the higher obediences of Catholicism, with resistance to episcopal authority, and Paul has been sometimes flouted out of humor, that Peter, possibly by way of time's revenges, might all the more abound. The graver attacks of which he has been the object at various critical periods of ecclesiastical reform, as in the lampoons of the orthodox Middle Age, or in the unfriendly legislation of certain remote synods, have really tended to emphasize the religious value of the ideals aimed at in his vows; and few, even among the Gallic and Spanish bishops who accused him of a Manichæan bias while he was struggling for recognition in the West during the harassed years of the fifth century, ever seriously thought of challenging his claim to embody, in the substance of his profession, at least, nearly all that was noblest and most difficult in evangelical teaching.

Nor can the case of Cardinal Manning in our own times be said to furnish a more classic instance of mistrust that points vaguely the other way. Manning's contention, as we know now, was for the inherent holiness of the priestly state as such. For him the sanctity of Orders was indissolubly bound up with the sanctity of the Eucharist. His quarrel was not with monachism; but with secularism. He denounced the false standards and the essentially un-Tridentine point of view which could look upon the Christian priesthood as belonging in any true sense even to that portion of the world which essays to live on easy terms with the Church. The instinct which led him to protest against the curiously inappropriate term by which the diocesan clergy are distinguished from their religious fellows who live under vows was neither as unsound nor as quixotic as some have too hastily supposed. No priest could rightly be called *secular*, the great churchman seemed to argue in effect, who came forth from God with the election of Apostolicity

upon him and the mark of our Lord's own priesthood stamped indelibly upon his soul. Such a man belonged to the Church; he belonged to his bishop and to the faithful to whom his bishop sent him to minister; he could not belong to the world; and it was only by a pedantic and most uncatholic perversion of technicalities that the obediences of such a life could be accounted less precious in the sight of heaven than the monk's, seeing that they were so radically sacramentalized by the mystery of its Orders, and set irretrievably apart for service in a series of self-immolations that could hardly be distinguished on analysis from so many vows. Whether the Cardinal's expression of his views was always above criticism is a matter which need not greatly worry us now; but so far was he from being out of sympathy with the deeper instincts of Catholicism on this score that he might easily have been accused of confounding in practice the responsibilities of an archbishop with those of a superior in a religious order. In spite of his noble bias for ideals, he was a great stickler for diocesan statutes and rules.

Now it is this very idea of Rule, with its twin notion of aloofness, as implying a hard and somewhat too supra-human reading of the Gospel message, which has furnished the inspiration of much that has been written on the subject of monachism by the better-informed modern mind. That there is, on the whole, a lack of sympathy between that mind and the more conservative exponents of Catholic opinion in these days, hardly needs proving at the present stage of our argument; and it ought scarcely to be matter for surprise that the monk should be called upon to bear a portion of the general misunderstanding consequent on this overcast condition of things. It is not so much that he has become an inconvenient and most tell-tale anachronism in a generation which is determined at all hazards to let the dead past bury its dead; it is rather because he is discovered to be a scandal and a portent in a sense that has little to do with those private morals of his which were once fondly alleged to supply the disedifying data wherewith he could be pelted out of the society of decent Evangelical folk in the old plain-spoken and undiscriminating days. If the claim which his apologists have invariably made for him, and the position which he has come to occupy in Catholicism after fourteen centuries of development, be any sure index of his religious value to the Church of which he now forms more

than an integral part, then we Catholics are driven upon the horns of this most uncatholic, most cruel dilemma: either that the best of our Lord's religion was not offered to the multitudes in the beginning; or that the communities calling themselves Evangelical and Protestant during the past three hundred years have entered with a surer instinct into the real secret of the Gospel than the old historic body that calls itself Roman and magisterial and hierarchical.

Is a monk, however sincere or self-denying his daily obedience to his Rule may be, the highest type of character that Christ has to offer to mankind? Are we all called to be celibates? And must we, as the condition of sharing, supremely and without any thought of after-rapine, the mystery and holocaust of that Life, surrender, not the ties of kinship and country merely, but our own rights and responsibilities of sex, and our powers of individual initiative as well. Must we, indeed, hand ourselves over unreservedly to the keeping of a Rule as interpreted by a mortal endowed with no special *charisma* of infallibility, if we wish to find Christ as uniquely, say, as a man is thought to find his own soul in the unstinting self-dedications of honorable conjugal love? That is how the difficulty formulates itself to-day to the more educated Evangelical mind. No doubt there is a sense in which it may be said to betray a monotonous and too familiar note. The objection is not new, as the jaded student of anti-monastic literature only too well knows. What is new, however, is the controversial courtesy—or shall we call it charitableness?—which waves the old irrelevant and sweeping charges about monkish degeneracy and fastens its attention upon what is of good report in the institution itself. Not for his hypocrisies and misdemeanors, but for his very virtues and often heroisms is the monk to be condemned. His religion may be good Stoicism or good Manichæism; but it is not aboriginal Catholicity, and most certainly it is not the ideal set before us in the New Testament.

Such in substance is the view taken by Professor Harnack in that most popular, yet most seriously analytical, of his minor historical studies, the lecture known to us as *Das Mönchtum*, in which the genius of Latin Christianity is boldly interpreted in the light of its own consistent treatment of the religious orders. "If we ask either the Roman or the Greek Church," he writes, "wherein the most perfect Christian life

consists, both alike reply: In the service of God, to the abnegation of all the good things of this life—property, marriage, personal will, and honor; in a word, in the religious renunciation of the world; that is, in monasticism. The true monk is the true and most perfect Christian."*

With Professor Harnack's theories on the extraordinary and diversified development of Latin, as contrasted with Greek or Oriental, monasticism, we have no immediate concern in the present article. His positions are in many respects helpful and stimulating in what they affirm; though often enough misleading, or worse, in what they ignore. If his reading of events is wide and profound, if his sense of causality is sure, his outlook, we feel, is slightly vitiated by the jaundiced eye of the Evangelical. This man, in spite of his great weight of learning, is an *apriorist.* He sees, moreover, too many things, Latin, ecclesiastical, and especially Papal, from the peculiar angle of Berlin; and he is entirely out of sympathy with what may be called the Catholic or full-orbed aspect of history. His contention that "the true monk is the true and most perfect Christian," is one that no Catholic, Latin or Greek, we imagine, will be disposed to quarrel with. It is true as far as it goes. Remembering the unsavory, not to say ungenerous, connotations which have been added to the word monk in past controversies, however, some of us might prefer to state the truism in more abstract terms.

Charity, as distinguished from the unlovely thing that we call Pharisaism, is the true note of the Gospel. It is the burden of our Lord's religion; His personal note, so to say. It is also the theme of St. Paul's theology, the under-song of St. John's divine iteration of "the things that his eyes had seen and his hands touched," the very Alpha and Omega of the Word of Life. And what Scripture so unmistakably affirms, Catholicism reaffirms. For on its loftier and more affirmative side it has ever claimed to be Scripture and history in one. The charitable life has always been the goal of its effort, even of its political and secular effort, scandalous as the saying may seem; and in the writings of its saints, and more especially in the various machinery it has employed throughout the centuries to emphasize the note of her children's saintship and give it canonicity as it were, it has taught the self-same lesson.

* *Monasticism: Its Ideals and History.* [Kellett & Marseille's translation.] London: Williams & Norgate, 1901, p. 10.

From the very beginning the "way of the counsels" has been set, if not over against, at least above, far above, the "way of the commandments." If the story of the "rich young man" proves anything, it proves that. Indeed, one might safely say that, in practice, Catholicism has staked much, if not all, on that incident, and discovered in it a way of life which is beyond life. And of what other religion of the West, claiming to be Evangelical or Catholic or historic, can so glorious a boast be uttered? There is, then, a religion of the commandments; and there is also religion of the vows; and the New Testament in its fullness furnishes both the philosophy and the instance upon which the hard dichotomy stands.

Nor can it be objected that an argument of this character presupposes altogether the essential validity of the traditional or Catholic view of our Lord's consciousness of His divine Personality and of His divine mission. Even if we take the very small nucleus,* of authentic "doctrine" that Professor Harnack and his school will allow us, there will still be a remarkable group† of "sayings" which will be intelligible on no other hypothesis than that implied in the old-fashioned Catholic distinction between the few who aspire to "perfection" through the graces of intimate discipleship by a complete renunciation of the good things of the world, and the "many" who are content to inherit "eternal life" by a sincere, but not essentially heroic obedience to the "commandments." One may decline with Professor Harnack, if he will, to describe either of these admitted alternatives as proofs of a "message of world-denial" preached by our Lord to His hearers; but they embody none the less two very different varieties of "followers," to each of which the kingdom of heaven is open under certain conditions of self-abnegation. Whether we are to discover the vestiges of a true *askesis* in so broadly graduated a scale of religious character, would seem to be a negligible issue. The point that matters most is that we have here two unmistakable presentments of just that portion of our Lord's teaching which the professor concedes to be "of permanent validity"; and it coincides appositely enough—in the sense, at least, that we have claimed—with the traditional grounds for the Church's encouragement of the monastic ideal, early and late, in her various contact with an unheroic world.

It would, surely, be too large—not to say, too unfair—a

* *Das Wesen des Christentums*, s. 8; ss. 50-56.

† *v. g.* Luke xviii. 18, etc.

contention to hazard, however, were one to suggest, as the Berlin professor and certain writers of the extremer Evangelical wing seem disposed from time to time to maintain, that the "perfection" towards which the monk struggles up, through the elaborate and wearing discipline of his daily Rule, were, in the Catholic view of it, a thing to be sought nowhere else but in the cloister. The Latin Church has never countenanced any such narrowing doctrine; as witness, for instance, her immitigable claim about the "perfection" of the episcopate and the sacramental holiness which she has invariably attached to her conception of the priesthood. St. Thomas, whose explanation of this often obscured point will scarcely be open to the charge of seeking covertly to rebuke the undoubted prejudices, so to call them, of every good Catholic for the heroisms of the cloister, has outlined the whole matter for us in a series of articles* in his incomparable *Summa*, in which the least analytical mind, Lutheran, Evangelical, or crudely Anglo-Saxon, will be enabled to apprehend as in a kind of inchoate Porphyrian tree, what may be called a true hierarchy of Catholic notions on the subject. Charity, or the love of God for His own sake and of all mankind for God's sake, is, he tells us, in effect, the supreme goal of the "perfect life." To love with a supreme love God, our Father, whom we do not see, and to devote ourselves unselfishly to His children, whom we do see, that, in the intention of our Lord, ought to be the master end of all Christian endeavor. Everything else is a question of means. Even the "counsels" themselves are but certain obvious instruments indicated in the New Testament for the realization of this highest of prepossessions; and we must be careful not to think of them as ends in themselves.†

These "counsels" are, in the ordinary providence of Christ, and so far as the "perfection of the religious state" is concerned—a phrase not quite convertible, be it observed, with that other phrase, the religion of the perfect state—poverty, or the renunciation of one's rights and hopes in the matter of earthly goods; chastity, or the renunciation of one's rights and hopes in the more difficult business of wedded love; and obedience, or the renunciation of one's proper will for the sake of

* 2a 2æ, QQ. 184–188.

† Per se, quidem, et essentialiter consistit perfectio Christianæ vitæ in charitate. . . . Secundario, autem, et instrumentaliter, perfectio consistit in consiliis: etc. 2a 2æ, 184, 3 *in corp. art.*

Christ, who did not His own will, but shaped His course through every day of His hard human life in obedience to the behests of His Father. These are the appointed instruments of the *higher evangelicalism of the cloister* according to St. Thomas; and it is from their habitual and confluent efficiency in the inner life of the heart, especially when panoplied by a minute discipline and made still more holy and lasting by dedicated vows, that the monk furnishes the best guarantee to his own conscience and to the Church at large that he is walking in the more excellent way. That there are other ways, indeed, more perilous, if you will, not so carefully charted but true ways, none the less, the saint distinctly affirms when he tells us * that there is no anomaly in finding perfect souls outside of the state of perfection; just as there is none in meeting with the imperfect within its borders. He is dealing with estates and conditions of men on their permanently visible and objective side; with the machinery, ecclesiastical, cenobitical, or quasi-secular, by which our Lord's followers habitually seek entrance into the kingdom of heaven through the doorways of this world. He is not discussing the spiritual worth of the individual will, or the ultimate value that God sets upon the secret sacrifices of the heart. His point of view is, if we may so style it, a purely human or critical one: *secundum ea quæ exterius aguntur . . . sic nunc de statibus loquimur*, he writes. Pope, or bishop, or priest, solitary, or friar, or nun, devout secular or unabashed worlding, we are what we are, in the last resource, as the divine eyes behold us. Our several "states" may help or hinder; they cannot save or damn us, when all is said and done.

These considerations ought to help one to formulate, at least in outline, something like a real metaphysic for that ungrudging cult which Catholicism has paid to the monk from the beginning. Like the undying priesthood to which he is linked to-day in a score of ways, he is more than a symbol; he is an instrument, an institution, a spirit made palpable, whose victories only the purest and most robust faith in our Lord's Incarnation can hope adequately to understand. That is why, in spite of the comparatively meager bulk of scandal in his otherwise inspiring history, it has ever been a note of

* Et ideo nihil prohibet, aliquos esse perfectos, qui non sunt in statu perfectionis, et aliquos esse in statu perfectionis, qui tamen non sunt perfecti. 2a 2æ, 184, 4 *in corp. art.*

orthodoxy to think well of him and, what is often difficult enough in the inevitable clash of supernatural interests in a misjudging world, live well with him, for the true peace of the Church. Of the theology of his vows this is not the place to speak. The details of these grave and intricate matters may safely be left to the canonist; but, surely, their essential decency—or should we not say sanctity, rather?—can give no offence to the God-fearing. St. Ignatius of Loyola laid his finger on a deep truth when he reminded the men of the sixteenth century that the habit of speaking well of a monk's vows engendered in the soul a kind of noble loyalty towards the hierarchic Church. And the argument that inspired that fine utterance is not less profound for being so magnificently, so humanly, simple and everyday-like. Vows clothe us with a divine seriousness; they purge us of futility and prove to our halting wills that God and His Godhead are, indeed, all in all. Why, then, should we, especially when they are to be pronounced under due safeguards, start at the thought of them, or, through a spurious reverence, which may turn out on analysis to be Pelagianism after all, speak as though a niggardly and cheese-paring will were the best offering to make to Him whose every word and gift are alike without repentance? The lover's oath, the bridegroom's troth, the friend's serene assurance of his unchangeableness—are these things not parables in their order of a loyalty which bravely reaches up to God in a very human way and proves itself of one mind with what we know now to have been the "mind of Christ Jesus Himself"? Why should the monk's conscience, then, be thought to be of sorrier fiber for trusting so unselfishly to instincts which the sense of healthy human nature has approved in every age, and which the fellowship of saints has twice blessed as being big with Scriptural promises that give them almost a Sacramental grace?

If this represents, however crudely, the true theory and sense of the cenobitical life as Catholicism has fostered it throughout its long life-story, it ought not to be difficult to see how in its manifold development through the centuries a fresh note and evidence have been created, so to speak, which prove it to be of one piece with the Way which leads back through Christ to God.

Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J.

New Books.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

The second and third volumes of the Catholic Encyclopedia* are of a quality to sustain the expectation created by the first, that the work when completed will be a valuable asset of the Church throughout the English-speaking world. The unexpected rapidity with which these three have followed one another offers the pleasing prospect that we shall have the entire series at our service within a much shorter period than was usually assigned to the undertaking.

The recent volumes, on the whole, are, in point of scholarship, on the high level set by the first. They improve upon it in respect to the conformity of the contents to the professed scope of the work. A more systematic selection of subjects, and a juster appreciation of their claims, has prevented the appearance of any articles on extraneous matters. No topics, generally speaking, have been assigned more than their fair share of space. This is especially apparent in the biblical department, where the first volume sometimes assumed the character of a Biblical Dictionary, by dwelling *in extenso* on names and things that have but little bearing on the constitution, doctrine, discipline, or history of the Catholic Church.

In these volumes, however, biblical matters of moment have received due attention; one of the most interesting articles is that on Biblical Chronology.

Among the many fine articles which appear in these volumes, it would be invidious to single out a list for special commendation; and there is no single one standing out in pride of place above its fellows. Guided rather by the interest of the subject than by any comparison of the merit of the writers, one might mention a few of the more prominent. They are: Athanasius; Augustine; Benedictines; Babylonia; Assyria; Buddhism; Calvin, and Calvinism; and some of the group under the caption, Byzantine. Among the philosophical articles we have Cause;

* *The Catholic Encyclopedia.* An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. Edited by Chas. G. Herbermann, Ph.D.; Ed. A. Pace, Ph.D., D.D.; Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D.; Thomas J. Shahan, D.D.; John J. Wynne, S.J. Assisted by numerous collaborators. In Fifteen Volumes. Vol. II., Assize–Bro; Vol. III., Brow–Clancy.

Certitude; Association of Ideas; Categorical Imperative; and an excellent brief one on Biology. We venture to add a commendatory note to this one, because we must say that another from the same pen on the important question of Biogenesis is very imperfect, inasmuch as it contains no appreciation of the history of the question.

The information supplied concerning countries, cities, and towns of ecclesiastical importance is remarkably full, both on what regards the past, and the actual religious conditions. Of this class, China might be cited as a splendid specimen. The article on the Calendar places a great deal of technical, useful information within the grasp of the popular reader. Another from the same learned pen, on Celibacy prompts a regret that the writer has not composed a refutation such as he could give us of the baneful work of Dr. Lea on that subject. Among the hagiological biographies that of St. Charles Borromeo is of conspicuous excellence.

A few more articles, which for one reason or another have suggested the taking of a note or two as one perused them, may be referred to. The name of Las Casas has fared very badly at the hands of his biographer, who passes a decidedly depreciatory judgment on the man and his achievements. Indeed the writer roundly asserts that Las Casas did nothing to deserve the title of "Apostle of the Indies," which posterity has conferred upon him. We have a strong picture of a violent, self-willed visionary, a truculent agitator, unjust towards his opponents and ungrateful towards his friends. A man who, having failed egregiously everywhere, grew more rancorous with advancing age, and used his pen to perpetuate, after his death, his unjust judgments and pernicious activity. Is not this a too severe arraignment of the man who, with many faults, is the one to whom we must point when Catholicism is reproached for the merciless and cruel treatment meted out to the Indians by Spanish conquistadors, adventurers, and their descendants?

Speaking of Spanish cruelty recalls the article on Bullfights. It is marred by a misplaced, feeble attempt to absolve the sport from the charge of cruelty. The reason for this charge is, says the writer, "utter ignorance of a game in which man with his reason and dexterity overcomes the brutal strength and ferocity of the bull." "Foreigners, as a rule," continues

the writer, "think that the Spanish populace go to the bull-fight to witness the shedding of human blood. This is false. Generally there are no casualties; and when an accident occurs no one derives any pleasure from it; on the contrary, all deplore it." "The sport," triumphantly concludes the writer, "is less brutal than prize-fighting; and, unlike the modern theater, does not stir up anti-social or immoral passions." Not a word about the goading and torturing of the bull with barbed darts! Not a word about the wretched "old and otherwise incapacitated horses" that are gored by the bull till their entrails fall out! The tenor of this defence is an eloquent argument to prove that some Spanish minds possess no idea corresponding to that which we express by the term cruelty to animals.

Owing to the peculiar scope of their work, and the lack of any precedents, it must be a continual problem for the authors to decide on what is to be admitted and what excluded. One sees evidence here and there of the omission of what seems to us an important subject. For example, if Betting and Bankruptcy receive recognition, why not the equally live question of Boycott? Brown—to illustrate from another department—Bedford, and Cavanagh were fighting men whose claim to a place here rests purely on the fact that they were Catholics. Why, then, omit Sir William Butler? "But they are dead!" Yet many living people are included.

The host of small biographical notices, if it is open to criticism at all, is so because it is too large. Yet there are some strange omissions; for example—Shades of Chivalry!—Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach. Then, too, it seems the irony of fate that the prince of booklovers and collectors, Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, Chancellor of England, author of the *Philobiblion*, is left out. The name of Cauchon ought to have been recorded in order to dissociate the Catholic Church from the infamy that clings to his memory.

A question that might be worth the consideration of the editorial board is whether there are not too many biographical notices of obscure and insignificant persons, whose names will never be of any interest except to the scholar, or the student engaged in historical research—and he will have other resources than the Encyclopedia. The space that might be saved in this direction could be usefully employed in another, where the En-

cyclopedia is weak. That weakness is in the matter of places and persons that have been concerned in events in modern history which have had a grave bearing on the interests of Catholics and Catholicism even up to our own day. The Encyclopedia will be consulted for the correct history of these matters by both Catholics and outsiders. For example, though the insignificant little town of Athenry is noticed, because of its ancient ecclesiastical importance, Aughrim is passed over. Yet the battle of Aughrim served to bring about the reign of the penal laws in Ireland. Again, Charlemagne, Charles Martel, and Charles V. rightly receive long notices. But there is nothing about Charles II. of England, around whose name clusters a number of points intensely interesting to English-speaking Catholics.

Four names renowned in literature have been fortunate in the assignments made for them—Chaucer, Cervantes, Calderon, and Bossuet. The last mentioned is one of the best written in the volume; though, singularly enough, it fails to refer to that episode in Bossuet's career which has the most vital interest for the intellectual world to-day. There is a touch of pathos in the fact that the next volume records the death of the brilliant author of this article—Brunetière. The carefully composed article on Betrothals, which is already out of date, is an eloquent warning of how quickly the most carefully prepared encyclopedia may become obsolete in some respects. We cannot take leave of these two volumes without mentioning two articles on account of the special importance of the subjects and of the special merit of the treatment. The one is on the Church, which is a model of lucidity and condensation. The other is that on Charity and Charities, which presents an admirable statement of the Catholic principle of benevolence and its development throughout the ages. THE CATHOLIC WORLD sincerely congratulates the management of the Encyclopedia on the quality of its work and hopes soon to welcome another volume.

THE FATHER OF OREGON. The name of McLoughlin is as closely associated with the rise of the State of Oregon as are the names of Boone and Houston with the States of Texas and Kentucky. During the Lewis and Clark Exposition, in 1905, a day was set apart as "McLoughlin Day" to honor a memory

which deserves to be preserved as that of a noble man who has merited all the praise, though it is somewhat rhetorically expressed, lavished on him by his biographer: *

> Like many others of the world's great men, Dr. John McLoughlin had many characteristics, apparently conflicting, but making in the aggregate a wonderful and harmonious whole. He was the autocrat of the early Oregon country, yet all his feelings and political sympathies were for a republican form of government, for rule by the people, and for personal liberty; he was a trader with the training of a trader, yet he gave credit without security to the early pioneers, because he was a humanitarian; he was quick-tempered and impulsive, yet he was courteous and kind; a strict disciplinarian, yet he had a sympathy like that of a woman and a heart as tender and susceptible as that of a little child.

As his name indicates, McLoughlin, born in 1784, was of Irish blood. His father settled in Canada and married a daughter of Malcom Fraser, an officer in the famous Scotch Fraser regiment. Both parents were Catholics, and their son was brought up in their faith. That he drifted from it in the course of his active life is evident from the fact that, prior to 1842, when he was governor of Fort Vancouver, it was his custom to read the services of the Church of England on Sundays to a congregation of officers and employees. About 1842, however, a copy of Milner's *End of Controversy* fell into his hands, with the result that, although no step could have been more impolitic at the time from a worldly point of view, he returned to the faith of his baptism. McLoughlin's first association with Oregon took place when in 1824, as a factor of the Hudson Bay Company, he arrived at Fort Vancouver as its chief superintendent or governor. Immediately he began to display in his dealings with the motley population, rival traders, white adventurers, hostile and friendly Indians, the qualities of a leader of men, whose dominant motive was the welfare of all who fell within his sphere of influence.

> When he first came to Oregon it was not safe for the company's parties to travel except in parties heavily armed. In

* *Dr. John McLoughlin, the Father of Oregon.* By Frederick V. Holman, Director of the Oregon Pioneer Association and of the Oregon Historical Society. Cleveland, Ohio: The A. H. Clark Publishing Company.

> a few years there was practically no danger. A single boat loaded with goods or furs was as safe as a great flotilla had been when he arrived on the Columbia River in 1824. It was Dr. John McLoughlin who did this by his personality, by his example, and by his influence.

When McLoughlin came to Oregon the country was, in virtue of the Conventions of 1818 and 1827, under the joint occupancy of the United States and Great Britain. About 1840, however, there began a steady movement of Americans towards it. This influx of Americans was viewed with disfavor by the British officials and occupants. The Indians, too, were intensely hostile to the "Bostons," as they called the American immigrants. But McLoughlin used all his power to see that the newcomers were not molested; and, besides, he actively assisted many of them by lending or bestowing on them necessaries and supplies, without which they would have perished. When the anti-American feeling had become acute, McLoughlin was accused before the Company and the British Government of favoring the American invasion. He repudiated the charge, declaring that he had acted solely from the dictates of humanity. When his superiors issued orders that he should cease to assist the immigrants, his answer was that he would serve them no longer—and he resigned his post with its salary of twelve thousand dollars a year.

Meanwhile there had arisen the question of McLoughlin's land claim, a question which, unfortunately, besides developing deplorable religious bigotry, illustrates the unscrupulous methods by which American adventures, through the help of Congress, have, in numerous cases, cheated and robbed the owners of lands whose titles antedated the establishment of American sovereignty. About 1829, McLoughlin took up a land claim according to the established forms of the settlement at the time. Some Methodist ministers, in 1840, disputed McLoughlin's claim.

> The Methodist Mission, as a mission, did not officially attempt to deprive Dr. McLoughlin of any of his land. There were some of the missionaries who opposed any such action. But others of them said that if the mission obtained any of McLoughlin's land claim, it would belong to the mission or the church; so they readily proceeded, as individuals, for their own private gain.

Legal proceedings were begun, characterized by misrepresentations, falsification of documents, charges that McLoughlin was a British subject, after he had declared his intention of becoming an American citizen, and all kinds of legal chicanery. Legislation was enacted whose direct purpose was to wipe out McLoughlin's claim. The matter dragged on with varying success until 1849, when Governor Lane took possession of the territory for the United States. In 1850 Congress passed the Oregon Donation Law, granting to every adult American, on condition of occupancy, one thousand acres of Oregon land; and McLoughlin's land was declared to be public property. A chief figure in the promotion of this bill was one Thurston, a member of the House of Representatives. His methods and character may be understood from a brief quotation from one of his congressional speeches: "This company (Hudson Bay Company) has been warring against our government for forty years. Dr. McLoughlin has been their chief fugleman, first to cheat our government out of the whole country, and next to prevent its settlement. He has driven men from claims and from the country, to stifle efforts at settlement." Yet it was proven on indisputable evidence that McLoughlin's generosity towards a great number of Americans, including the Methodist missions, had been princely. The Donation Act, passed through Thurston's influence, was received with great satisfaction, and Thurston was regarded as a hero; for, as the biographer remarks, man is selfish, and this law converted every settler's squatter title into a legal title, except McLoughlin's—"Every settler except Dr. McLoughlin could now have his land claim for which he had waited so long. A great university was to be built, without cost to any one except to Dr. McLoughlin and his heirs." Later on, however, the public changed its verdict and admitted both the injustice with which McLoughlin had been treated and the claims of McLaughlin to public gratitude. It is pleasing to find that, in 1862, the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon passed a bill restoring the greater part of McLoughlin's lands to his legal heirs.

This biography is not, perhaps, a fine specimen of smooth or systematic narration; and it makes no pretention to literary finish. But it possesses the first quality of a biography—it places the living man before us, just as he must have appeared to those who knew him. And Mr. Holman's enthusiasm for

his hero, as well as his severe condemnation of the doctor's enemies, are beyond the suspicion of being colored by religious prejudice; for he is not a Catholic. He says:

> All my ancestors have been Protestants. I was brought up under the auspices of the Old School Presbyterian Church, of which my parents were members from my earliest childhood until their death at an advanced age. I have never been a member of any church, but my feelings and sympathies are Protestant.

Worn out by a long persecution of "robbery, mendacity, and ingratitude," Dr. McLoughlin died as a good Catholic dies, in 1857, and was buried in the churchyard of the Catholic Church in Oregon City. He deserves to be enrolled among our distinguished Americans, and can claim the higher honor of being remembered as a strong, noble, Christian man. We may close this somewhat lengthy notice of this interesting biography by quoting a suggestion of the author which is notable rather for his naïveté and feeling than for its practical character:

> Under the canons of the Roman Catholic Church no one can be canonized until he or she has been dead at least fifty years. If I may do so with propriety, I suggest that when the fifty years have passed, those in proper authority in that Church cause Dr. John McLoughlin to be canonized if it be possible to do so. But the people of Oregon as a people are not bound by this canon. Already the memory of this grand old man is enshrined in their hearts. To them he is now the patron saint of Oregon, without regard to canon or rules, religion or sect.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The biography of Poe,* written by Mr. John Macy for the "Beacon Series," is true to the aim of that collection, which is "to furnish a series of brief, readable, and authoritative accounts of the lives of those Americans who have impressed their personality most deeply on the history of their country or the character of their countrymen." Brief enough it is; for it is packed into one hundred small pages. Yet it contains everything that the busy man or woman wants to know about the author of "The Raven" and "The Bells." From the preface the reader may gather that he is going to

* *Edgar Allan Poe.* By John Macy. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co,

be spared any long-drawn disquisitions on the private character of Poe, and that he will not be vexed with any tedious indications that Mr. Macy holds a brief on one side or the other, in the long-standing literary suit of Virginia *versus* New England. "Poe," he remarks, "paid a posthumous penalty for his sins by furnishing a moral issue in biography over which there is, even to this day, unprofitable conflict." And he somewhat sarcastically accuses New England with attempting to discredit the rival of her own poetical lights by asking whether a bad man can be a good poet. "But," to this attitude Mr. Macy replies, "if the starker ethical theories will not retreat from biography, certainly geographical considerations may be persuaded to do so."

The present biographer offers no new information on the poet and his works; and it is not very probable that anything of importance concerning Poe will see the light till the papers of John P. Kennedy, Poe's benefactor, which by Kennedy's will are sealed till 1920, shall be made public. One letter of Poe's is given which is not to be found in earlier biographies, as it was first published only five years ago. It was written to Colonel Thayer, the Superintendent of the Academy, a few days after Poe's dismissal from West Point: "Having no longer any tie which binds me to my native country—no prospects nor any friends—I intend by the first opportunity to proceed to Paris, with the view of obtaining, through the interest of the Marquis de la Fayette, an appointment, if possible, in the Polish army." A certificate of standing in his class was, Poe said very correctly, all that he had any right to expect.

Mr. Macy dissents from the view common to Poe's admirers, which presents him as a brilliant youth going gradually down to ruin and an early death: "We more fairly discern him as plunged by ill-luck and faults of temper into a bad hole at the beginning of his manhood, and fighting his way out of it, with considerable pluck, towards renewed social recognition and successful industry." Poe, he believes, had fallen, in 1831 and 1832, as low as he ever did in fortune and habits.

The book contains some brief occasional criticisms on Poe's work which are worth reading. Too much importance is attached to the metaphysical essay "Eureka," which is very crude metaphysics indeed, and depends for its value much more on the beauty of its language than on its philosophy. The mys-

tery that hangs over the poet's doings in the last days of his life Mr. Macy does not attempt to solve:

> He took steamer from Richmond the last of September. The possibility that he had money may account for the disaster in Baltimore. On October 3 he was found in one of the ward polls by a printer who wrote to Dr. E. J. Snodgrass that Poe was "the worse for wear," and "in need of immediate assistance." He may have been robbed—all trace of his baggage had been lost—or he may have come to the end of his strength or suffered from exposure after drinking. It may be that he was a victim of the political habit of the time to "coop" strangers on the eve of election, drug them, and then send them obediently dazed to the polls to vote. If he was thus treated his captors had tampered with a delicate subject, a body at the end of its slender power to resist drugs. He was taken to the Washington Hospital in Baltimore, and there died on Sunday, the 7th of October, 1849.

Mr. Macy recounts with an even pen, nothing extenuating nor aught setting down in malice, this story, in which pathos, glory, and sordid vice, brilliant intellectual gifts and mean, as well as grave, moral weakness are so tragically mingled.

FREEMASONRY.

The substance of this somewhat bulky volume* has already appeared in the author's magazine. A more liberal exercise of compression, pruning, and elimination would have made the book more compact and, therefore, more readable. Mr. Preuss draws up an indictment, not against freemasonry in general, but against American freemasonry in particular. He challenges its claim to be essentially different from the atheistical, anti-religious freemasonry of France and Italy. There are, so his thesis runs, masons who, because they have never reached the *arcanum* of the brotherhood, see in the organization but a means for furthering good fellowship and fraternal charity—parrot masons, knife-and-fork masons—who are only adepts in the exoteric. There is, however, despite the honest assertions of such men, an esoteric masonry, to which only the elect are admitted, which has for its sole object the subversion of Christian faith and Christian morals. The exis-

* *A Study in American Freemasonry.* Edited by Arthur Preuss, Editor of the *Catholic Fortnightly Review.* St. Louis: B. Herder.

tence of this distinction in the bosom of masonry Mr. Preuss establishes by quotations from an eminent masonic notable, Dr. Mackey, author of a work on freemasonry of recognized authority among the brethren. Dr. Mackey says:

> A mason who commits to memory the questions and answers of the catechetical lectures, and the formulas of the ritual, but pays no attention to the history and philosophy of the institution, is commonly called a *parrot mason*, because he is supposed to repeat what he has learned without any conception of its true meaning. In former times such superficial masons were held by many in high repute, because of the facility with which they passed through the ceremonies of a reception, and they were generally designated as "bright masons." But the progress of masonry as a science now requires something more than a mere knowledge of the lectures to constitute a masonic scholar.

On this passage, combined with some others, Mr. Preuss comments as follows:

> A parrot mason is, therefore, one of the exoteric brethren, never of the esoteric. He is talkative, they are secretive. He is ready to tell us all about masonry, all that he knows, so he says; and we are willing to believe him sincere. Perhaps like the bird, his namesake, he is proud of his knowledge, and is ever ready to display it. But, like a parrot, he is merely repeating what he has heard "without any conception of its true meaning"; he is the possessor of exoteric, not of esoteric knowledge; the heart, the inner mysteries of masonry, are shrouded from his eyes. Dr. Mackey waxes indignant that such brethren should be satisfied with the shell and not feast on the kernel.

Elsewhere Mr. Preuss quotes another eminent masonic authority, Albert Pike, as stating that the esoteric fraternity deceive their brothers of the outer circle to make the latter believe that they have the key to the secret of the masonic symbolism, while, in fact, they are entirely ignorant of it. These two accounts of masonic policy are scarcely compatible.

It is on the authentic works of the two above-mentioned lights of masonry, Dr. Mackey and Albert Pike, that Mr. Preuss relies to draw up his exposition of the inner secrets of the organization. His method is to cite from some of their works

and then, by reading between the lines, by interpretation, by inference, to reach his conclusions as to the real, carefully concealed, nature and aims of freemasonry. One of his strongest chapters is that which handles the masonic claim that the religious views which the organization officially professes is compatible with Catholicity. This claim is easily and peremptorily disposed of. Elsewhere Dr. Preuss seems to weaken his case now and again by unduly pressing some inference based upon some passing remark from a masonic source; and he does not sufficiently refute the claim of many American masons that Albert Pike, whose works he so frequently had recourse to as authoritative, was a firm believer in the God of the Old Testament. Again, it may be observed, that he has not sufficiently protected himself from a taunt which masons have frequently addressed to writers who undertook to expose the inner secrets of the brotherhood. "You declare," they have said, "that we exercise a diabolical and successful ingenuity in concealing our secrets from, not merely the world at large, but also from even a great number of our own members, who are misled and blindfolded so that they never come to know our real meaning and purpose. Yet, through the help of books which masons, deep in the inner circle, devoted heart and soul to the order, and men of consummate astuteness, have issued for public circulation, you profess to have found, writ so large that he who runs may read, our innermost secrets!"

Mr. Preuss argues, very forcibly, that American and European masonry is at bottom one; and the fact that the masons of other countries have disowned the Grand Orient of France on account of its atheistical professions, does not, he warns us, carry much weight as proof that American masonry is not anti-religious. He concludes with a note of warning against a possibility which, it is to be hoped, never shall be realized:

> As for us Catholics, if we remain longer in ignorance of the true character and aims of American esoteric freemasonry, and neglect to take the proper precautions, in obedience to the often repeated warnings of our Holy Mother the Church, it will serve us right if the masons succeed in obtaining the balance of power in the United States, as they hold it to-day in France, and treat us in America as our poor brethren are treated in that beautiful but unfortunate land.

MAROTZ. By Ayscough.

This novel,* in the life and surroundings with which it deals, recalls those of Marion Crawford; though there is little similarity between the style or methods of the two authors. Marotz is the beautiful daughter of a noble Sicilian family, of which no fewer than four generations are represented in this drama. She makes a trial of conventual life; but soon, finding that she has no vocation, returns home and marries—then Rome, the Vatican, Leo XIII.; discovery that her husband is a rascal; annulment of her marriage; return to her home; and—but we must not disclose the climax.

The book is rich in characters of high and low degree, and the author knows the Italians intimately. It is, besides, to use a phrase from the publishers' notice, "steeped in Catholicism." Indeed the insight into some things with which few educated lay Catholics are familiar is remarkable. For example, he sets forth the superiority of the contemplative life over the life of the active religious in a way that would do credit to a theologian; and, with just a little twinkle of malice, he allows us to learn how the active sister and the contemplative sister regard each other; also, how the sister with solemn vows from which only the Pope can dispense, feels that, not herself but her order is incomparably grander than the communities with simple vows from which any mere bishop can dispense.

Marotz herself is a noble character, drawn with life and individuality, and her story is one that will fascinate. The novel is strong and striking, with one structural fault—it is poorly knit together; containing many incidents and people that, though interesting in themselves, contribute little or nothing to the development and rounding-out of the story. But, even with this fault, it stands high above the average of the year's fiction.

ST. AMBROSE.

The study on St. Ambrose,† by P. de Labriolle in the "Pensee Chrétienne" series, is worthy of the high academic reputation of the Fribourg professor. In his introductory sketch the author outlines with a few firm strokes the chief characteristics of the great archbishop of Milan; and to emphasize their distinctiveness sets them in contrast with

* *Marotz.* By John Ayscough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
† *St. Ambroise.* Par le Père de Labriolle. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

the spiritual and intellectual physiognomy of St. Augustine and St. Jerome. In his selections from the writings of Ambrose he is guided by the fact that Ambrose was a man of action rather than a speaker, or writer; that the chief interest and influence of his life are to be found in the part he played in political affairs under the emperors Gratian, Valentinian, and Theodosius during the period when Christianity, triumphant in the Empire, was making its decisive struggle for the extinction of paganism. The greater number of the pieces selected for embodiment in this volume fall under the caption, Political. A sufficient number of other extracts, grouped under the heads, Exegesis, Moral, and Dogmatic, are included to represent very fairly the individuality of the saint, and his standing as an authority and guide in these various lines of Christian thought.

Besides the luminous critical guidance which he gives us in the biographical sketch, Father de Labriolle accompanies each excerpt with copious notes and a preliminary commentary which puts the reader in possession of the information required to understand the question at issue; and he then leaves the saint to speak for himself. The space allotted to specimens of the work of St. Ambrose in exegesis seems at first sight scarcely in proportion to the renown and authority which the saint enjoyed as an expounder of the Scriptures during his own lifetime and in the succeeding centuries. But as one inspects the pieces chosen for reproduction, he perceives that the editor's purpose, which is amply achieved, has been to draw attention to the high consideration which St. Ambrose has assigned to the allegorical interpretation.

In days when few, even among ecclesiastics, are willing to pay the price in time and labor required for a first-hand knowledge of patrology, the editors of this series are conferring a genuine benefit on religion by the publication of such excellent volumes as this one, which presents, with scholarly apparatus and in attractive form, the best thoughts of the great doctors of the Church.

A LITTLE LAND AND A LIVING.
By Bolton Hall.

To many a weary toiler in the city factory or the store, the prospect unrolled by Mr. Bolton Hall will seem a perfect elysium. "Leave the crowded street, the fetid tenement; come and enjoy the fresh air and the blue

sky; be your own master; and by a fair portion of industrious labor, in the most healthful of occupations, earn a decent, comfortable livelihood for yourself and your family." This is the invitation of Mr. Hall's latest book,* which is, we hasten to say, in order to disarm prejudice, entirely unrelated to any of the economic or social theories which that gentleman has advocated elsewhere.

A good living, Mr. Hall maintains with a strong show of statistics and examples, may be made by the cultivation, on the intensive plan, of a small piece of land in a favorable situation. He urges workingmen and employees living on meager wages, to obtain a small piece of land near a good city market. Then, if they proceed according to his instructions, they will find that they have improved their position; not alone financially but also from the social, hygienic, and moral point of view. Another class to whom he addresses himself is that of farmers who till more acres than they are able to cultivate properly; thirty acres well farmed are more profitable than three hundred cultivated on the miserable, slipshod plan which is everywhere so common. Some of the statements are likely to excite a little scepticism. Yet there are figures in plenty to back them up, drawn from divers parts of the country, from New York City lots and from Florida lettuce farms where, between September 23 and the first of January following, the profits of half an acre amounted to $295. The effort to turn towards the land the superfluous population of the cities—of which this interesting and persuasive book is an outcome—is one that deserves all encouragement not alone for economic but also for higher interests.

TWO SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FOUNDERS.

In the lives of these two Provençals, Antoine Yvan and Madeline Martin, M. Brémond has found a subject that responds to his special aptitudes and literary qualifications.† They were mystics, they were saints, one of them was the most unconventional of saints; and the atmosphere which clings to both of them is redolent of Provençal idiosyncracy which no writer can appreciate, or do justice to more thoroughly than Henri Brémond.

* *A Little Land and a Living.* By Bolton Hall. With a Letter as an Introduction by William Bordosi. New York: The Arcadia Press.

† *La Provence Mystique au XVIIe. Siècle. Antoine Yvan et Madeline Martin.* Par Henri Brémond. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

Antoine Yvan was born in the same year as St. Vincent de Paul, 1576. At an early age he was ordained priest, and soon became noted for his lofty piety, for the brusqueness of his manners, and for a tendency to break out into *bizarreries*, that might well be called eccentricity. When considerably advanced in years he became acquainted with Madeline Martin, a young woman who, under his direction, rose to high levels of the religious and spiritual life. Together they founded the order of the Sisters of Mercy, which, after an initial period of external opposition and internal dissension that recall early Franciscan fortunes, attained to a flourishing life in France.

A French critic has said of this biography that were it not for the documentary and other testimony which the author invokes, one might easily believe that the adventures of Antoine Yvan and Madeline Martin no more belong to history properly speaking than does George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life*, or the romances of Ferdinand Fabre. It is not that these adventures contain anything extraordinary; but they seem to be invented and put together for the purpose of illustrating some of the most interesting chapters in religious psychology. The humorous character of Père Yvan, his unconventional ways, and his peculiar methods of directing Madeline, whose character provides a foil for his, suffers nothing at the hands of a writer so accomplished and a psychologist so acute as M. Brémond. But there is no indication anywhere that he tampers with facts or overstrains a situation to make an incident more picturesque or an antithesis more striking. Needless to say, though M. Brémond does not disdain to entertain, and, sometimes, even to amuse, his dominant aim is edification.

DISCOURSES ON MARRIAGE.

That firm believer in the apostolate of the press, Abbé Klein, has collected a number of discourses which he has delivered at marriages of friends and acquaintances in France. In them, taken collectively,* is set forth the ideal of Christian marriage, and the home, with exhortations suitable to the newly married to prepare them to meet the trials of the married life. The serious instruction, as befitted the occasions on which it was delivered, is wrapped in liberal allowance of poetic senti-

* *Discours du Mariage.* Par Abbé Felix Klein. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

ment and oratorical flowers. What an exquisite touch, for example, to entitle a discourse delivered at the marriage of a widow: "An Autumn Rose!" All the pieces show signs of having been carefully polished to meet the exacting standards of good French society. If we may believe the sighs and groans and other manifestations of distress emitted by some of those who find themselves called upon to speak at a wedding, this function must be one of the most trying of all that fall within the scope of the pastoral office. To any unfortunate contemplating with dismay the approach of an occasion when he will be called upon to discharge this trying *rôle*, we recommend Abbé Klein's present volume as a treasury of excellent models and useful suggestion.

SERMONS FOR BOYS.

The instructions, about forty in number, which compose this volume,* were delivered to students of Stonyhurst College. They are pitched in the note proper to the conference and lecture chair rather than in that of the pulpit. They are not arranged in any systematic order of topics; but they form, nevertheless, a correlated group; and there is not a single one that is not direct and practical in its aim, carefully thought out, and couched in language to please an intelligent audience. Though professedly for boys, they are, both in matter and form, well suited to the needs of others who have long left the immaturities of boyhood behind them.

THE OLD ENGLISH BIBLE.

At length we have a new edition of Dom Gasquet's book of essays in English religious history which has become celebrated under the very inadequate, truncated title of *The Old English Bible*.† Although scarcely more than a decade old the first edition was exhausted long ago. The new edition contains no new material. One regrets that the author was not persuaded to carry out a design which he at one time entertained "of adding a third essay to the two on *The Pre-Reformation English Bible*, which were much discussed at the time they first appeared, and the conclusions embodied in them were challenged in various quarters."

* *We Preach Christ Crucified.* Considerations and Meditations for Boys. By Herbert Lucas, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Old English Bible; and Other Essays.* By Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., London: G. Bell & Sons.

It might seem somewhat belated to offer to our readers, at this date, any information on the nature of this well-known work. Yet one may question whether it is as general a constituent of our Catholic libraries as it ought to be; and certainly it is far from having among Catholics the wide circulation it deserves. This may be due in part to the fact that its title, borrowed from two of the most important essays, has led many to presume that it is exclusively devoted to a topic which makes but a slight popular appeal. Its scope, however, is not confined to the question of the authorship of the version known as Wycliffe's Bible. By the way, we may observe, Dom Gasquet tells us that further study of the subject has resulted in bringing to his hand material which, he believes, strengthens his contention as to the Catholic origin of this Version. Besides the essays on this topic, there are a number of others which depict some of the characteristics of religious mediæval life among the people, and within the monastery, and one carries us down to the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth.

Dom Gasquet does not belong to the Dryasdusts; he is not content to exhibit only the dry bones which he has disinterred from ancient records—notebooks, parish sermons, parochial rolls, monastic chronicles; he clothes them with living flesh and blood; and has the knack of rendering his pages realistic by the frequent introduction of some homely detail, or incident that, more than the most eloquent dissertation, makes the past live again for us. The abbot, in a passage of the essay entitled "The Notebooks of William of Worcester," takes us into his confidence, and allows us to see him at his loved work of extracting his material from the old time-stained leaves in which it lies mixed with much that is worthless:

> Above all, there is much pleasurable excitement to be got out of an old notebook. There is something of the nature of a "lucky-bag" about it. You may thrust your hand in and bring to light very little worth the trouble; but it may come out with some item of precious information which will repay with interest the time spent in turning over its pages. If you get nothing else for your pains you will have at least got some insight into the period covered by the notebook, and into the manners and customs of the people living when the original owner made his jottings.

We are prepared to learn that:

> To get this, however, out of the book requires a good portion of patience and perseverance. No scribble must be accounted too insignificant to be read, no scrap of paper too small to be regarded. It is wonderful how much a little scratchy scribble may tell one; and how great a tendency precious letters and memoranda have to hide themselves away in the leaves of notebooks, and sulk away there until some one has proved himself to possess patience enough to seek them.

Thus, by attending to every little scratchy scribble no less than to more pretentious and generous sources, and by "living wisdom with each studious year," this Benedictine, loyal to the traditions of his order, has done wonders towards rectifying slanderous misrepresentations which Protestant prejudice had thrown upon the Church of Pre-Reformation days in England.

PRIESTLY VOCATION.

This little book* has no rival in our language. It is written for aspirants to the priesthood, to impress them with a proper sense of the dignity they aim at, a proper understanding of the clerical state, and of the first step which they take to it in the reception of the tonsure. Two chapters are devoted to "The Spirit of the Priesthood and the Sanctification of the Seminary Life." Of the practical character of the work it suffices to say that it was written by a distinguished Sulpician of long experience in the Sulpician work of forming the clergy; and, besides, its value has long been tested favorably in its original tongue. The writer of the Foreword, which is dated from Brighton Seminary, so justly indicates the particular need which there is for this book here in America that we cannot do better than repeat his words:

> In our country, where aspirants to the priesthood make a goodly part of their training in colleges where the influence is rather worldly than ecclesiastical, it is the exception that he has anything but a hazy notion of his calling. In fact, it is not of rare occurrence that the student learns of tonsure and the character of the clerical state for the first time only after entering the seminary. The development of a true clerical spirit is, however, of absolute necessity; and often this means a radical change.

* *Priestly Vocation and Tonsure.* By L. Bacuez, S.S. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

Certainly no aspirant to the priesthood can read this little volume without understanding clearly what is expected of him when *in sortem Domini vocatus.*

A curious little pamphlet of 123 small pages,* written by one who obviously prides himself upon being a Modernist of the deepest dye, yet who does not let his enthusiasm for his cause betray him to write over his own name—or, should it be said rather that, after the fashion of Modernist productions, it is issued anonymously? The pen-name "Catholici" suggests something of a puzzle, one that becomes the more obscure as the pages of his (or is it *their?*—"quelques-uns de leurs humbles frères," he calls himself, though later he uses the first person singular) lucubration are read. Is he a Modernist, after all; or one of those dreadful, orthodox "intellectuals" at his old game of "falsifying" history in order to show up the Modernist heresy in more than its most brazen and shameless nakedness? Or is he a Protestant trying to make a large capital out of a regrettable schism that, for all its bluster and noise, is really a very small one? Or an agnostic? a rationalist? a sceptic? Any one, from Anglican to Universalist, seems to claim the right to call himself Catholic now-a-days; why not these?

There are, to help on the argument of Catholici, quotations from writers of all these "Catholic" persuasions. The author of the brochure, writing from Paris to "all the best people," begins by informing his readers that Pius X. is really very frightened and very angry, though (he takes care to add) to no purpose, on account of the intellectual progress of the world which he is powerless to stop. The usual reflections, familiar to readers of Modernist productions, are made and reiterated: the colossal ignorance of the Pope: "La foi agreste et toute pratique de celui dont la volonté de l'Allemagne a fait le successeur de Leôn XIII., son ignorance tranquille et fière des 'etudes profanes,' sa confiance de vicaire de campagne," etc.: the backstairs authorship of the Encyclical *Pascendi,* the discrepancy of "Papal" Modernism and that of the Modernists, with others of the same tenor. Even the phrases and terminology of the document are carped at, in one place, with a brilliant scintillation of caustic wit: "Trente ans durant,

* *Lendemains d'Encyclique.* Par Catholici. Paris: Nourry.

l'œuvre etincelante de Renan n'avait pas troublé le bon sommeil du clergé superieur ni non plus celui du 'clergé inferieur' comme écrit apostoliquement Rèx."

The very bad-faith bracketing of orthodox and questionable names, a favorite trick of writers of the stamp of "Catholici," occurs more than once—Duchesne and Loisy, Newman and Tyrrell, for example. But what betrays the character of *Lendemains d'Encyclique* is the treatment of the dogmatic magisterium of the Church. "Dogma and a dogmatic Church are the logical outcome of the history of Catholicity. But it was not always so. There was a time when Jesus preached the coming of the kingdom and the necessity of preparing oneself for it by living aright and repenting of wrongdoing." This, as drawn out in the pamphlet, sounds like Protestantism pure and simple. It certainly is not Catholic. Renan is quoted: "Un seul dogme abandonné . . . c'est la negation de l'Eglise et de la révélation." Can not Modernists see that Renan is right in this point at least? Or is the Constitution *De Fide* of the Vatican Council dogmatic—and *therefore* to be cast aside. After all, the main issue is clear and distinct, no matter how Modernists of the stamp of "Catholici" distort it. Either the Catholic Church is the divinely appointed guardian of an external, God-given revelation or not. If so, perish Modernism with all the other private-judgment heresies that have ever convulsed and distracted the religious world. If we do not accept such a truth, then let us be honest and say so. Let us leave a church that has no claim on our allegiance, that can speak with no certain voice on things of the spirit, that by necessity, of its very nature, must condemn all that Modernists hold most dear, since its first preoccupation must be to keep and teach inviolate "the faith once delivered to the saints."

Of course "Catholici" has fears as to the effects of the Pope's legislation. It will result in "un clergé inculte, presque un clergé illettré—un clergé nègre ou papou—un clergé de popes et de sacristains." We shall see. Such prophecies have been heard before; and, somehow, the Catholic Church manages to survive them.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (25 July): Deals with "The Quebec Pageant," showing that though Quebec is still essentially French, it is still essentially Catholic, its people having little in common with the spirit of the France of Voltaire and M. Combes.——The second part of the article on "The Pan-Anglican Congress" is called a case of Episcopal Inflation. Why, the writer asks, should the Episcopal Church in the United States, which does not include more than a million souls, have eighty-three bishops, being one-third of the whole episcopate of the Anglican Communion?——"The Catholic Settlements Association," gives an exhaustive account of the work of this society, its aims and objects, special reference being made to the retreats which have been instituted recently for workingmen.

(1 August): "The Irish Universities Bill" has passed its third reading. Owing to the parsimony of the government, the new University in Dublin is not to be a residential University; its students are to be scattered about in lodgings.——The Catholic Church in touch with social life is depicted in the description of the *Vie Nouvelle*, a paper published in France devoted to farming, industrial enterprises, and all questions touching upon labor. The purport of the paper is to keep Catholics abreast of the social life of their time and actually lead in it.——Under the heading "The Roman Courts," is given the gist of the matter contained in the recent Bull *Sapienti Concilio*, which redistributes the business of the Roman Spiritual Courts and simplifies their procedure.

(8 August): "Parliament and the Establishment," deals with the recent conflict between the civil and religious authorities over the Act known as "The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill." The Church of England has long claimed that such marriages are incestuous, and repelled the parties contracting them from the Communion Table. Recently, however, Sir Lewis Dibdin, Dean of Arches, has decided that they are legal by act of Parliament,

and the contracting parties entitled to receive Communion. It is but another proof that the Establishment is a creation of Parliament, and that the latter may dictate in matters of faith and morals.——"Utrecht and Canterbury," recalls a fact but little known in the present day, that in 1890 the Anglican Bishop of Salisbury wrote the Archbishop of Utrecht asking for a recognition of Anglican Orders. The Jansenist Church, however, refused (as did afterwards Leo XIII.) to accept the Anglican Ordinal.——Among reviews is that of the recent volume of *The History of the German People*, by Janssen. It touches upon the baneful influence of the Reformation on art. Architecture, sculpture, painting, church music, became mirrors of the lowered and debased standard of the life of the times.

(15 August): Reports a "Great Falling Off in the Foreign Trade of England," amounting, according to the Board of Trade returns, to many millions of pounds.——Attention is drawn to the utter lack of anything like doctrinal pronouncement in "The Lambeth Encyclical." The Anglican bishops have assumed an attitude of deplorable compromise in dealing with the marriage question in its various aspects. Permission has been given Anglican missionaries to have a wineless Communion, in what are called cases of necessity. One of them, it appears, had already used cocoanut milk.——"The Abuse of School Neutrality," shows how that neutrality is being observed. Cases are given where the teachers have denied the existence of God. One case is cited where a certificate of study was refused to any child who should attend Mass. The Government in every case has upheld the teacher. "Religious Equality," says the President of the Board of Education, "is the only basis for the settlement of the Education difficulty." If this be true, then the present Bill will have to be altered beyond all recognition.

The Month (August): Opens with a double article on "The Pan-Anglican Congress," accentuating the good deeds done and the wise words uttered; lamenting, on the other hand, the almost entire exclusion of the supernatural from any of its deliberations.——"Catholics and the Italian Universities" tells of the work of the Church

in the building of the *Pensione Universitaria* at Padua. ——"A Bogus Biography," from the pen of Father Thurston, is mainly occupied by the exposure of a particular piece of imaginative history. He begins by referring to an article which appeared in the *Rosary Magazine* on "A Typical Tertiary—the Blessed Euphemia, Daughter of Edward III., King of England," who, he says, is utterly unknown to any English historian. He then passes on to the story of the Scottish missionary, Father Archangel, commonly known as George Leslie, which appeared in *The American Catholic Quarterly* for January, 1908. This he denounces as a bogus biography, and urges that in such cases we should adhere to a scrupulous accuracy of historical statement.

The National Review (Sept.): Following "Episodes of the Month," an appreciation of the important part played by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords is presented by "A Peer."——"The Cult of Cant," by J. L. Garvin, is a charge and protest against the pharisaical arguments put forth by the Free Traders at the recent Free Trade Congress at Caxton Hall.——In his article "Belgium in the Grip of Germany," R. H. Feibelmann reviews circumstances which indicate that sooner or later Germany will acquire a free hand in Belgium. The writer asks whether or not the other Powers, who guarantee the independence of Belgium, will, through neglect and ignorance of facts, permit themselves to be the involuntary accomplices of those who are working for the slow Germanization of Belgium.——"Motor Traffic on the King's Highway," discusses the great evils arising from the inconsiderate driving of motor cars, and how such evils may be mitigated.——"The London Season," by Domino, is a discussion of social life in the great capital, and a consideration of the moral lessons which the question of entertaining provides.——The writer of "The Country Parson and the Village School" advocates Church of England teaching to the children of village schools.——Thomas Bayne, in his article "Mr. Andrew Lang and Robert Burns," takes exception to the trustworthiness of the guidance afforded by Mr. Andrew Lang in his editorship of Burns poems.——

"The Hindu Conception of Man," by Mme. Jean Delaire.——"The Future of Japan," is a second study of the Far East from the pen of W. T. R. Preston.

The International (August): A new industrial condition is outlined by the editor in his article "The Technical Age." Some countries lend themselves to an unlimited industrial development as, for example, the United States, which are a world in themselves. In the struggle the older countries must of necessity fall behind, among them being France and England.——That the time is near when aërial navigation will have become a general means of locomotion is maintained by the writer of "The Present and Future of Aërial Navigation."——"The Progress of Polar Exploration" deals with the attempts to reach the North Pole, from the date of the first expedition, in 1553, up to the present year. The palm of merit so far belongs to the Americans, and the race now lies between Peary and Amundsen, the Swede.——"Railroad Regulation in America" suggests four ways of dealing with a much-vexed question. Government ownership would appear to be the logical conclusion.——Among other articles are "Old Age Pensions in Australia."——And "Present-Day Slavery in Mexico."——"The Aims of Indian Art" goes to show that the philosophy of the subject is contained in the one word—meditation.

The Seven Hills Magazine (Sept.): M. O'R. writes on "The New Constitution of the Roman Curia."——"Scenes and Shrines in Palestine" are described by Rev. Reginald Walsh, O.P.——The celebrated Rev. Charles O'Conor, D.D. (Columbanus) is the subject of a sketch by M. O'R.——An article of particularly timely interest is "The Blessed Eucharist in England in the Days of King Henry VIII.," by the Rev. D. F. McCrea.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (August): Contains several continued articles. The first by Rev. P. Coffey, Ph.D., "'Appearance' and 'Reality,'" deals with the half-truths of Modern Philosophy, among others that we can only know the Phenomenon and that the Noumenon is unknowable.——"The Causality of Creatures and Divine Co-operation," by Rev. D. Coghlan, D.D., reviews ad-

versely the theory of an essay entitled, "The Flow of Motion," which claims that motion is a "form" which can pass from subject to subject without losing its individuality, and that creatures do not originate action with God's concurrence. The reviewer disproves this theory by arguments based on the sanctity of God, action of Free-will, and the causality of the Sacraments. ——"Steps Towards Bethlehem," by T. Frederick Willis, gives reasons for leaving the Anglican Communion; among them being the impossibility of believing in the reality of their sacraments. At best, he says, it is only an opinion; and opinion is not faith.——"Dialogues on the Pentateuch" is concluded in this number.

Le Correspondant (10 August): Cardinal Mathieu, in "A Diplomatic Success of the Holy See," tells of the intelligence, moderation, and allowance for human weaknesses shown by the Papal Court in dealing with involved political questions. The case cited is that of Mgr. Salamon, in the troublous period following upon the downfall of Napoleon and the accession of Louis XVIII.—— Under the caption "The Origin of the Port of Bizerte" is given an account of the building of a modern arsenal in Northern Africa.——"The Parisian Domestics" deals with the vexed question "The Servant Problem." Increase in wages, indifferent service, tipping, are among the difficulties discussed. Various societies have been established for the protection and benefit of servants, having as honorary members some of the most prominent men in public life.——A descriptive account of "The Franco-English Exposition," tells how it resulted from a visit to London of the Parisian Chamber of Commerce in 1905. It touches upon the Olympic games and gives some causes for the great dissatisfaction felt. ——"The Stage," by Paul Acker, shows the place the theater has in the life of the people. "What excites Paris?" he asks; and answers, "the stage."

Études (5 August): "The Action of Catholics in Public Life" is concluded. The first thing to establish is that there is a code of Christian principles which should govern politics, and the business of Catholics is to uphold this code.——Chanoine Dunand writes on "The Sanctity of

Joan of Arc." As it appears in history, it is, he says, unique. Her condemnation is spoken of as a scandal to the English. Twenty years afterwards the proceedings were declared null and void and her character fully rehabilitated.——"The Herzog-Dupin Question," as reviewed by Eugene Pertalié, is a statement of the charge made by M. Saltet that the lucubrations of Dupin, Herzog, and also Lenain, are nothing but shameless plagiarisms from the same source, and that source the manuscripts of the Abbé Turmel.——Lucien Rouri, in "Mysticism," selects three representative mystics, taken from different epochs and under different circumstances. St. Theresa, Mme. Guyon, and Suso. The Blessed Marguerite-Marie is not selected, as she is not *persona grata* to profane psychologists.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (August): Gives a full account of "The Social Week at Marseilles," and the various addresses dealing with religion and social life. The week has proved an enormous success for both organizers and lecturers.——"The Spanish Letter" records the foundation in that country of the Institute for Social Reform in 1903, its aims and objects, also the success obtained by the Catholic Socialists in the election of their members.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques, Vol. XIV. (July): Opens with a biographical sketch of the late Albert de Lapparent. He was a learned man and a splendid Christian, the greatest authority on geology in France, and the champion and supporter of all generous works.——"Responsibility, Normal and Abnormal" is a continued article by L. Bouli. It distinguishes between the various grades of mental weakness. Cases bearing upon each phase of the disease are presented; while erotic impulses, dipsomania, epilepsy, hysteria, are shown to be fruitful causes.——"Ports and their Economic Function" takes a survey of some of the most important seaport towns and harbors in the world. Valuable charts and statistics accompany the article——In "The Unity of Matter," Georges Lemoine describes it as one of the most important and most difficult questions in chemistry. Is it absolutely certain that what to-day are called simple

bodies are different entities? On the other hand, all that can be said from a strictly experimental point of view is that it is not impossible that all matter may be one.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 August): In his essay on "Systematic Apologetic" J. V. Bainvel deals with the subject under four heads—subjective, pragmatic, moral, and as affecting faith. The teaching of the Modernists on Immanence and the appeal to conscience is vigorously assailed.——"The Esthetic Sentiment in the Education of Children"—the work of education is a work of elevation, and all that is esthetic tends to uplift the nature of the child. Beauty of form suggests interior beauty and prepares the way for the child's acceptance of a higher life, moral and spiritual.——"The Teachers without Faith, Family, or Country." A review of the secular schools by Fénelon Gibon. The teaching given, he says, often aims at the overthrow of the Catholic religion. Parents are called upon to resign the care of their children into the hands of the masters; while under the name of internationalism, love of country is destroyed.

(15 August): A. Moulard writes on "The Catholic and the Coercive Power of the Church," a subject much under discussion at the present moment, and one always misunderstood by the enemies of the Church. We might expect the Church to have the power of self-protection, this must necessarily involve the right of correction, the power to judge and to punish.——"The Esthetic Sentiment in the Education of Children" is concluded in this number.——A. Durand, S.J., has a continued article on "Loisy and the Synoptic Gospels." He mentions the two schools of criticism, the Historical, at the head of which is Harnack, and the Higher Critics, represented by Loisy, Wellhausen, and Cheyne. So far as the results arrived at by Loisy are concerned, namely, the denial of the supernatural, they differ in no essential from those put forth by the leaders of radical criticism in Germany for the past thirty years.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 August): The first chapters of a continued article on "Modernism" treats of the Bible stripped of all authority and regarded merely as a human

document. The Pentateuch and the Gospels occupy positions of first importance as revealing to us the beginnings of the Jewish and Christian religions. These are just the parts of the Bible Modernists refuse to accept and empty of all authority.——"Studies on the Revolution" is brought to a close. The works of the Abbé of Bonneval show him to have been a determined enemy of Napoleon and a wise counsellor of the Bourbons.——Under Science and Romance "The Empire of Man" is considered. Man has a power which he cannot acquire, it is just this power which enables him to gain the mastery over nature. We call it intelligence. Evolution may be the process of this development, but it is certainly not the cause.——"The Historical Sketch of Works Executed by the Grave-Digging Christians of the Catacombs" is still continued.——As is also "The Apocalypse Interpreted by Holy Scripture."

(15 August): "The Secret of the Woman Question" is a continued article by Theó Joran, who regards it as a new apple of discord, affecting the national character, utterly opposed to the true relationship existing between the sexes, ending in divorce and free-love, with a consequent degradation of the woman.——"Science or Romance," by J. d'Orylé, is a review of M. Clodd's *The Story of Creation*, which professes to be an accurate statement of the theory of evolution.——"Modernism," a continued article by Ch. Beaurredon, points out the viciousness of the system and the false hypotheses on which it is conducted. The writer takes the Gospels one by one and illustrates the Modernistic method of proving them untrue.——Among other continued articles is the "Princess Louise of Condé," by Dom Rabory.

Revue Thomiste (July-August): Fr. Reg. Garrigon-Lagrange, O.P., writes a continued article on "Common Sense, the Philosophy of Being, and Dogmatic Formulas." The theory discussed is that of the Conceptualist-Realist School. Common sense, as distinguished from the good sense, is common to all. It perceives in the light of "Being" the truth of the principle of the reason of Being. By it we arrive at the principles of causality and finality, and by the aid of these the common sense rises

to God.——"The Nature and Value of Induction," by T. Richard. The ancients, he tells us, say very little about induction. Aristotle dwells much upon the syllogism, but we search in vain for any course on induction and his commentators have followed their master's example.——"The Twenty-Fourth Question in the Summary of Theology," by Fr. Th.-M. Pegues, O.P., treats of the procession of creatures, and God as the primary cause of all being. Four articles are discussed: I. Is it necessary that all being should be caused by God? II. If original matter is caused by God; III. If the cause is something outside God; IV. If God is the final cause of all things.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (7 August): O. Zimmermann, S.J., writes on "Experiencing Religion." The writer shows how illogical and absurd are the assertions of the theosophists. Man desires to experience religion, but only on the basis of sound Christian and Catholic doctrine, then will he be able to "taste and see that the Lord is sweet."——A. Breitung, S.J., ends his article on "Evolution and Monism" by giving a survey of the discussion on this subject by P. Wasmann and Prof. Plate in Berlin.——St. Beissel, S.J., gives a short history of the origin and development of the crosier. The present serpentine shape of the crosier originated probably in Ireland, where snakes and dragons played a conspicuous part in almost all ornaments.——K. Schlitz, S.J., in the conclusion to his paper on "The Panama Canal," thinks this canal will exceed that of Suez in natural beauty, grandeur, and importance, and will give to the United States the political and commercial supremacy of the world.

Die Kultur (III.): Albert Wimmer writes on "The Modern Knowledge of Natural Sciences and its Relation to Christian Apologetic"—an epilogue to the lectures of P. Wasmann, S.J. The writer contends that the natural sciences are destined to become a powerful support for the belief in God.——P. Reginald Schultes, O.P., in an article on "Thomism and Modernism," treats of the theological value of St. Thomas' philosophy and of the relation between theology and philosophy in general.——Dr. Jos. Brzobohaty contributes a biographical sketch on

"Sebastian Brunner," the brave champion of God, who began in Austria, in the middle of the last century, the fight for the freedom of the Church from political servitude. Articles on "The Fall of Vienna in 1809"——"Prince-Archbishop of Vienna"——"Count Hohenwart's Conduct"——and "The Marriage of Archduchess Marie Louise to Napoleon"——relate, in a lively manner, the events and concerns of Vienna of a century ago.

La Civiltà Cattolica (1 August): "The Criticism of the Modernist," its gospel is agnosticism, immanence, and evolution, as opposed to the supernatural, miraculous, and divine. ——The continued article on "Liberty of Instruction" is brought to a close. After all, the Church, so often accused of intolerance and tyranny, furnishes the best teaching, reading, writing, arithmetic, and religion; and the most necessary of all is religion. Reference is made to the enormous sum spent by the Catholic Church in the United States on the education of her children.——"Christian Conditions in China," gives an account of the various revolts and rebellions since the war of 1840, and the treaties which followed, noting their effects upon the status of Christianity among the people.

(15 August): "National Character and Catechism," defines a nation as a true political union of a varied population associated naturally by geographical situation and artificially by language, custom, tradition, law, morals. These varied interests go to form national character, and to these education must address itself. The article is to be continued.——A new study in the matter of Pope Liberius is brought to a close.——"Athens and Rome," contrasts the old classical education with the modern scientific and technical one which has helped so much to commercialize life and destroy high ideals.——"The False Notion as to the Narrowness of Aristotle and the Scholastics." It is so often charged that the study of scholastic philosophy tends to narrowness, but the question is, Wherein does true liberality consist? Not in the free-thinking of the day.

Revista Internazionale (July): "The Improvement of the Economic Social Conditions of the People," by Dante Munerati. To love the worker, and not to hold him in a state

of bondage, but to lift him to higher things, is the true solution of the social question.——"The Mutual Co-operative Society and the National Society for the Providing of Pensions for Sick and Infirm Workmen," shows how far this somewhat socialistic plan has worked in Italy. The first is a private association, providing pensions for its own members, while the latter is a State institution.——"The Parliamentary Record of Insurance for Unfortunate and Sick Workingmen in Switzerland," is another instance of changed social conditions, and the recognition by the State of its duty to protect its working people.

La Scuola Cattolica (July): "Our Enthusiasm for the Pope" is a glowing tribute of affection prompted by the approaching Jubilee.——"The Marvelous Cures at Lourdes as Viewed by Science." An illustrated article, giving diagnoses of cases treated, with an analysis of the water, and furnishing instances of cures which cannot possibly be accounted for on the theory of suggestion. Physicians are unable to afford an explanation. Why not regard it as a part of the magnificent Catholic revival which has marked the end of the nineteenth century?——"Modernists and the Fact of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ." A criticism of the views put forward by M. Edward Le Roy and Abbé Loisy considered theologically and philosophically.——"The Apologetic Value of the Christian Martyrs." Rationalists have endeavored to destroy the argument for the divinity of the Church built upon the testimony of the martyrs. The writer shows the objective value of their deaths and how they demonstrate the divine revelation working through Jesus Christ.

Razon y Fe (August): According to L. Murillo, Moses wrote his cosmogony, primarily, to give an historical sketch of the Creation; incidentally, to enlighten the Hebrew people as to the divine attributes.——"From Neutrality to Atheism in the School," by R. Ruiz Amado. The author contends that in Spain the school which does not teach Catholicity is practically identical with an openly atheistical school.——"Christian Morality in the Spanish Constitution," by P. Villada.——"Rivalry Between the

Spaniards and Portuguese in the Far East during the Sixteenth Century," by P. Pastells.——"Strikes," by N. Noguer; a few facts about strikes and lockouts in various countries.

España y America (15 July): "A Comparative Study of St. Thomas and Lally on the Science of Universals," by Father P. M. Velez.——"Chinese Teachings on Heaven and Hell, by Father J. Hospital.——"The Philosophy of the Verb," by F. Robles.——Father De Mugica continues in this and the following number his articles on the Spanish theater.——Father A. Blanco writes again in this and the mid-August number, about "Weights and Measures."

(1 August): "Godoy and His Age," by Father B. Martinez.——"Modernistic and Traditional Theology," by Father S. Garcia.——"Venezuela and the Great Powers," by F. Pedrosa.

(15 August): "Chinese Ancestor-Worship," by Father J. Hospital.——"The Popularity of Gregorgian Chant," by F. Olmeda.——"The Philosophy of the Verb," by F. Robles.

Current Events.

France.

The people of France have been occupied mainly in holiday-making. Parliament is not sitting, and the ministers have dispersed to various places. The Premier, M. Clemenceau, went to Bohemia, and there he met King Edward and the Russian Foreign Minister, M. Isvolsky. What they said in the course of their conversation the papers have not reported, but it is thought that everything possible was done to promote the maintenance of peace. King Edward had previously met the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria, to the latter of whom he had paid a visit in celebration of his Diamond Jubilee.

The Ministry, however, has not been without its anxieties. Various strikes have taken place, and it was found necessary to have recourse to the help of the military; in one case the soldiers found it impossible to avoid the use of their arms, and four men were killed and some fifteen wounded. There exists in France an association called the Confédération Générale du Travail, a body of affiliated Trade Unions. While nominally it has for its object the benefit of workingmen in their relations with their employers, in reality it is a hotbed of revolutionary Socialism, and a laboratory for the cultivation of strikes. To the activity of this body the recent labor disturbances were due, and the motives for suppressing this pernicious organization were strong. It had, however, a legal right to exist, although it had not made a good use of its rights. The government, wisely wishing to avoid even the appearance of arbitrary action, has refrained from taking so strong a measure as the suppression would have been, and has sought to put a curb upon the confederation, without proceeding to the last extremity, by arresting most of the leaders and proceeding against them in the Courts of Law. In revenge the Confederation called a general strike, but no response was made to this call.

As in England so also in France many Socialists and representatives of the interests of labor are opposed to holding any intercourse with the Tsar on account of the oppression which is carried on in his name and the blood shed to enforce

that oppression. But policy is policy, and the basis of French international action is the alliance with Russia. The interests of France and the interests of peace require co-operation, and a blind eye must be turned to internal affairs. The visit of M. Fallières to Reval was accordingly made, with the consent and approbation of all the established parties. The visit was marked by extreme cordiality; the Foreign Ministers of France and of Russia held a prolonged conference, the result of which, we are told, was to bring about a great improvement in the international situation. We are not told what the Kaiser really thinks of its effect. The correspondents of the German Press, however, who were present at Reval, returned home profoundly impressed with the conciliatory character of the meeting and at the entire absence of anything calculated in the least to offend German susceptibilities. They could not find any signs of an attempt to hem Germany in; in fact, Prince Bülow has recognized that he was mistaken in saying that the Powers had ever had such an object in view.

The affairs of Morocco have again attracted attention. For some time the two brothers who are claiming the Sultanate stood apart and seemed to decline the one way of settling the question which remained open to them—a decisive battle. At length Abdul Aziz set his army in motion to return to Marakesh. But on the way tribes that had accepted the rule of Mulai Hafid fell upon the invaders and in an instant Abdul Aziz was deserted by the tribesmen who had only a few days before sworn unalterable fidelity. He fled with a few followers to a place under the control of the French. His defeat was regarded as decisive by the Powers, although it would seem that the late Sultan has not even yet given up all hope. France has maintained, so it is claimed, complete neutrality between the rival claimants, although it seems as if she had leaned rather to the actual holder of the throne, while Germany leaned to Mulai Hafid.

On the defeat of Abdul Aziz the duty fell to France and Spain as the organizers of the police force under the Act of Algeciras of learning from the new Sultan what attitude towards that act he intended to assume, and not to recognize him unless he accepted its provisions. In the event of such recognition, his own recognition by the Powers would be given. This was considered to be the normal procedure, and consid-

erable criticism and even some apprehension followed upon the action Germany took in sending its Consul to Fez, to Mulai Hafid, before any steps had been taken by France or Spain and before the new Sultan had accepted the Act.

Germany.

The powers that be in Germany had not called forth much comment by any word spoken or deed done for some little time, until the Kaiser addressed his soldiers at Strassburg at the beginning of September. It is well understood that Ministers are either taking "cures" or preparing the scheme of new taxation which has been rendered necessary by the increase of the Navy recently decided upon. The newspapers, however, have been discussing the possibility of a reduction of armaments, taking as their text the remarks made by the British Premier at the recent Peace Congress held in London. So much was written upon the subject that hopes were beginning to be entertained that serious proposals were being made by responsible parties for this so-much-to-be-desired reduction. The speech of the Kaiser at Strassburg has dashed these hopes to the ground, for it indicated that, however much he desired the maintenance of peace, there was no intention to discontinue or to diminish the provision of adequate strength for war both by sea and on land. In other respects, however, the speech of the Kaiser was reassuring; for he affirmed his deep and sincere conviction that peace was secure. The princes and sovereigns of Europe had too keen a sense of the awful responsibility they would incur if they provoked war, except under the conviction of an imperious moral necessity.

Airships, aëroplanes, and dirigible balloons fill many columns in the papers, but afford in themselves nothing appropriate for these notes. The destruction of Count Zeppelin's airship, however, called forth a demonstration which was of a political character and afforded such an indication of the attitude of large numbers of Germans towards one of their neighbors, that it deserves being mentioned. Messages of condolence were sent to him by the Kaiser, the Chancellor of the Empire, and others too numerous to mention; and a subscription list was at once opened to reimburse the Count and to enable him to make

a new ship, while a large grant of money was given out of the public funds. There was nothing less than a national demonstration of sympathy. Doubtless to some extent this was largely personal; but there is no less doubt that it sprang from the hope, which had been entertained and publicly avowed, that by Count Zeppelin's airship a death-blow would have been given to Great Britain's supremacy on the ocean, and that a whole fleet of *Dreadnoughts* had been rendered useless. The Crown Prince declared the object of the subscription to be that Germany might maintain the lead in the fight for the command of the aërial seas.

Among the minor items of news must be included the release, after serving twenty months of the sentence of four years' imprisonment, of the "Captain of Kopenick," Wilhelm Voigt, the hero of the ever-to-be-remembered exploit in the outskirts of Berlin. So great has been the sympathy excited by the comical audacity of this misdeed, that he has not only found employment but to him has been granted also out of subscriptions a monthly allowance.

Russia.

The Orthodox State Church of Russia is generally supposed to be entirely amenable to the control of its Head, the Tsar. At the Missionary Congress recently held at Kieff, however, it has proved refractory. It was summoned for the purpose of making regulations enabling the Church to adapt itself to the new conditions established by the Ukase, on freedom of conscience, of April, 1906. It had been, heretofore, a criminal offence for a member of the Orthodox Church to leave its fold. The Congress has refused to recognize the freedom which the Tsar has ordered, and it still declares to be unlawful that which its Head declares to be lawful. Most of the Russian prelates, it is said, have taken part with the most violent of the organizations in support of the reactionary *régime* of the past. With influences such as these on the wrong side, it cannot be wondered at that there should be many who despair of the future prospects of the Russian people. On the other hand, this fact is a ground of hope to the more sanguine; if, notwithstanding these influences, real progress has been made, then there is hope for greater progress in the future. But has real progress been made? Mr. W. T. Stead, who has a fair knowl-

edge of Russian affairs, declares that, after an absence of three years, the change for the better is almost incredible. Russia has found the man her circumstances demand. M. Stolypin is trusted by all, and is worthy of the confidence both of the Tsar and of the nation. He is honest, conscientious, has ideals, is incapable of intrigue. By the reactionary he is looked upon as a revolutionist, by the revolutionist as a reactionist. He recognizes that absolutism has utterly failed, and wishes to save the country from anarchy, whether in high or in low places. The Cabinet system of Great Britain he looks upon as the means of effecting this salvation.

The progress already made, however, disappointing as it may be, seems substantial. On the one hand the revolutionary fever has gone, most likely, for good; hopes are, therefore, entertained that the extraordinary measures for the maintenance of order, which have been in force so long, may be abrogated altogether, as has already been done in part. A Bill has been prepared with the object of reforming the whole system and of limiting the authority exercised by the police and military, and this Bill will be laid before the next session of the *Duma*.

Progress has been made in the settlement of the agrarian question. The communal ownership of land, known as the Mir, is being abolished, and the peasants are being converted into freeholders. Those who are interested in projects for the nationalization of land should study the lessons which Russia can afford them of its practical results. The substitution of private for public ownership of land is the foundation stone of the present agrarian policy of the Ministry. Great quantities of land, that formerly belonged to the government, have been transferred to the peasants, as well as much that was part of the Imperial appanages. The Land Bank is making large advances, and sometimes the whole amount is repayable by small annual installments. By these measures the agitation of the peasants has been brought to an end. The young people have gone back to school and college and are now studying their lessons instead of making revolutionary speeches. Notwithstanding the manifold abuses which still exist, there is reason to rejoice that so much has been done, and to hope that much more will be done in the near future. In particular the *Duma*, limited though its powers may be, seems to have become an established institution.

Belgium.

After seemingly interminable debates the Belgian Chamber unexpectedly voted the Treaty of annexation of the Congo and the Colonial Law under which it is to be administered. Should the Senate concur—and there is no reason to think it will not—Belgium, one of the smallest of European States, will become possessed of an extent of territory as large as the whole of Europe, and, it is to be hoped, an end will have been put to a most dismal career of misgovernment. Started as a philanthropic attempt, under the auspices of the chief Powers, it soon eventuated into a sordid oppression. It will have served one good purpose if it affords yet another demonstration of the impotence for good of autocratic methods of government. The Powers who signed the Berlin Treaty, under the provisions of which the Free State was inaugurated, will have to pass upon the annexation before it can be brought into effect, and, if necessary, may require such modification and securities as may be essential for securing the rights of the natives.

The Near East.

Not the least of the many noteworthy features of the revolution which is taking place in Turkey is the startling suddenness with which it was brought about, and the complete ignorance which had existed in the European Press as to the likelihood of such an event. Although for a score of years every class of people and every nationality had been groaning beneath the oppressive yoke of the Sultan, yet the bonds which he had so skillfully riveted showed no signs of breaking. All power had become concentrated in his hands, hosts of spies and informers were in his pay throughout the Empire, no man dared to call his soul his own, the usual ministrants to an autocrat—a gang of unscrupulous dependents upon his bounty—seemed destined to rule unchecked for no one knew how long; for the rest of the people were completely at the mercy of the palace camarilla.

But the very success of the Hamidian policy was its own undoing. Those who rally round the throne of a despot are, as a rule, inefficient and incapable, for no self-respecting man of character and capability would accept such a position. At all

events, it so happened in this case. The world has been accustomed to hear of the sufferings to which the various races professing to be Christian have been exposed. These races had, however, protectors among the various Powers of Europe, not very efficient indeed, but in a measure sufficient to screen them from the full exercise of the tyrant's power. But the Turks themselves had no protector, and they felt the full weight of his arm. Excessive taxation, the arbitrary rule of the Sultan and his favorites, corruption of every kind; these they had to endure, and there was no one to whom they could appeal. The soldiers had to bear even more, for they were called away from their homes, and had to serve without pay, and oftentimes almost without clothes. From patriotic motives they had hitherto been willing to endure all this; but recent events have made their patriotism the very reason for shaking off the tyrant's yoke. The concessions which the Sultan has been forced to make in Macedonia to the Powers, and the expectation that he was on the point of being forced to make even greater concessions, made clear his impotence as the defender of the Empire; the last bond which held them to him was broken. Hence it was that in secret for several years, and especially during the past three, the Committee of Union and Progress, made up of young Turks, has been at work. Its organization had spread far and wide in every part of the Empire, and had won over to its side the only support upon which tyranny can rest—the army. The whole country was prepared; but, it is said, the Committee was not quite ready to act, and that the revolution was precipitated by the fact that the Sultan's spies had revealed their plans to the officials at headquarters. A commission was being sent from Constantinople to make arrests. It was necessary to act at once and word was, thereupon, sent to the Sultan that if the Constitution which had been granted in 1876, and which had been arbitrarily suspended within a year or two of that promulgation, were not restored, the Third Army Corps, made up chiefly of Albanians, would march upon Constantinople. The Sultan, finding that the rest of the army insisted upon the same demands, had no choice but to yield. The restoration of Midhat's constitution was not, nor could it be expected to be, spontaneous, and we may be quite sure it will not continue in existence should power to overturn it be regained by the Sultan.

A question arose as to whether he should be deposed; but the Committee which is now the controlling power seem to have come to the conclusion that he would be more dangerous in the position of a pretender to the throne than as a monarch under the control of law, and that his experience might be even beneficial to the nation.

The Sultan has taken his oath to abide by the Constitution. A ministry was formed, with a man of great experience at its head, Said Pasha. But in the very formation of the ministry, a violation of the Constitution, as well as of the responsibility of the Cabinet as a whole, was committed: the Sultan had been allowed to reserve to himself the appointment of the Ministers of War and of Marine in derogation of the rights of the Head of the Ministry. This led to the fall of Said Pasha after a few days of office, and a new ministry, under Kiamil Pasha, a more advanced Liberal, has been formed. Elections have been ordered which are to take place in time for the meeting of Parliament in October. The cumbersome method of indirect election has been adopted. That is to say, those entitled to vote are to elect what is called a college of electors, and this college is to choose those who are to make up the actual Parliament. The Turks will dominate the new Parliament, having by far the largest majority; the Bulgarians will have only seven representatives, while the Greeks will have some fourteen or sixteen.

The Parliament, when it meets, will have questions of the utmost difficulty to solve. Absolute rule has resulted in bankruptcy and impoverishment, and money must be found by some means or other. A still greater difficulty will be the relations of the various nationalities to the governing power, and to one another. As is well known these nationalities hate each other more than they hate the Turk, and although in the moment of joy, after the Constitution had been proclaimed, they fraternized, their mutual jealousies have broken out again and conflicting demands are being made. Moreover, it must be remembered that the revolution has been made by Turks in the interests of Turkey, and not for the benefit of Christians, except in so far as Turks may consider fair treatment of Christians of advantage to Turkey. The young Turks aim at a strong Turkey, and the demands for autonomy and Home Rule, which have already been formulated by both Greeks and

Bulgarians, may not in their judgment be compatible with the aims which have animated the Committee of Union and Progress. Education too, the character which it is to have and the language in which it is to be given, is another question, the solution of which will present many and great difficulties.

That the revolution should have taken place at this precise time seems almost providential. If Austria and Russia had been acting together so exclusively and whole-heartedly at the time when it broke out as for some years they have been acting, and had not the *rapprochement* between Great Britain and Russia been brought about, there seems good reason to think that intervention might have taken place; for their mutual interests and long-cherished ambitions have been seriously affected, and there is a wondrous sympathy between autocrats. A "holy" alliance might have been formed between the Emperor, the Tsar, and the Sultan. But Russia and Great Britain, in consequence of the recent *rapprochement*, had just taken the lead in making proposals for reform in Macedonia, to which proposals Austria was barely acquiescent; and for very shame Russia could not go back in the course upon which she had just entered.

The carrying into execution of these proposals has, indeed, been suspended, but all the Powers have agreed not to intervene, and to wait to see whether the Parliament about to assemble will carry out the reforms that are necessary. The young Turks would, it is true, like to see the departure of the European officers whose efforts for improving the country have, for the past few years, met with so little success; and if the revolution continues to have the peace-making effects which have for a short time resulted from it, it is possible their wish may be gratified. But they must make the presence of those officers unnecessary, by themselves effecting the reforms which are essential to peace and good order. A great deal will have to be done before such an event takes place. But so much has been done already in so short a time, with so little bloodshed and so much moderation, that there is reason to hope that light has permanently arisen upon one of the darkest regions of the earth, and that the absolute domination of one of the worst of tyrants with his parasitic crew has definitely come to its end. Even the strikes at Constantinople, which followed so quickly upon the establishment of the new methods,

may be taken as an indication how quickly and completely Western ideas are being assimilated.

It is worthy of note that the young Turkish movement, while it found in the army its instrument, derived its impulse and its ideas from civilians, and that the Committee of Union and Progress, which is its organ, does not aspire to mastery and control. It acts, indeed, as a board of advice to the ministry, but only until Parliament meets. At least, such are its sentiments at present.

The Middle East.

At the present time there is presented to view a series of political permutations and combinations which is, to say the least, interesting. Last year Persia obtained a constitution, while Turkey still groaned under its master's yoke; this year it is Persia that is groaning under the yoke, while Turkey has a constitution. The Shah, oblivious of his solemn oath, declared that what his fathers had won by the sword, he would keep by the sword, and proceeded to batter down the house in which the Parliament was assembled. He promised indeed to call a new Parliament; but he has deferred issuing the summons for so long a time—a promise being less binding than an oath—and the disorder in consequence has become so great, especially in the important city of Tabriz, that Russia, of all countries in the world, together with Great Britain has called upon him to keep fidelity towards his subjects. It is suggested that he should issue without delay the promised proclamation ordering new elections. The date even for the meeting of Parliament is indicated. Times have, indeed, changed when the Autocrat of all the Russias sends to admonish the King of Kings to keep his plighted word and to submit to the reign of law—and that a law dictated to him by his subjects.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

DURING eleven weeks, ending September 11, the Catholic Summer-School, at Cliff Haven, N. Y., presented a varied programme of lectures. Many forms of self-improvement were discussed, and plans arranged for winter reading in the home circle. In conjunction with some of the leading subjects, a bibliography is given to encourage mature study. Members of Reading Circles were stimulated to persevere in their efforts; and the practical instructions for Catechists, arranged by B. Ellen Burke, have never been surpassed at any gathering in the United States. The crowning joy of the session came with the blessing sent by Pope Pius X., through Cardinal Merry del Val, in a special letter to Bishop Gabriels. Financial aid for a broader development is now the most urgent need of this intellectual center for Catholics on Lake Champlain.

* * *

The Ozanam Association was organized with the object in view of bettering the social and physical conditions of Catholic boys and young men, as well as inculcating the moral and religious teachings of the Roman Catholic Church in a manner that is thorough in method and permanent in result.

Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, the founder of the Association, is the president of the Irish Emigrant's Bank, and has for over a decade been actively interested in philanthropic and benevolent works in Roman Catholic circles; he is the originator of the plan for establishing a chain of boys' clubs located in New York City, which would be sufficiently attractive to the rising generation to draw them into the club rooms from the streets and more unattractive surroundings. Gymnasia and baths are to be installed at every club room. Competent physical directors to be in charge and every effort made to bring the Roman Catholic youth of the city to the higher standard of physical, moral, and spiritual well-being.

The spiritual director of the association is Mgr. James H. McGean, rector of St. Peter's Church in Barclay Street. This movement, which is fostered by the Roman Catholic clergy of the city, was greatly strengthened by the increasing influence of some of the college settlements, which are believed by Catholics to be weaning their growing boys away from the faith of their fathers, the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Mulry, who is at the head of this movement, is a man who has lived a full life. He was for years a successful contractor, and is thoroughly familiar with the labor situation in its every aspect, and the assisting of the boy who works for his living is one of the main objects of the association. Mr. Mulry is also the head of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in New York, whose central organization is at Paris, France.

Archbishop Farley, who is in full accord with the movement, sent the following letter to the meeting at which the Ozanam Association was organized:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, 452 MADISON AVE.,
NEW YORK CITY, July 15, 1908.

MY DEAR MR. MULRY: I heartily approve of the suggestions made by you in the matter of caring for the Catholic boys of the city. The formation of a society such as you have in mind under the patronage of the exemplary and the saintly Ozanam is bound to accomplish much good, and will carry with it God's choicest benedictions.

Under the special supervision of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. James H. McGean, who is appointed spiritual director, this association will make strongly for the spiritual welfare of our Catholic youth, and will by its very nature tend to counteract the many baneful influences that constantly surround them and will shield them from the dangers that await them in a great city like ours.

Praying for the society every success and blessing, I am faithfully yours in Christ. JOHN M. FARLEY, *Archbishop of New York.*

The Association has acquired the Club House, which was founded by the priests of Father Drumgoole's Mission, in West 56th Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, and there are buildings in Sullivan Street, and in 16th Street, near Eighth Avenue, which are to be made over by the Association into model and attractive club rooms for the boys. All this, however, is only the beginning of what should prove one of the greatest movements ever undertaken for the uplifting of the youth of the Catholic Church, and the co-operation of the entire clergy of the city will be asked, although it is probable it will not be necessary to install a club house in each parish.

The Ozanam Association requires the co-operation and support of all good Roman Catholics in the city, and believes it is entitled to it, for the future of the Church in New York depends upon the boys who are growing up to-day, and who later on will be the power that moves for good or evil.

Although the Association is still in its infancy, it is apparent that it will receive the hearty support of the Catholic laity. One man of wealth has volunteered to support at his own expense one of the boy's clubs, and many other offers of assistance have been made. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul has pledged itself to supply any deficit which may arise until such time as the Ozanam Association shall be self-supporting.

To join the Association it is not necessary to be a member of any society, as any one who is interested in the welfare and progress of the Roman Catholic boys (our future men) will be welcomed. The annual dues are $5.00, and those who wish to extend their support, but do not wish to be active members, may become contributing members.

The officers of the Ozanam Association are: E. J. Cornellis, President; Joseph P. Grace, First Vice-President; J. D. Underhill, Second Vice-President; John E. O'Brien, Secretary, and John G. O'Keefe, Treasurer.

Those composing the Board of Directors are: Patrick H. Bird, Edmond J. Butler, Tenement House Commissioner, E. J. Cornellis, J. J. Deerey, John J. Falahee, J. J. Fitzgerald, Joseph P. Grace, of Grace & Co., Henry Heide, a well-known manufacturer, Thomas H. Kelly, George B. McGinnis, James McGovern, Thomas M. Mulry, John E. O'Brien, Harold O'Connor, Richard O'Gorman, John G. O'Keefe, Edward H. Peuguet, John J. Pulleyn, J. Delmar Underhill, and John B. White.

The forwarders of this Association are bending every effort to make these boys' clubs finally the finest organization of its kind and are studying the various associations of like character, such as the Young Men's Christian Association, *et al*, with the intention of adopting the best features of these clubs and associations that would be of value to the Ozanam Association.

This Association really means so much for the Catholic youth of this city, and will be such a powerful factor in maintaining the strength and purity of the Roman Catholic Church, that it should receive the support of all good Catholics, and every one who has the means should become a contributing member at least, thus helping in a work that will strengthen the very foundation of their religion. The address of the Secretary, Mr. John E. O'Brien, is 375 Lafayette Street.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The Coming Harvest. By René Bazin. Translated by Edna K. Hoyt. Pp. 347. Price $1.25.

ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, New York.
A Practical Course in Touch Typewriting. Oliver Edition. A Scientific Method of Mastering the Keyboard by the Sense of Touch. By Charles E. Smith. Price 75 cents.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Essays on the Apocalypse. By James J. L. Ratton. Pp. 177. Price $1 net. *Vittorino da Feltre. A Prince of Teachers.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. The St. Nicholas Series. Illustrated. Pp. 173. Price 80 cents.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Flower of the Dusk. By Myrtle Reed. Pp. iv.–341. Price $1.50 net.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:
A Treatise of the Spiritual Life. Translated from the Latin. By the Rev. D. A. Donovan, O.C. Second Edition. Pp. x.-513. Price $1.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
A Catholic History of Alabama and the Floridas. By a Member of the Order of Mercy. Vol. I. Pp. 373.

J. SCHAEFER, New York:
Little Manual of St. John Berchmans' Altar-Boys' Society. Pp. 48. Paper. Price 10 cents per copy; 50 cents per dozen.

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:
The Teachings of the Fathers on the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist. By the Rev. P. Pourrat. Pp. 48. Paper. Price 15 cents.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS, Fordham, New York:
The Catholic Mind. April 8: Science and Her Counterfeit. July 22: Status and Property Rights of the Roman Catholic Church. Published Fortnightly. Price $1 per year; 5 cents per copy.

ITALIAN-AMERICAN PRINTING COMPANY, NEW YORK:
What the Settlement Clubs Stand For. By the Rev. James B. Curry. Pamphlet. Pp. 12.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Religious Unrest: The Way Out. Pp. 48. Paper. Price 10 cents.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.
Education in Formosa. Pamphlet. *Bibliography of Education for 1907.* Pamphlet.

HENRY PHIPPS INSTITUTE, Philadelphia, Pa.:
Fourth Annnal Report of the Henry Phipps Institute for the Study, Treatment, and Prevention of Tuberculosis—1906–1907. Edited by Joseph Walsh. Pp. 430.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio:
Prayers at Mass for School Children. Pp. 30. Paper. Price $3 per 100.

A. PICARD ET FILS, PARIS:
Pie VI.—Sa Vie—son Pontificat (1717–1799). Par Jules Gendry. Tomes I. & II. Price 15 *francs.*

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THE MYSTICISM OF SHELLEY.

BY EDMUND G. GARDNER.

STUDENTS of English poetry have been profoundly interested in the recent publication, in the *Dublin Review*, of an essay by Francis Thompson on Shelley. It was indeed fitting that the author of "The Hound of Heaven" and the "Ode to the Setting Sun" should have paid so eloquent a tribute to the poet of "Prometheus Unbound" and "Hellas." Nor was he the first Catholic poet to do this. An exquisite critique of Shelley by Aubrey de Vere is too little known. And even the theologians have not left him unnoticed, as we may see in the little volume *De Dante à Verlaine*, in which the French Jesuit, Père Pacheu, ably vindicates for the poet his place among the idealists and mystics.

To me Shelley has always stood as the supreme representative of pure poetry, and as something more. Robert Browning well defined Shelley's "noblest and predominating characteristic" to be "his simultaneous perception of Power and Love in the absolute, and of Beauty and Good in the concrete." For him Shelley's poetry was "a sublime fragmentary essay towards a presentment of the correspondency of the universe to Deity, of the natural to the spiritual, and of the actual to the ideal." I have always read Shelley in the light of Browning's essay. The juvenile atheism of "Queen Mab" may well be ignored. What Professor Dowden says of the "Revolt of Islam" is of far wider application: "Shelley's illusions were such as

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could now deceive no thinking mind. His generous ardors, the quivering music of his verse, the quick and flamelike beauty of his imagery still bear gifts for the spirits of men." Let it be granted that his "passion for reforming the world" led Shelley into many errors of theory and of practice; that a certain crudeness and immaturity, inevitable, perhaps, from the circumstances of his life, a remoteness and ethical impracticability in his work, made him fall below that supreme height to which in modern times only Dante and Shakespeare have attained. The fact remains that, apart from the merely artistic value of his poetry, Shelley was essentially a mystic; working on a different plane from that upon which Dante habitually moved in spirit, he gave expression to certain tendencies and aspirations, which present striking analogies with those of many of the mystics of the Catholic Church.

In his prose essay, "A Defence of Poetry," Shelley speaks of "evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden." "It is," he says, "as it were the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only as on the wrinkled sand which paves it." His own shorter poems are the records of such moods, such "evanescent visitations of thought and feeling," in verse. Two of them, the "Ode to the West Wind" and "To a Skylark," are probably the most beautiful and most perfect lyrics in the English language. They are not transcripts from nature, but mystical interpretations of her phenomena. Wind and bird alike become one with the poet's own yearnings. The wind sounds "to unawakened earth the trumpet of a prophecy"; the lark, "like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun," is an unconscious symbol of the soaring of the human spirit from the fetters of material things to gain the liberty of eternity.

There are two lines in the "Epipsychidion" which give the key to Shelley's philosophy, and, indeed, to all mysticism:

> "The spirit of the worm beneath the sod
> In love and worship blends itself with God."

"Tell me, my soul," says Hugh of St. Victor in his "Soliloquium," "what is it that thou lovest above all things? I

know that thy life is love, and I know that without love thou canst not exist." Love, for the mystics, is the guide in their quest of absolute truth and absolute beauty, to a state in which the soul is permeated with the divine. Mysticism is the love-illumined quest of the union of the soul with the suprasensible —with the absolute—with that which is. The Christian mystic finds the ultimate goal of this quest in the possession of the Beatific Vision of the Divine Essence in eternity; he attains temporarily to an anticipation of it, in rare moments of spiritual exaltation and ecstatic contemplation, in that half hour during which there is silence in heaven; in a foretaste of that vision of God (such as came to St. Augustine and St. Monica when, leaning in the window which looked into the garden of the house at Ostia, they spoke together of the joys of the blessed, or to Dante as he approached the end of all desires at the close of the "Paradiso"); or in the spiritual espousals of the soul with Christ, which St. Catherine of Siena and St. Teresa experienced. The pantheistic mystic strives to reach an analogous goal in the union of the human mind with the informing spirit of love and beauty which he recognizes in nature; when (in Wordsworth's phrase) the "discerning intellect of man" is "wedded to this goodly universe in love and holy passion."

Dante tells us in the "Convivio" (III. 2) that "Love, taken truly and subtly considered, is nought else save spiritual union of the soul with the thing loved; to which union, of her own nature, the soul runs swiftly or tardily according as she is free or impeded. And because it is in the excellences of nature that the divine principle reveals itself, it comes that the human soul naturally unites herself with these in spiritual fashion, the more swiftly and the more strongly in proportion as they appear more perfect."

Now these "excellences of nature" are united, as it were, to form the deity of Shelley's creed. He conceives of a power in nature, external to man, a power which is spirit, and which he identifies with love and beauty, with light and benediction:

> "That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
> That Beauty in which all things work and move,
> That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
> Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love

Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst."

This "awful Loveliness," whose shadow "floats though unseen among us," Shelley formally invokes in the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," the poem which marks the great spiritual crisis of his early life, and which indicates his conversion from the crude materialism and cruder pseudo-spiritualism of his youth. As ideal beauty and divine love, she is given anthropomorphic form in the great allegorical poems of his maturity, from "Alastor" to "The Triumph of Life." It is to her, personified in Asia, that the wonderful hymn of mystical longing is addressed in "Prometheus Unbound":

"Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

"Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

"Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost forever!

"Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!"

It is only after death that man can be perfectly "made one with Nature," and become (like Keats in "Adonais") "a portion of the loveliness":

"The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled."

Yet man apparently can anticipate this even in life. The whole fourth act of "Prometheus Unbound" shows us the earth and the moon and all creation united to celebrate the marriage of Prometheus and Asia, the union of man's soul with this spirit of love and beauty in nature, as a state that can actually be attained when evil is expelled from the universe—as Shelley believed that, theoretically at least, it could be by the power of the human will—and "Love untainted by any evil becomes the law of the world":

"Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings."

Certainly, there is much in such a creed that would need but a slight modification to transmute it to the phraseology of Catholic mysticism. But I would not attempt to minimize the vast difference between a mysticism of which the goal is practically the annihilation of individual personality, or at least of self-consciousness, and the mysticism according to which, when the end is attained, consciousness of self is absorbed in the vision of God, in which individuality is not destroyed, but rendered perfect in the full realization of all its capacity of knowing and loving.* It is true, of course, that in "Adonais," though the soul becomes "a portion of the Eternal" and "is made one with Nature," the poet assures us that "the splendours of the firmament of time" are not extinguished, and the per-

* Catholic readers need not be reminded of the classical treatment of this theme in St. Bernard's "De Diligendo Deo."

sonalities of "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown" are preserved on their thrones, "far in the Unapparent"; but Francis Thompson, not unjustly, remarks on Shelley's "inexpressibly sad exposition of pantheistic immortality," even though the closing stanzas are "implicitly assuming the personal immortality which the poem explicitly denies."

We know how Dante found the divine love and the divine beauty mirrored in the love and beauty of Beatrice; and how, at the last, her spirit led his purified soul up through the nine successive stages of illumination until he found the end of all desires in union with the Divine Essence. Shelley wrote of his "Epipsychidion": "It is an idealized history of my life and feelings. I think one is always in love with something or other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal." The "Epipsychidion," avowedly based in part upon Dante's philosophical love-poetry, is an attempt to put Shelley's mysticism into practice; to identify the spirit of ideal beauty, which the highest part of his soul loved, with a living woman as its most perfect earthly symbol, and ascend through her to the possession of that spirit itself:

"There was a Being whom my spirit oft
Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,
In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,
Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,
Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves
Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves
Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor
Paved her light steps;—on an imagined shore,
Under the gray beak of some promontory,
She met me, robed in such exceeding glory
That I beheld her not. In solitudes
Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,
And from the fountains, and the odours deep
Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep
Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,
Breathed but of *her* to the enamoured air;
And from the breezes whether low or loud,
And from the rain of every passing cloud,

And from the singing of the summer-birds,
And from all sounds, all silence. In the words
Of antique verse and high romance,—in form,
Sound, colour—in whatever checks that Storm
Which with the shattered present chokes the past;
And in that best philosophy, whose taste
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom;
Her Spirit was the harmony of truth."

The result is one of the most beautiful love-poems ever written; but, as mysticism, the attempt breaks down, and the poet acknowledges himself baffled:

"The wingèd words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of Love's rare Universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire—
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!"

Herein Shelley failed, however nobly, where Dante had—albeit not unscathed—succeeded. No man may attain to the last mystical heights of the paradise of Love who has not first passed in spirit through hell and purgatory. And of the symbolical purgatory, in the ecstatic pilgrimage of the soul through time to eternity, Shelley never recognized the need.

It is, indeed, obvious that the spiritual ideal expressed in the noble lines with which the "Prometheus" closes, setting forth the "spells" whereby man is to retain the freedom that he has won by the annihilation of evil in love's victory, combines the passive virtues of Christianity with a perceptible element of the pride of a Lucifer:

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory."

We can trace the development of Shelley's views on Christianity from "Queen Mab," the first of his philosophical poems (which was, to some extent, repudiated by him in later years), to "Hellas," the last of his poems published in his lifetime. In "Queen Mab," the worship of the God of the Christian creed is represented as the chief cause of the evil in the world. We are given a parody of biblical history and teaching, culminating in what can only be described as a blasphemous caricature of the most sacred event in history. Shelley's whole conception of Christ has altered in "Prometheus Unbound," in which the Crucifixion is treated with all the reverence of which the poet was capable. Christianity, "the faith He kindled," is denounced because it has apostatized from the spirit of its Founder, and the chief agony suffered by Him upon the Cross is the knowledge of the evil deeds that Christians will perpetrate in His name.* In the "Ode to Liberty," written early in 1820, Christianity is still "the Galilean serpent." † But in "Hellas," which was composed in the latter part of 1821, the poet's attitude has undergone a complete transformation. In the wonderful unfinished prologue, Christ is triumphing over Satan and Mahomet alike; and in the famous chorus of the Greek Captive Women, "Worlds on worlds are rolling ever," hymning the "Promethean conqueror" and "the folding-star of Bethlehem," the poet bids us note that "the popular notions of Christianity are represented as true in their relation to the worship they superseded, and that which in all probability they will supersede, without considering their merits in a relation more universal":

"A power from the unknown God,
A Promethean conqueror, came;
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame.
A mortal shape to him
Was like the vapour dim
Which the orient planet animates with light;
Hell, Sin, and Slavery came,
Like bloodhounds mild and tame,

* *Cf.* Act I., 546-555, 597-615.

† There is, however, no shadow of foundation for Mr. Swinburne's conjecture that in line 212 Shelley originally wrote "Christ," where the Boscombe MS. reads: "Oh, that the free would stamp the impious name of KING into the dust!"

Nor preyed, until their Lord had taken flight;
The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set:
While blazoned as on Heaven's immortal noon
The cross leads generations on.

"Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep
From one whose dreams are Paradise
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,
And Day peers forth with her blank eyes;
So fleet, so faint, so fair,
The Powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding-star of Bethlehem!
Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them;
Our hills and seas and streams,
Dispeopled of their dreams,
Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,
Wailed for the golden years."

Yet, even in "Hellas," we have but to turn to the concluding chorus, anticipating a period of regeneration for humanity in a new golden age, and read the poet's own note upon it, concerning "the sublime human character of Jesus Christ," "this most just, wise, and benevolent of men," to see that he was still a long way from a full intellectual appreciation of the religion of Christ:

"Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers."

No doubt, there were many things in Shelley's somewhat nebulous creed that separated him from Christianity; but among them, more particularly, was his conviction that evil was something purely external to man, "a mere accident that might be expelled," that he could do away with by the simple exercise of his own will. As Mary Shelley puts it:

"Shelley believed that mankind had only to will that there should be no evil, and there would be none." All attempts to fetter the free impulses of the human spirit were thus tyranny or superstition. There could be no such thing as sin (in the Catholic sense of the word); and, therefore, theoretically at least, "neither to change, nor falter, nor repent," was a duty. The soul unaided could reach her natural state of perfect liberty and innocence—the state to which Dante only attains at the end of the "Purgatorio," after he has passed through the purging fire of the last terrace of the mountain.

There is always a certain temptation to a student of letters to find the influence of one of his two favorite poets reflected in the work of the other. It has, indeed, been not unreasonably suggested that the reading of the "Divina Commedia" (in which Shelley must have come into contact with Catholic philosophy for the first time) had the chief part in modifying his earlier views of Christianity; his admirable criticism of the "Paradiso," alike in the "Defence of Poetry" and in the "Triumph of Life," shows how well he had comprehended the spirit of Dante's divinest work. The "Triumph of Life," the sublime poem upon which Shelley was engaged at the time of his death, though modeled upon the "Trionfi" of Petrarch, is far more Dantesque than Petrarchan in tone, and its abrupt ending opens many questions as to the possible ultimate development of the poet's views on man and his destiny.

Like the "Divina Commedia" itself, the "Triumph of Life" is an allegory in the form of a vision. It describes how Life—a terrible and mysterious figure throned in the car of which blinded Destiny urges on the winged steeds—triumphs over man when overcome by passion or by error. Not only have the slaves of carnal vice become subject to its cruel yoke, but even "the wise, the great, the unforgotten," are chained to the car, men mighty once in thought or in action, whose "lore taught them not this, to know themselves." In vain does the mystical spirit of the poet's creed, that personification of ideal love and ideal beauty, appear to man "in the April prime"; she is obscured in life's pageant, eclipsed by the icy coldness of its tempestuous splendor, when he has drunken of her cup and yet turned away from her. A vast cloud of phantoms and shadows, symbolizing the conceptions of men's minds, darkens all the grove wherein the pageant is enacted, quenching hopes

and aspirations, working misery in young and old, and becoming ever more terribly distorted as the course of time proceeds —until joy dies away and the victim, grown weary of the struggle, falls exhausted by the wayside. And upon this picture the poem abruptly closes: "Then, what is life? I cried." It is but a fragment; but its magnificent music, its lofty thought, and the beauty and splendor of its imagery, make it one of the greatest fragments in all literature. And, with this question on his lips, the poet passed into the other world.

Two diametrically different interpretations have been given of the "Triumph of Life." According to the one, Shelley's opinions were quite unchanged, and his philosophy of man unshaken; it is "a recognition of the price that even the greatest idealist must pay to reality; it is the cost, not the failure, of the ideal philosophy that is here allegorically represented."* According to the other (with which I find myself in general agreement), the poem represents a complete, albeit it might have proved but temporary, abandonment of the poet's former philosophical position. It is a poem of disillusion. Experience has taught him that man cannot get rid of evil by the simple exercise of will; unaided, he falls, and has to acknowledge defeat, not through the mere agency of external circumstances, but by deeper defects within himself:† "I was overcome by my own heart alone."

For the first time in Shelley's poetry, we find in this, his last work, a recognition of the possibility of something analogous to the Catholic conception of personal sin, and a place seems left in his philosophy for the need of a Redeemer. Speculations, like those of Browning and Matthew Arnold, as to the direction in which his thoughts on religion might ultimately have tended, are, after all, very bootless. "The Spirit breatheth where he will." Yet those of us who have fallen under the spell of the unique fascination of Shelley's poetry, who have felt our sense of the spiritual no less than the material beauty of the universe quickened by his words, may, perhaps, be pardoned for the attempt to bring it and them into some sort of harmony with *la verità che tanto ci sublima.*‡

*H. S. Salt, *Percy Bysshe Shelley: Poet and Pioneer*, pp. 119-120.

†*Cf.* Dr. J. Todhunter's essay on the "Triumph of Life," and his excellent *Study of Shelley*.

‡Dante, "Par." XXII. 42: "The truth that doth so much exalt us."

IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

ON the western side of Mexico, in the midst of the great dominating mountain range, which stretches its lordly length in an unbroken chain from north to south, lies one of the few regions of primeval wildness and grandeur still remaining on the face of the earth. High uplifted in crystal air, and bathed in mists from the bosom of the vast Pacific, it is a marvelous world of greenness, freshness, and delight, of hanging woods and singing waters, where no wheel has ever rolled, where the traveler journeys on horseback or muleback along precipitous mountain sides, with verdure-filled gulfs far below, across great highland plateaus, covered with majestic forest, level and open as a royal park, or down rock-strewn *quebradas*, where the tumultuous rivers rush from their birthplace in the clouds. And through these scenes he may journey from sunrise to sunset without encountering any one save perhaps an occasional horseman, or a few trains of pack-mules with their *arrieros*—dark, sinewy, Arab-like men, who follow the laden animals on foot, and whose whistles, admonitions, and cries alone break the silence of the mighty hills.

Such a traveler was a man who had been riding in the Sierra for three days, exchanging only the salutations of the road with these occasional wayfarers. By his dress he appeared to belong to the country, but by his face to another nationality, and the farther he plunged into the wonderful wilds, the more a certain somber shadow lifted from his countenance and his aspect became that of one at peace with himself, as if the great peace of nature which encompassed him, soothed some inward sore and hurt, and calmed his spirit. He was mounted on a fine mule, and his equipment would have indicated a person of importance, but for the fact that in Mexico persons of importance do not ride on long journeys without attendants, and he was entirely alone.

This loneliness evidently caused him no concern, however, not even on the third day, when having turned from the trails which lead between the cities and towns of the east, and the villages and mining camps on the western side of the great range, he found himself in a region where not even pack-trains and *arrieros* were to be met, where no sight or sound of man broke the deep spell of the solitudes which encompassed him. Through the long day he had ridden, with an ever deepening content in the Sierra, in its ineffable remoteness, its austere majesty, its high upliftedness; and the approach of sunset found him in an *arroyo* between great heights, where the trail led along a narrow shelf of granite across the face of a towering cliff. Sheer and steep the mountain dropped hundreds of feet below, and in the dark green depths, which no ray of sunlight ever pierced, a cataract poured its unseen waters, filling the mighty chasm with a sound like thunder. A single misstep on the perilous path would have sent mule and rider crashing down, never to be seen or heard of again. But if the latter gave a thought to this possibility, there was no sign of it in his indifferent glance at the tops of the tall pines far below, which hid even so much as a glimpse of the thunderous waters. Presently he spoke aloud to his mule:

"If it were not for thee, *amigo*, I should halt for the night as soon as we reach the end of this *arroyo;* but I know thy stomach craves something more than grass to fill it, and, unless I have missed my way, the house I am in search of must be near here."

The mule, planting his feet with great care on the narrow ledge, pricked up his ears, as if to indicate that he understood, and when he finally found himself on safer ground, stepped out with a quickness which for once was not due to the spur.

And then, turning around the great flank of the mountain, the traveler saw opening before him a small valley, surrounded by steep heights densely clothed with forest. Here was a little cultivated land, and here also stood a house that he had little doubt was the one of which he was in search. It was a rough structure, built of logs, as all houses are in the Sierra, with a *ramada* thatched with pine boughs in front, under which a woman was milking a cow.

As he rode up, she rose and stood before him, draped in the picturesque folds of her *reboso*. She was young, tall, vig-

orous, supple yet straight as an arrow, a true daughter of the native races, undiluted by a drop of white blood. Her complexion was of a soft olive-brown tint, her features were clear-cut, her eyes dark and lustrous, and her whole expression of blended gentleness and dignity. The man who looked at her was familiar with the fine type of the Mayas, who are the original race still inhabiting this region; but he thought that he had never before seen a human creature whose appearance seemed so perfectly in harmony with her surroundings, as that of this daughter of the Sierra. It was as if the scenes through which he had been passing, with their freshness, their remoteness, their ineffable sylvan charm, all found expression in this woman with the form of a Greek goddess and the eyes of a woodland fawn.

"*Buenos dias, señorita,*" he said. "Is this the house of Miguel Lopez?"

"*Si, señor*"; she replied in a voice the softness of which matched the softness of her eyes.

"And you are—"

"His daughter, Ramona Lopez—at your service, señor."

"My name is Trescott, señorita. I met your father some time ago at San Andrés, and it was arranged that when I came into this part of the Sierra I should stop at his house. Is he at home?"

"Not now, señor. But he will be here in a short time, and meanwhile his house is yours."

Trescott, who had had many houses presented to him in Mexico, murmured his thanks, dismounted, placed his blankets under the *ramada* and then proceeded to unsaddle his mule, the tall girl showing him where to find some of the dry fodder which serves for the food of animals. Several other women —mother, sisters, sisters-in-law—now appeared, attended by a number of children; and presently Miguel Lopez and his stalwart sons arrived from the hills beyond, where they had been cutting timber. The old Mexican greeted the stranger with cordial hospitality, and made him welcome to the family *tortillas* and *frijoles*, as well as to a corner wherein to spread his blankets on the floor.

"Who is he?" Miguel said when questioned concerning him. "How should I know more than that he is one of the Americanos who are in the Sierra looking for metal? When I

met him in San Andrés—thou knowest, Pedrito, it was when we took in the *madera* for the Santa Catalina Mine—he asked me if in my work I had ever seen any traces of gold. I told him that I knew of a ledge rich in gold, which no one but myself had seen, and no man had yet touched. He wanted *muestras* from it, and I sent him some by José Chavero when he went to San Andrés. They were fine *muestras*, and so he has come to see the mine for himself."

"But if thou hast really found gold, why shouldst thou show the mine to him?" asked Pedro, the eldest son. "Thou knowest what gringos are. If it is of value, he will go and denounce it, and we will have nothing."

"Pedrito, thou art a fool!" returned the father. "Even if I have found a mine, what can I do with it? Only eyes are needed to see the metal in the rocks, but to tell its value one must know much, and to find the money with which to take it out—that is a task too hard for a poor woodman of the Sierra. I have carried *muestras* to San Andrés, to Tópia, and to Canelas, but no one has thought enough of them to come here to seek the mine. Now at last this Americano has come, so I will show him the ledge and will only ask a half interest in what he finds."

"He will not give it to thee," observed another son.

"We shall see," Miguel replied. "But whatever he gives will be more than we can make without him. For they love gold much, these gringos, and they work hard to get it."

This being an incontestable general truth, there seemed no reason to doubt its accuracy in the present particular application, so even Pedro the sceptical, was silenced, and Miguel was left to conduct his negotiations with the newcomer as he thought fit.

But in the course of a few days the old Mexican became aware that fate had sent him a very strange gringo indeed. With the usual variety of the species—alert, sharp men who possess no manners worth speaking of, who exhibit a rough contempt for all habits and standards which differ from their own, and who search with fierce intensity for the precious metal which they hold at a value far transcending that of their souls—he was familiar. It is a variety very well known in Mexico, and considered to be representative of the genus Americano. But here was a man of a totally different type—

quiet, gentle, courteous as any Mexican, with a singular air of indifference towards everything, even the gold which he had come so far to seek. He agreed without chaffering to the terms which Miguel advanced, and when the latter conducted him to the ledge of rock from which he had broken the specimens of ore, and where signs of free gold were plain to a practised eye, there was none of the excitement about him which such finds usually produce, even in those most accustomed to them.

"It will do," he said. "It is a good prospect. I will open it, and if it proves to be what it promises, we will take out a title."

"It is rich metal," said Miguel, holding out on his brown, toil-worn palm some fragments of the disintegrated quartz. "I, too, have been in the mines; I worked in the *patio* of the Santa Catalina when I was a boy, and I know good metal when I see it."

"I believe that every Mexican is a born miner," Trescott said. "If you and your sons can do some work here under my direction, there is no need to bring any one else into the matter."

"There is no need at all," replied Miguel. "We will do the work ourselves. Have I not known of this ledge for two years, and have I not waited for some one who could help me to open it, telling no man, not even my sons, where it was? And now that I have found you, señor, shall I risk the loss of the mine by letting anybody know of it, until it is denounced? No; tell us what to do, and we will do it, my sons and I."

"Very good," said Trescott. "We can go to work at once."

But he said it without eagerness, and indeed his listener almost fancied there was a tone of disappointment in his voice. He directed the work, however, as one who knew thoroughly what he was about, and in a short time the result fully justified his judgment. The vein laid bare was wide and promising and carried free gold in large quantities. But if the prospect thus opened elated him in any degree there was no sign of such elation. While old Miguel and his sons worked with what, for Mexicans, was feverish energy, he looked quietly on, or strolled away for hours into the Sierra, or else remained

near the house, stretched out under a tree smoking, while his gaze followed Ramona as she moved about her tasks, or sat at work under the pine-thatched *ramada*.

Yet in this persistent gaze there was not only nothing impertinent or bold, but little of what is usually termed admiration. The tired eyes simply rested on her as on a sight full of infinite suggestions of repose. Her noble beauty, at once gentle and stately, and the naturalness which in its perfection is only found in very young children and primitive races, made her aspect as soothing as the wild freshness of nature itself to the world-weary man. Now and again her fawn-like eyes met his own with a wondering regard; but for the most part she seemed either unaware of, or perfectly indifferent to, his scrutiny. And this unconsciousness was in itself a charm. As he watched her, some lines, long dormant in memory, ran through his mind like a haunting melody:

> "And hers shall be the breathing balm,
> And hers the silence and the calm
> Of mute, insensate things."

It was perhaps because he feared to break the spell of this "breathing balm" that he made no effort to converse with her, for he knew, or supposed he knew, that the pleasure which her appearance gave him was not likely to be increased by anything she might say. And on her side, Ramona did not manifest the least desire to say anything at all. But one day when he came in from the mine, she brought him a cup of *agua fresca*—a general name for many refreshing drinks which Mexican women prepare—and as he drank this while she stood before him, he felt a sudden desire to hear the soft tones of her voice.

"You are very kind," he said. "I am afraid that I give you much trouble."

"No, señor"; she answered simply, "you give us no trouble. I am only sorry that we can do so little for your comfort. I know that you are not used to live as we live here in the Sierra."

"Don't be sorry," he said, "for it is what I like, to live as you live. I am never so well satisfied as when I am out in the Sierra, sleeping under a tree, with my saddle for a pillow and my mule picketed beside me."

Ramona looked at him for a moment without replying, and

then, with the same grave simplicity, she said: "The señor has perhaps some great sorrow."

He glanced at her surprised. "Why do you say that?" he asked.

As her eyes met his own, he saw in them the best of all intelligence, that which springs from pure compassion.

"Because," she answered, "the señor seems sad and to care little for anything. It is so, I know, with those who have had great trouble."

"I have brought trouble on myself," he said; "and when a man has done that, he has no right to complain."

"You do not complain, señor; but one can see that you are sad."

"More bitter than sad," he replied. "And yet less bitter now than for many a long day before. The Sierra has done much for me—and you are a part of the Sierra."

"I wish," she said with wistful gentleness, "that I could do more."

He smiled at her gratefully.

"You have done more than any one else," he said. "And you are doing it still. You are still breathing balm into my wounds, although you know nothing about them and it is not necessary that you should know."

"I have no wish to know," she said earnestly. "What I should like would be to help you to forget them."

"And so you do—you and the Sierra," he said. "Here among the mountains and the forest, the world of my old existence seems far away, and I feel as if it were possible that life might be again something besides a curse. But I must not talk in this way to you," he added, as he saw the gathering wonder in her eyes. "You don't understand, and God forbid that you ever should. Yet, to make you understand a little—don't you think that if a soul from hell could come and wander in these cool, green, silent woods it would be glad, and even forget somewhat the flames in which it had lain?"

"Yes, señor"; she whispered fearfully, crossing herself—for truly this was dreadful talk—"I am sure it would."

"I know it—for I am that soul," he said. "Hell itself has no flames worse than some memories. But here I forget—a little. Here nature soothes me with her great peace; and you, Ramona, speak with her voice and look at me with her eyes.

Have you anything to do just now? No? Then sit down and talk to me. It has been long since I have had the least desire to talk to any one before."

II.

In this manner was laid the foundation of an association which, strange and incongruous as it appeared, had in it the only vital principle which can cause any association to endure, and that is sympathetic comprehension. Ramona did not talk very much, habitually indeed she inclined to a silence which Trescott found as restful as everything else about her, but when she spoke it was always with simplicity and good sense, and sometimes she startled him by an altogether unconscious poetry of feeling and expression. He on his part, who had long been so silent that his countrymen spoke of him as "morose," while the Mexicans called him *El Mudito* (the dumb one), now astonished himself by talking much, and if it was in a strain and, frequently, on subjects which Ramona only partially understood, her interest, at least, never varied and her sympathy never failed. The last her dark eyes always spoke eloquently, and the man who thought he had outgrown the need, as he had lost the hope, of this divine solace, was like one who finding a crystal spring after long, thirsty journeying can scarcely be satisfied with drinking of it. He knew that she comprehended only a portion of all that he expressed, and that there was unexpressed within him a whole world of thought and emotion which she could not comprehend at all; but this consciousness did not lessen his pleasure in her companionship. What he longed for was, as far as possible, to forget everything complex, and bathing his spirit in the great peace of nature and, in this association with one who knew only what nature had taught, to become himself the primitive man, living only in simple, primitive things, instead of the uneasy heir of a worn-out civilization.

So the days went on, as days go on in the Sierra, marked only by the rising and setting of the sun behind the great, forest-clad heights, until it was two months since Trescott had ridden up to the door of the mountain dwelling and Ramona had risen from her milking to greet him. During this time the work on the mine had been carried on by Miguel and his sons, and the vein so increased in width and richness as they opened

it that there was no longer any excuse for deferring that process of acquiring title which is called "denouncing." Trescott acknowledged this with reluctance, for the finding of such a mine had been far from his expectation when he made Miguel's *muestras* an excuse for plunging into the remote wilds of the Sierra. But the unexpected had happened, that which he had ceased to desire had fallen into his indifferent grasp, and now the steps to be taken in regard to it rendered it necessary for him to return to those haunts of men which his soul abhorred. There was, however, no alternative to doing so, for his delays and procrastinations at last roused the suspicion of Miguel, who plainly demanded the fulfilment of their agreement.

"You are right, *amigo*," Trescott admitted. "You have worked hard, and it is time that you should have the reward of your labor. I will denounce the mine and then see what can be done with it. But I am sorry to leave the Sierra."

"There is no reason why you should not return to the Sierra, señor," returned the other, "but with the vein exposed as it is now there is great danger of losing the mine if it is not denounced."

"It lies in a place so remote that there is hardly a possibility of any one finding it," Trescott remarked.

The Mexican shook his head. "Who can tell?" he said. "Some *arriero* searching for a stray mule might any day come across it."

"But there are few trails, and therefore few pack-trains passing in this part of the Sierra."

"You are mistaken, señor. There are trails, known only to the *arrieros*, which shorten the way between Santiago Papasquiero and San Andrés or Tópio, and some of them pass very near us. Often when I am out in the Sierra I meet the trains, and there is one *arriero* who seldom fails to spend the night with us when he is on the road. That is Cruz Sanchez. He comes to seek my daughter, Ramona."

"Ah!" said Trescott. "He comes to seek Ramona?"

"He has sought her long," Miguel went on, "but she is a fool and will have nothing to say to him."

"A woman is not always a fool because she will have nothing to say to a man," Trescott observed. "It is best to leave her to decide for herself."

He spoke carelessly enough, but as he walked away he was

astonished at the indignation with which he recalled the words, "He comes to seek my daughter, Ramona." And yet he knew well that there was no reason for indignation. It was not only natural that any one should seek Ramona, but it was also entirely suitable that the daughter of a woodman of the Sierra should be sought by an *arriero*. But when he thought of the girl as he knew her, of her beauty of form which was but an index to the beauty of spirit which, he felt sure, he alone had ever discerned, it seemed a thing little short of sacrilege that there should be even a question of her passing into the possession of such a one as he knew the man spoken of must be. "A common peon!" he said to himself angrily, and then gave a short laugh at his own folly. For what prospect was there for Ramona Lopez but to become the wife of a common peon, either this man or another?

It was one of the coincidences of life that when Trescott returned somewhat later than usual from the mine that evening he found a pack-train camped near the house, and leaning against one of the rough supports of the shed, talking to Ramona, as she knelt grinding the meal for *tortillas*, was a man whom it was not difficult to identify as the suitor to whom, according to her father, she would have nothing to say.

At present certainly she was in a literal sense saying nothing, but, with her *rebozo*-covered head bent, was apparently intent on her task. To make amends for her silence the man was talking vehemently, but as Trescott drew near he suddenly ceased speaking, cast a look of animosity towards him, and stalked away to his mules.

Trescott sat down on the section of a tree-trunk which served for a chair, and looked at the kneeling figure, grinding corn on the *metate* as the Aztec women were grinding it when the first white man entered the land. Presently he saw the end of the blue *rebozo* used to wipe away a tear.

"Ramona," he said, "what is the matter?"

She lifted her face towards him, but shook her head instead of answering, and then resumed her work.

"Tell me," he said, after waiting a moment. "You know I am your friend, and that I will do anything in my power to help you."

"Yes, señor"; she answered, speaking very low, "but there is nothing you can do—nothing at all."

"Let me judge of that," he returned. "Only tell me what troubles you." He paused again for an instant, but she kept silence, so he went on: "I can guess what it is. The man who was talking to you when I came has been annoying you—"

She glanced up quickly now, with a frightened expression.

"Be careful, señor," she whispered. "If he heard you he would be very angry, and he is a dangerous man, one whom it is ill to anger."

"I can well believe that," Trescott replied. "But because he is a man of the kind is all the more reason that he should not be allowed to trouble you. Tell me," he repeated a little impatiently now, "is it that he urges on you a suit for which you do not care?"

"Yes"; she answered sadly, "and it is more than that. My father says that I must marry him."

Trescott was conscious of a shock. "Why does your father say that?" he asked. "Have you ever promised to marry him?"

"Never"; she answered with the same air of sadness. "I have always refused, and for that my father has often told me that I was a fool. But now he says that he will have no more of such folly, that it is time for me to be married, and that I must take Cruz—it is Cruz Sanchez, the *arriero*, señor—at once."

"Your father—" Trescott paused abruptly. "Well, we won't talk of him! Only tell me—do you care for this man at all?"

She looked at him again, and he read absolute truth and sincerity in her eyes.

"No, señor"; she answered earnestly. "I have never loved him—and now I would rather die than be his wife."

"Then, by God, you shall not be!" said Trescott—and the words were less an oath than a solemn affirmation uttered in the highest of all names. "I will speak to your father."

"No, señor"; she cried quickly. "You must not do that. It will be of no use. My father will not change, and if Cruz knew—"

But Trescott was already gone. He had caught sight of Miguel on the farther side of the house, and striding up to him plunged at once into the subject of the compulsion he was exercising towards his daughter. "There might have been some

excuse for it some time ago," he said, "but you know that in the mine out yonder there is gold enough to provide for all your family, and that your daughter can do much better than to marry this *arriero*."

"That may be true, señor"; Miguel replied, "but it will be a long time before we handle any of the gold of the mine, while Cruz has been seeking my daughter for many months; and she is foolish and does not know her own mind—"

"On the contrary," Trescott interrupted, "she knows her own mind perfectly, and it was only to-day that you told me she would have nothing to say to the man. Yet now you want to compel her to marry him."

"And why not?" returned the other quietly. "After a woman is married it is all the same, one man or another. And there are reasons why I must do as Cruz wishes."

"Ah, now we come to it!" said Trescott. "And pray what are those reasons? For there are pretty strong reasons why you should do as *I* wish, and I certainly do not wish, and do not intend, that your daughter shall be treated in this manner."

The masterful tone made Miguel for the first time show signs of irritation. He looked at the speaker from under bent brows.

"And what is my daughter to you, señor?" he asked significantly.

"Nothing," Trescott answered. "But she has been kind to me, and I am determined that she shall not be forced against her will to marry that man yonder."

Miguel was silent for a moment, looking at the blazing camp-fire a hundred or so yards distant and at the figures moving around it, busy with the packs and mules. Then his glance returned to the American.

"If you must know the truth, señor," he said, what I feared has happened. Cruz has seen the mine."

"How do you know?" Trescott asked.

"From himself," the other answered. "When he came this evening he spoke to me again about my daughter, and I told him that he must talk to her, for that I had nothing to do with a woman's whims, so he grew angry and said that I was putting him off because I was expecting to be rich and look higher for her. Then I laughed at him, and he said I need

not laugh for he had seen where I was at work at something beside cutting trees out in the Sierra, and that he had taken *muestras* to Tópia and showed them to the señor who assays for the Madrugada Mine, and that he said they were rich in gold."

"Your friend Cruz is very much the rascal which I judged him to be from his face. And then—?"

"Then he said plainly that if I did not let him have Ramona, he would give information to the authorities that I was working a mine in the Sierra without denouncement. I did not wish to have trouble, and there is no reason why Ramona should not marry him, so I told her that she must do so."

"You are a contemptible coward," said Trescott, "to let yourself be bullied by a scoundrel, in the first place; and to be willing to sell your daughter to keep him quiet, in the second. Well, he shall not have the girl; and as for the mine, I will start for San Andrés to-morrow and file my application for title at once. Meanwhile you understand that it is very much to your interest to keep me for your friend, and if you wish to do so you must tell him that you will not force your daughter to marry him."

Miguel looked as if he did not at all relish complying with this imperative command.

"Cruz is an ill man to cross, señor," he said slowly. "It will be well to wait—"

"And leave your daughter to be annoyed by him?" Trescott interrupted. "No; you must send him about his business immediately. I insist upon it."

"Miguel shrugged his shoulders. "It is to make an enemy," he said, "but I will do as you wish."

No more than this was said, but Trescott was not long left in doubt how much of an enemy he, at least, had made. It was an hour or so later that, as he sat outside the house smoking, the *arriero* approached him. There was a certain insolence and also a certain dignity—the dignity which his race seldom lacks—in the man's manner as he paused before the American, who, on his part, did not stir as he looked up at the dark, angry face.

"I am told, señor," Cruz said, "that you have forbidden Miguel to give his daughter to me, and I want to know what right you have to interfere in the matter?"

"That is a question easily answered," Trescott replied coolly. "I have the right which every man possesses of protecting a woman from a brute."

"A brute, señor?"

"A brute undoubtedly. What else can one call a man who tries to force a woman to marry him when he knows that she is unwilling to do so?"

The anger on the *arriero's* face deepened.

"She was not unwilling before you came," he said.

"That is a lie," Trescott returned with unmoved coolness. "You know that she was always unwilling; and because you could not win her like a man, you have tried to gain your end by working on her father with threats, which are those of a fool as well as those of a scoundrel."

There was a moment's silence. It was doubtful in that moment whether or not the knife for which Trescott was looking would appear. Although he did not move a muscle, he was ready for it had it appeared; and the Mexican was probably aware of this. Therefore he contented himself with saying significantly:

"I am not so much of a fool as to be unable to fulfil any threat I make. Miguel shall know what it is to break his word to me at the bidding of a gringo—and others shall know, too."

Trescott rose.

"If Miguel is no more afraid of your threats than I am," he said, "he will sleep soundly. Go back to your mules, *hombre*, and know your place. This is simply insolence and folly."

He turned and walked away, disdainfully careless of the blade which might have found its way so readily into that fatal spot between the shoulders which the Mexican peon knows so well.

But he had not gone far—while Cruz, with a curse sincere and deep, returned to his mules—when a figure emerged from the darkness in the immediate neighborhood of the house and laid a hand on his arm.

"Señor," Ramona whispered, "I have heard what you said to Cruz. "It is good of you to try to save me; but if in saving me you go into danger, it is more than I can bear. And there is danger, señor, in angering him. He would put his knife into you as soon as not."

"He must be very quick with his knife if I am not quicker with a bullet," Trescott answered lightly. "There is no dan-

ger of anything of the kind, Ramona. I have spoken to your father, and he has told this man that he must take your answer. He will trouble you no more."

"I would rather he troubled me than that he was your enemy, señor," she returned earnestly. "To marry him is not what I desire, but I would sooner marry him than that he should perhaps kill you—"

"Bah!" Trescott interposed with a laugh, which did not spring entirely from his desire to reassure her. He was honestly scornful of a peon's enmity, when directed against himself. "He will not kill me, and you shall not be driven by threats to marry him. You are far too good for him, or any one like him."

"It is you, señor, who are good to think so well of me," she said. "But no one else ever thought such things, and if you had not come I must have married Cruz at last, so why should I not marry him now, rather than that you should put yourself in danger for one so humble as I?"

"There is no possible reason why you shouldn't marry him to-morrow if you want to do so," Trescott answered shortly; "but why on earth you couldn't have said so at first, instead of making me believe that you were averse to him, I don't see!"

"Señor!" The girl's voice had a frightened note in it, for he had never spoken in the least degree roughly to her before, and that he should do so now seemed more than she could bear. "I would sooner die than marry him, but it would be better for me even to die than that he should murder you."

"But I don't intend that he shall murder me," Trescott repeated. "Set your mind at rest about that. And if he should try by means of such threats to work upon you after I am gone—"

She drew back as from a blow.

"Señor!—you are going away?"

"Only to San Andrés to denounce the mine. But remember that I shall come back soon; and if they attempt to force you, don't give way."

Ramona did not seem to hear the last words. "You will ride to San Andrés—alone through the Sierra?" she gasped. "Oh, if you do, you will never come back. Think of the crosses along the way, to tell where men have been killed! And Cruz knows every path and short cut through the hills—"

"Cruz also knows very well that if I did not shoot him, he would be shot by the *rurales* within ten days, if he murdered me," Trescott said coolly. "Have no fear, I shall come back safely enough."

"No, no"; she cried, and she suddenly sank on her knees at his feet. "Oh, señor, do not go—do not go! You will be killed—and for me!"

"And if I were, I could not be killed in a better cause," he said, as he bent down to raise her. "Come, Ramona, this will not do!"—for she resisted, and he heard her weeping as if her heart were breaking—"you must listen to me. See now, you are the only person in the world who cares in the least whether I live or die, so do you think I will go away and die and leave you to Cruz—?"

"Let me go to him!" she whispered between her sobs. "Let me go to him, and tell him that I will marry him! It is the only hope. For else he will kill you—I am sure of it."

"No"; said Trescott, deeply touched, "you shall not go to him. It is only after I am dead that he can have you. For I want you myself. I understand that now. I will not give you up, either to this man or to any one else. You are what I need and what I want. Will you come to me, *querida?*"

She looked up at him, and he was startled by the flood of amazement and rapture which shone in her widely-distended eyes.

"Señor!" she grasped. "You do not mean that you want —*me?*"

"You and no one else," he answered. "If you are willing to come to me, I will be faithful and true to you, and nobody can ever threaten to take you away again."

"Oh!" she cried, "there is nothing I could ask better on earth than to be your servant as long as you live. But you cannot stay in the Sierra always, and when you go away what will you do with poor Ramona, who knows nothing?"

"She knows all that I desire," he said tenderly. "It is because she has learned only what nature and God have taught that I want her. And for myself, I have no more part in the world out yonder. It has done its worst to me, and I have found all that I now seek, here in the Sierra with you, Ramona."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME LESSONS OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

IF Lord Macaulay were still alive, and had been present in London during the week of September 6–13, he would have been privileged to see, not only his solitary traveler from New Zealand, but pilgrims from nearly every one of the British Colonies, to say nothing of the vast numbers gathered together from the nations of Europe, Asia, America, and Australia, met with one accord to celebrate one of the greatest religious triumphs of the twentieth century—the International Eucharistic Congress held at Westminster. His pilgrim—one out of these many thousands—would not have gazed upon ruined edifices and empty fanes; though in a sense even this might be considered true, for he would certainly have been struck by the absence in more than one historic abbey or cathedral of that divine Guest and Master for whom in the ages of faith its walls were raised. He would have had the other side of the prophecy more strongly borne in upon his mind. For the first time in over three hundred and fifty years has a Legate, *a latere* of our Holy Father the Pope, been seen in England. For the first time since the memorable days of Tudor persecution have the gray streets of Westminster glowed with the colors of the Roman Curia. Never in the history of the ancient Church in this country—not even in the palmy days when it merited its proud title of Our Lady's Dowry—has so noble, so magnificent, so stirring a series of religious ceremonies been held in this Island. Our New Zealander would have noted this—and, as a matter of fact, he did—and marked how quickly, after all, the best and truest part of Macaulay's rhetorical forecast has been realized. The seeds of the second spring, wakened by the tears and blood of persecution and strengthened by the prayers of the remnant of English Catholics in the dreary years of penal law, have born flower and fruit. The Church in England may point with a justifiable and holy pride to the fact that, of the nineteen International Eucharistic Congresses already held, none has been so notable as that of Westminster.

To speak fully of only the gorgeous external ceremonies that drew the eyes of all England, Protestant and Catholic alike, upon the Eucharistic Congress would require more space than is usually allotted to an article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The secular press of London devoted columns, day by day, to descriptions of the religious functions and to reports of the various papers read, in French and English, at the sectional meetings. To attempt to sum up the spiritual effect that the Congress has produced would be impossible. It has drawn our fellow-Catholics from all quarters of the globe to unite with us in a solemn act of homage, worship, and reparation to Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of His Love. It has knit the hearts of many thousands together in one mind and one will. It has brought out the hospitality and the tolerance of the great majority of our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen, and made evident to what a large extent the old spirit of ignorance and bigotry is giving way before at least the beginnings of a knowledge of what Catholic Truth is, and a consequent respect for the faith of Catholics. Even the incident that led to the abandoning of the especially Eucharistic character of the great procession—unfortunate and regrettable as, in a way, it was—has only served to enhance and intensify the already very general good feeling. By far the greatest number of the "letters to the editor" on the subject that have lately occupied so prominent a place in the newspapers have been in favor of an ample liberty for Catholics and against the narrow-minded bigotry and intolerance of fanatical sectarians.

Six cardinals, nearly one hundred archbishops, bishops, mitered abbots, canons, provincials, and heads of religious houses, in the robes and insignia of their high dignities and orders, made the sanctuary of the Metropolitan Cathedral and the route of the procession, as a mere pageant, indescribably magnificent. Never before, perhaps not even in that home of regal splendor, the Eternal City, had any of those who were fortunate enough to find a place in the Cathedral or in the densely thronged streets, gazed upon such a scene. Few, certainly, of the two millions (for at this enormous figure it was estimated) who lined the roadways had ever witnessed a demonstration, of any kind whatsoever, to equal it. Within the stark walls of the great, unfinished Cathedral of Westminster the throngs that gazed upon the High Altar, with its noble baldachino

and the rich marbles of the sanctuary, the cardinals seated upon their thrones under a dais upon the Epistle side, the long lines of bishops in the stalls of the presbytery, as the Holy Sacrifice was being offered, or the Monstrance raised in Benediction, felt the outgoing and uplifting of their hearts to Almighty God, there present, to Whose greater honor and glory all the beauty and majesty of the Church's ceremonial conspired.

Many were the lessons that the religious exercises of the Eucharistic Congress—without one accessory word of explanation—brought home to those who assisted at them. It would have been impossible for any one member to look upon the vast assemblies and not to recognize the Catholicity of the Church of God. There were men representative of many nations and tongues met together in one common faith, for one common aim and purpose; bishops, priests, and people joined in one great and solemn common act of religion. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated according to both the Latin and the Byzantine Rite—a circumstance that furnished a singularly striking reminder of the universality of the Church. On the first day his Grace Monseigneur Amette, Archbishop of Paris, was the celebrant; on Friday the Archbishop of Utrecht; on Saturday the Archimandrite, with his concelebrants, and assisted by Greek Assumptionists from Constantinople; on Sunday the Papal Legate, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli. The unfamiliar nature of the "Greek Mass"—Dr. Adrian Fortescue has reminded us that the term is wrongly used for the "Byzantine Liturgy," that of St. John Chrysostom—to us who are accustomed to that of Rome served to emphasize the note of Catholicity that was dominant throughout all the proceedings of the Congress. The curious dresses and headgear of the celebrants, the weird music of the chant, the melody rising and falling over a single, long-sustained note, the mysterious separation of the altar from the faithful by the iconostasis, the elaborate ceremonial processions, the loudly intoned Words of Consecration: "*Touto esti to Soma Mou*"—"*Touto gar esti to Aima Mou*"—all these things intensified the feeling of universal brotherhood; and, far from laying stress on the division of East and West, the diversity of rite seemed to bridge over the centuries and bring both together. But, while Catholicity was both obvious to eye and ear—Westminster, for the week, was

truly cosmopolitan—a no less valuable object lesson was that of the essential Unity of the Catholic body. There was no mistaking this any more than the Catholicity. It was prominent in the religious services and in the conferences alike.

Notwithstanding the variety of nationality, character, language, and custom, that stamped it, the Congress, as one man, was united in faith and practice. Its primary aim, of course, was publicly to pay homage to our Divine Lord, and to "discuss all that appertains to the *cultus* of the Holy Eucharist and endeavor to find out or improve the best means to promote an intelligent devotion to our Lord immolated on our altars and ever abiding with us in the Sacrament of His Love." (Abbot Gaudens, C.R.P.) It goes without saying that there was nothing like "opinion" in the mind of any one of the members of the Congress as to the doctrine of the Church concerning the Holy Sacrament. The Real Presence, Transubstantiation—these are among the commonplaces of Catholic faith, sublime commonplaces that condition all Catholic certainty and color all Catholic action. The Blessed Sacrament is the sun and the center of all Christian worship, just as the truth touching it is the sun and center of all Christian dogma. But the Unity that the Eucharistic Congress manifested was not merely a unity with regard to one specific doctrine nor a concerted testimony of love and worship of one—though that the supreme—object of religion. It is conceivable that we might gather about our altars, in a unity of such a kind, even those alien to our holy faith as a whole.

The Catholic Truth is incapable of division or piecemeal separation into truths. Take one dogma away from the teaching of the Church, and all falls into confusion. The fact is one which differentiates faith from opinion. Moreover, what is not infrequently forgotten, each dogma and each devotion of the Church is interrelated with all the rest. Our separated brethren are slow to realize this. They may take up a book treating of the invocation of saints or of prayers for the dead, they may hear a sermon upon devotion to our Lady, and come to the conclusion that we Catholics teach an exaggerated and false doctrine with regard to one or other of these things. It is their lack of perspective that is at fault. They are unable to correlate—not being in possession of the whole of Catholic belief—the one doctrine isolated from the rest. And in-

deed, from their point of view, doubtless it is exaggerated, appearing even monstrous, as it is distorted by their unavailing efforts to relate it to what they themselves know. For it is only, and can only be, in strict conjunction with the Catholic belief and teaching as to Almighty God Himself, the Blessed Trinity, and the Incarnation, that the other truths of our holy religion have any meaning at all. It has been said that the non-Catholic has rarely the Catholic idea of God, to begin with; and, to judge by the controversial statements that we sometimes hear, there is probably some truth in it. We are often accused of worshipping the Blessed Virgin, of giving to our Lady the honor that should be paid to God alone. And if a tender and childlike devotion, a great trust in the efficacy of her prayers, and a reverence towards her as to the highest and purest in the whole universe, that is not God, be worship due to the Creator and to none else, of course we are open to the accusation. But, what is far more probable and at times quite obviously the fact, it is not we but our separated brethren who are blameworthy. Their worship of God seems to stop short at a devotion, a trust, and a reverence, that may be paid to a creature of God. Our idea of God, without which our devotion to the Blessed Virgin or the saints would be meaningless, is infinitely more than this; and doubtless, if they worship God anthropomorphically, and fail to grasp what Catholics really mean by their worship of Him, they will have but a distorted and wrong conception of our other doctrines.

But here, in the Eucharistic Congress, there was no separating even the supreme worship of God Himself in the Blessed Sacrament, no entire isolation of the doctrine—a thing that non-Catholics might be fairly presumed to understand—from the entirety of Catholic faith and practice. The two great meetings held at the Albert Hall, the second of which was attended by men alone to the number of some 15,000, pledged themselves in the resolutions that were passed to affirming and propagating the cult of the Blessed Eucharist and to stanch allegiance to the authority of the Holy See. It was indeed an inspiring sight in these days of general religious indifference and apathy to witness the earnest enthusiasm of such representative gatherings, and to hear the thunders of applause with which they welcomed the addresses of the distinguished speakers. Among these were his Eminence the Legate, and his

Grace the Archbishop, as well as Cardinal Mercier of Mechlin, the Archbishops of Melbourne, Glasgow, and Montreal, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Charles Santley, and Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M. P.

Only one disturbing element interrupted the spirit of the men's meeting, though even this accentuated its perfect unanimity. It had been arranged, counsel having been taken of the civil authorities, to carry the Blessed Sacrament in the great procession at the end of the Congress. The route by which the Cardinal Legate was to pass was carefully chosen, and lay in that part of the City of Westminster which is mainly Catholic and altogether away from the principal thoroughfares. All English Catholics, and with them, no doubt, all the Catholic world, was anticipating with joy the day on which it would be seen, once and for all, that the ages of intolerant bigotry had passed, that the penal clauses of the Act of Emancipation had fallen into desuetude, that Catholics could practise their religion, without let or hindrance, in the capital of a country that boasts its religious large-mindedness and fairness. At the beginning of the proceedings on Saturday night, a sudden hush, premonitorily anticipant, fell upon the crowd as Archbishop Bourne rose to make a statement. He told the meeting how he had received an unofficial and private letter from Mr. Asquith, the head of his Majesty's liberal government, asking him to abandon the procession in honor of our Divine Lord in the Eucharist. There is no doubt that Mr. Asquith was prompted to action by the extraordinary narrow-mindedness of the Protestant Alliance and kindred bigoted bodies. But the manner of his attempt was neither dignified nor honest. The Archbishop replied that he could take no action upon a communication of the kind, that many thousands would be prevented from taking part in the Congress if the procession were abandoned, since no church or hall in London could possibly accommodate them. He argued the lapse of the law which had been invoked against the procession, and claimed the same rights to public demonstrations of this kind as are allowed to the Salvation Army or to Anarchists. He also warned Mr. Asquith of the extreme delicacy and gravity of the position, and put it upon him to consider seriously the points involved. The reply was a communication expressing the opinion of "his Majesty's Government" that the ceremonial of the procession—"the legality of which was questioned"—should be abandoned.

All this was at the eleventh hour. The procession was to take place on the following day. During his statement, his Grace was frequently interrupted by the angry cries of those present; and it was only at his personal request as their bishop that their intense and righteous indignation could be kept in hand. But Mgr. Bourne, with that great tact and wisdom in a difficult situation for which he is distinguished, had already answered the government. The Blessed Sacrament should not be carried by the Legate, neither should the "Mass Vestments" be used. These were the points "the legality of which is questioned." The procession should, none the less, take place; and he asked their Eminences and the bishops to return to the cathedral on the following day by the route through which the original procession was to have passed, in their court dress. As a matter of fact, the arrangement thus made by his Grace brought about a far greater demonstration than could ever have been allowed had the Blessed Sacrament been present. The route was lined ten and twelve deep with people, who kept up one continuous cheering as the clergy, religious and secular, the abbots, bishops, and archbishops, the cardinals and the Legate passed, clothed in the gorgeous violets and scarlet of the Pontifical Court. As a mere pageant, it was far more splendid than it could have been in any other way; and it loosened the tongues of two millions of people. It was a veritable triumph, not only for that Lord, in Whose honor it took place, Whom the bigoted invocation of an iniquitous and half-forgotten law prevented from being borne in it, but also for the dignity and authority of the Roman Pontiff, whose Legate walked through the throng receiving the plaudits of the multitudes. It was a manifestation of a Catholicity as virile as it was enthusiastic.

Moreover the action of the Archbishop of Westminster, in deference to the expressed wishes of the Government, while it brought out the fine sentiment and noble ardor of English-speaking Catholics, while it braced them up to remember that their Church alone, in this land of liberty, is not yet free, and to resolve that their labors should be strenuously devoted to its complete emancipation (as witness Mr. Belloc's address in the Albert Hall, in which a member of Parliament and a Liberal does not scruple to say what he, with all Catholics, feels in this matter), also provided a most admirable occasion for the practice of that eminently Catholic virtue, obedience. Surely if

nothing but this had been the result of the Eucharistic Congress, it would have been amply justified! For it has given us an opportunity of self-control and repression to which we have risen. It has shown our fellow-citizens that the Church of God has not allowed the "Fear God; honor the King" to become a dead letter; that she stands always for law and order, even when she herself has to suffer for it. What a striking object lesson to disabuse our non-Catholic friends of the hoary prejudice and ancient libel that Rome is against the powers of Civil Government.

The regrettable action of Mr. Asquith, and the admirable tact and courage of the Archbishop, have gone far to bring out the sentiment of right-thinking people in this country. The columns of the press have been full of communications condemning the hopeless bigotry and illiberal intolerance that have been the occasion of both. But, it may be asked, apart from the immediate inferences that are drawn from the affair, what does this mean? Is it that the writers are learning to respect what they are beginning to understand? No doubt some—perhaps many—of them are. Is it the expression of a sympathy for the doctrines and practices of Catholicism? A sympathy certainly—but neither for our doctrine nor for our worship. It is the spirit, I fear, of fair play and no more. The same sympathetic tolerance and urbanity would equally well be advocated and meted out to Buddhists or Atheists. These men have a right to think and act as they see fit, provided they do not inconvenience their neighbors. So have Catholics. This is a free country. Let us see that it is free for all.

It is a religious indifference that is at the bottom of the sympathy. England, from all the signs that lie open to be read, is no longer a believing land. It is tolerant, in so far as it is tolerant, because it no longer cares. It is sympathetic, to the point that its sympathy reaches, because it is civil, correct, "the right thing," not to worry about what any one believes. The Protestant Associations, notwithstanding the fact that they are chiefly political, at least make profession of believing something. Their belief, it is true, goes little further than to deny all that Catholics hold. The people at large, believing nothing, and caring less than nothing for the faith of others, are tolerant. It is a sad spectacle; but one to which we are daily becoming more accustomed. The Protestant Ref-

ormation—"The Glorious Reformation"—has almost run its course. It began by denying, and protesting against, Rome. It is coming to an end by denying, and protesting against, itself. Its original doctrines—if doctrines they may be called—are abandoned: all save one—the doctrine of hatred of Catholicism. It is split up into almost innumerable jarring and contradictory sects. There is no unity, cohesion, or purpose left in it. It has done its evil work; and, having weaned people from the Church, it is weaning them from Christianity as a natural consequence.

In happy contrast to such a sad state of religion as is shown by non Catholic bodies, and indeed made more apparent by this last exhibition of the unsavory nature of their much vaunted liberal Protestant principles, is the unanimity of the Catholic Church. Would Catholics have been tolerant, asks one of the writers to a London daily paper, were it a question of a Protestant manifestation in a Catholic country? Would a Protestant Alliance procession, for example, have been permitted in Rome? Tolerance, as has been pointed out, is in such a connection no more than an equivalent for indifference. Whatever the conditions that obtain at Rome may be at present, no Catholic worthy of the name would wish to see the public celebration of what he considers to be error at the expense of truth. But the case is not altogether a parallel one. The Catholic has a higher notion of the meaning of religion, and sets a higher value upon truth than—seemingly—does his non-Catholic brother. The most fundamental position of Protestantism is undoubtedly that of private—and, therefore, fallible—judgment. That Protestantism has become hidebound in various dogmatisms, as a matter of fact, can never alter its professed *Magna Charta* of individualism in religious belief. And if the Catholic Faith, God-given, and God-guarded as it believes itself to be, is suspicious and intolerant of falsehood, Protestantism, on its own confession, must respect the convictions of Catholics. The Catholic has a right, upon the most Protestant of Protestant principles, to believe what his private conscience dictates; and, even if that be the doctrine of the Pope of Rome, Protestantism, to save its face, must in all logic allow it.

Truly the Church is a monument of unity. As Mr. Belloc said in the Albert Hall, there is no other contemporary insti-

tution that has survived the tooth of time—no one of those great powers of antiquity to which the infant Church must once have seemed a puny affair and one of no promise. If any human cause for so august a history as it has had were to be assigned, what better could be found than that intensely corporate spirit of union that animates its members? In a notorious passage of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, the historian Gibbon brings together what he considers to be the reasons for the triumph of the Catholic Church over the pagan civilization of old Rome, and from the infinitesimal beginnings of its swift aggrandizement to the unparalleled position it occupied in the Middle Ages. The Eucharistic Congress furnishes a far better reason than any advanced by Gibbon. It is the unity of the Church that is its strength, and the secret, humanly speaking, of its success, a unity that gives a true meaning to Catholicity, a unity that has its root in the intensest convictions of which human nature is capable.

More even than this the unity of faith is no mere product of the purely natural; it is a something divine, superhuman, just as the faith that calls it into being is divine and superhuman. What else could have made the Eucharistic Congress at Westminster the extraordinary event it was? Nothing but faith in the Blessed Sacrament, the Catholic Faith, unchanging, unwavering, as it has always been. The same faith that gave the Early Church its martyrs, and passing through its baptism of blood, raised its temples upon the ruins in which its persecutors worshipped. The same faith that has withstood throughout the centuries the onslaughts of the powers of evil—error, hatred, violence. The faith whose great practical object of worship is Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, whose touchstone of truth and right is the word of Jesus Christ, perennially living in the Church indefectible—that is the faith, and no other, of which the Eucharistic Congress was at the same time the effect and the manifestation. That it has shown so marvelous a vitality in this twentieth century is a proof that it is yet unchanged, that it is able to accomplish now, and in the future, what it has been accomplishing for the past nineteen hundred years. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, when God Who gave it said: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world"?

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

AN attractive and much-loved personality in literary France passed away last May with the death of François Coppée. Years of ill-health, combined with membership of the *Ligue de la Patrie Française*, and his sudden participation during the *affaire* Dreyfus in bitter political strife for which he had few qualifications, brought him in his last years out of touch with the mass of his fellow-countrymen; but for thirty years he had been perhaps the most popular man of letters of his day. As poet, as dramatist, as story-teller, he had captivated the great French public, and possibly he had captivated it still more by his character, by his simple goodness of heart, and his intuitive understanding of the sorrows of the poor and the humble. An undaunted idealist when the world around him was steeped in nationalism, a psychologist quick to discern the purer impulses of human nature even at its lowest, his unsought influence on the life of his generation was always a refining and a wholesome influence, sometimes even an ennobling one. And when it is remembered that in his later years he bore open testimony to the faith that had long remained dormant in his soul, and that flamed up afresh with a sudden brightness as he lay on a bed of sickness, so that he too had a share in that spiritual revival that is one of the most noteworthy characteristics of contemporary French literature, it would seem fitting not to allow his death to pass without some tribute of reverence and affection.

Coppée had no history apart from his writing. A Parisian born and bred, he rarely left the capital; he never married and lived a quiet life, first with his parents at Montmartre in somewhat straitened circumstances, and later with his unmarried sister in a *pavillon* of the rue Oudinot. As a boy his fragile health, and afterwards his absorbtion in literary labors, cut him off from the more robust joys of life. Like many other French men of letters, he began his career as a clerk in a government

office—in Coppée's case it was at the Ministry of War, where his father had served before him—but after 1870 he resolved to trust his fortunes wholly to his pen, though for a time he also filled the posts of assistant-librarian to the Senate, and librarian to the Comédie-Française.

Very early in his career the delicate boy with literary tastes was received as a welcome recruit in that select cenacle known to fame as the *Parnasse*, which included much of the brilliant literary talent of the Third Empire. Here the shy clerk from the War-Office fraternized, among his more immediate contemporaries, with Verlaine, Anatole France, Sully Prudhomme, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, and Hérédia, and sat at the feet of Leconte de Lisle, Baudelaire, Theodore de Banville, and Théophile Gautier, the revered leaders of the younger men. Catulle Mendès, the original founder of the Parnassians, at whose rooms in the rue de Douai the frequent gatherings took place, himself described Coppée at this period as "very young, thin and pale, with a refined air and timid eyes, something gentle and a little sad in his appearance, and wholly Parisian." The meetings of the coterie continued until the fall of the Empire and the horrors of the siege of Paris dispersed the brilliant friends and, for Coppée, brought to a close the first tentative period of his literary activity.

That Coppée, living among poets, should have made his *début* with a volume of verse, goes without saying. It was natural too that his early poems should be largely influenced by the ideals prevalent among his Parnassian friends. It was due in part to them that from the first his verse possessed such perfection of form, such exquisite flexibility, as to enable the young poet to take at once a foremost place even among his highly-endowed contemporaries. In his choice of themes his Catholic readers at least will think him less happy. The tender singer of humble joys and sorrows first came before the public as the writer of verses at once sceptical and pessimistic. *Le Reliquaire*, a slim volume dedicated to "my dear master Leconte de Lisle," professes to contain the thoughts of one who, having suffered much through woman, renounces life "without hope and without faith." Among the poems is a sonnet "Solitude," admirable in form, in which the poet compares his own soul, filled with remorse, to a desecrated and deserted chapel, closed to worship since the suicide of a priest

within its walls. In the light of *La Bonne Souffrance*, published just thirty years later, the sonnet is significant of much. Two years later followed *Intimités*, a cycle of love-songs, rich in exquisite harmonious lines and prefaced by a poem of languorous and morbid beauty. If these early lyrics delight by their high poetic promise, and M. Jules Lemaître, one of the sanest and most trustworthy of contemporary critics, speaks of their technique in enthusiastic terms, the mood of the poet, *blasé*, self-complacent, scornful, certainly fails to attract. Only here and there, in "Une Sainte," a poem dedicated to his mother and revealing some dawning appreciation of the beauty of a life of renunciation and prayer, and again in "Les Aieules," some charming lines on the pathos of old age among the French peasantry, do we find some promise of what was to follow.

It is often said that it is only poetry of the highest order that appeals to any but its own generation, and in looking through the many volumes of François Coppée's collected works —and seldom was there a more prolific writer both in prose and verse—one is compelled to realize that some at least of the poems are already out of touch with the aspirations of our twentieth century. A good deal of the narrative poetry is what we in England should term early-Victorian in sentiment, a sentiment that has affinities in some of Tennyson's narrative poems —such as "Dora" or "The Lord of Burleigh"; or, to name a still greater poet, the sentiment of Coventry Patmore's "Angel of the House." One chief reason of this is that the ideal of womanhood presented by Coppée is always of the angelic, clinging, maternal type, a type that never breathed in youth the bracing atmosphere of the modern high-school, that knows nothing of games and athletics, and has no legitimate interests outside the home. Coppée's children too, both in his poems and his prose tales, are apt to be somewhat sickly and morbid little creatures, the single sons of widows, as in "Un Fils," "Le Défilé," and the little patriotic play "Fais ce que dois," written just after the war; or orphans left to the care of old people—as in the "Marchande de Journaux," or in that really exquisite little idyl "En Province"—never the healthy, normal offspring of large and noisy families. They are all somewhat of the type of the "Enfants Trouvées" he describes so charmingly in their black frocks and big white collars:

"De loin on croit des hirondelles;
Robes sombres et grands cols blancs;
Et le vent met des frissons d'ailes
Dans les légers camails tremblants.

"Mais quand, plus près des écolières,
On les voit se parler plus bas,
On songe aux étroites volières
Où les oiseaux ne chantent pas."

Even the well-known and much-praised "Angelus," telling of the love of the aged curé and the aged sexton for the little foundling boy who pines away and dies of one of those vague, nameless maladies so dear to romantic writers in prescientific days, will be held deficient in robustness by most readers of to-day, and possibly indeed slightly grotesque. Lemaître writes in one of his essays of the poet's "subtle sensibility"; and indeed one feels that it is a hyper-sensibility unrelated to the facts of real life that inspired this pathetic fantasy of a child dying of the love of two pious old men.

What saves the whole series of poems published under the title of *Les Humbles*, and others of the same class, from a similar reproach is the permanent human charity that inspires them. The poet's love for the poor, his intuitive understanding of the beauty and the pathos of their lives, even under apparently prosaic circumstances, knows no limitation of age or nationality. His pictures are true for all time; they are, in a very actual sense, realistic representations of popular life, all the more true that their moral significance is never ignored. No one in France before Coppée dared to bring august poetry to the service of humble domestic themes; no one introduced into it so much picturesque simplicity. That Coppée approaches at times perilously near to the trite and the obvious cannot be gainsaid, or that here and there he lends himself to caricature. It is certain that without his marvelous lightness of touch, his unfailing dexterity of language, success in so hazardous an experiment had been unattainable. As it is, he has enriched the French language with a whole series of vivid word-pictures: emigrants starting for America, motherless children on the way to school, the retired tradesman pottering in his garden, the cheerful coffin-maker whistling over his work, the impoverished old maid of good family, whose only romance is her life-long

friendship with the humbly-born village priest, the *nourrice* who returns home to find her baby dead, and, last but not least, the *tout petit épicier de Montrouge* who, childless himself, finds his only happiness in serving little children with ha'porths of sweets across the counter:

"Il donne le bonbon et refuse le sou."

It is his treatment of themes such as these that has endeared Coppée to the many. Yet it would be doing the poet and academician a grave injustice to assume that his poems appeal only to an undiscriminating audience. Among poets and critics of his own day he was held in very high estimation. Verlaine declares, in "Les Hommes d'aujourd'hui," that his three early works are of themselves sufficient to place their author in the first rank, "works for which he ought to be forgiven everything, if indeed there were anything to forgive." A. Albalat, discussing Coppée's position as the poetic successor of Victor Hugo, *Nouvelle Revue*, September 1, 1897, asserts that "Promenades et Intérieurs" would alone suffice to establish his claim to be a great poet. Jules Lemaître, always discriminating and judicial, does not hesitate to extol his friend as an impeccable *virtuose*, a delicate dreamer, a writer of verses of crystalline limpidity.

Assuredly, if François Coppée is scarcely the inspired prophet, carried away by his own gifts of the imagination, he is, in a very high degree, the poet-artist, endowed not only with an indefinable power of touching men's hearts and of appealing successfully to their spiritual consciousness, but possessed of a supreme talent for versification, an exquisite ear for rhyme and rhythm. As a poet he has followed in the footsteps of Victor Hugo in his free treatment of hexameters, ridding his lines of some of the pedantic restrictions of French classicism, while displaying an amazing skill in the construction of long and harmonious periods, and in the discovery of new and unexpected rhymes. Nor is it only in tender lyric verse and in simple narrative poems that he excels. Quite early in his career the young author showed that he had a strong dramatic sense, and was capable of sounding a virile note, by his well-known poem "La Bénédiction," telling of a ghastly episode of the Peninsular war, and again in the still more celebrated "Grêve des Forgerons." Both incidents are told with a fine

terseness of language and a vigorous rhythm that conveys admirably the sense of swiftly passing events.

A little latter the poet made his first bid for dramatic success with a one-act comedy in verse "Le Passant." It may well be that his ultimate fame will rest largely on this little *chef d'œuvre*. Produced at the Odéon, in 1869, with Sarah Bernhardt in the *rôle* of Zanetto, the play enjoyed one of those instantaneous successes that make a man's reputation. Since then it has been acted all over France and in many foreign capitals, and for readers at least has lost nothing of its beauty. In brilliant, graceful verse the little incident is unfolded of the arrival at night of the young troubadour on the terrace of the villa of the Lady Sylvia, outside Florence, and of how, touched for once by boyish innocence, she resists his pleading and sends him gently and firmly on his way, "*du coté de l'aurore*," before he should have fallen beneath the dire spell of her beauty. Only Sylvia and Zanetto appear upon the scene, and the dialogue between the two, rapid and incisive in phrasing, has yet an undercurrent of sadness and poetry. Both the wanderer and the great lady—the play takes place in the days of the Renaissance—crave for something that life, with all its beauty, fails to give them. And the chaste *dénouement*, with its pathetic farewells, coming so unexpectedly, confers a rare distinction on the little romance.

François Coppée's collected plays fill a large octavo volume, but I do not think he ever repeated this first success. Of his more ambitious five-act plays "Severo Torelli," an historical drama founded on the rivalry between Florence and Pisa, alone enjoyed a permanent popularity. It is a fine play of the Victor Hugo school, admirably written and rich in dramatic scenes, but lacking in that tender poetic atmosphere that one has come to expect in everything that bears Coppée's signature. A patriotic play in one act, "Le Pater," belonging to the author's more Catholic days, and having as its central incident the shooting of the priests in the rue Haxo during the Commune, has been much admired, but I confess to finding it somewhat melodramatic. He found a theme far more suited to his talents in his little one-act comedy in verse, "Le Luthier de Crémone." With less languorous beauty than "Le Passant," it is yet full of charm and gaiety; and has, in addition, an unexceptionable moral. Filippo, the talented but hunchbacked apprentice of a

Cremona musical instrument maker, wins the prize offered by the *podestà* of the city for the finest violin, and thereby becomes entitled to the hand of the fair Giannina, his master's daughter. But Giannina loves Sandro, his handsome fellow-apprentice, and Filippo's one thought is to make Giannina happy. In this romantic little play all vie with one another in generosity, and the self-sacrifice of Filippo supplies a happy solution of the dilemma. In charm and simplicity of treatment the comedy recalls in various ways the earlier plays of Alfred de Musset, and it still enjoys a well-deserved popularity.

I have written so far of François Coppée only as poet and dramatist, and must not forget that by foreign readers he is probably better known as a novelist. He shared to the full the characteristically French talent for writing the perfect short story, and his *contes*, collected under various titles, fill several volumes. Even his few longer novels, such as *Henriette* and *Une Idylle Pendant le Siège*, are rather expanded short stories than solid novels in the English or American sense. Whether long or short, however, the *contes* all partake of the distinctive qualities of the narrative poems: tenderness, optimism, and a sense of the poetry and pathos of life. To some readers they may appear over-sentimental; but I think they are saved from the charge by the style, so limpid and vivacious, so entirely free from pomposity or over-emphasis.

A number of the stories deal with popular life, and many of them contain charming and lifelike studies of the French work-girl. Indeed on this point Coppée has affinities with M. René Bazin, though he usually selected for his heroines frailer types of feminine nature than those of his younger *confrère*. They are drawn, however, as a rule, without either coarseness or cynicism, and with a very real sense of pity. Coppée's most frail women are all good-hearted and affectionate, driven by an inexorable fate rather than by any vicious propensities. Even Mèlie, in the *Vitrioleuse*, is led to plan her sinful revenge through heartless desertion, and is turned from it by the sight of a child. A typical example is the heroine of *Henriette* telling of the boyish passion of a carefully guarded only son for a little work-girl employed by his mother. There is no trace in Henriette of the scheming *intrigante;* under the author's skillful, sympathetic treatment the vulgar intrigue becomes at least partially purified, and the sufferings that Henriette brings

upon herself are even more poignant than those of the widowed mother robbed of her son.

Those who do not read French have the opportunity of making acquaintance with one of Coppée's most delightful and characteristic prose works in an English translation published some years ago by Messrs. Heinemann, with a preface by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. *Les Vrais Riches*, which has been rendered as *Blessed are the Poor*, contains two separate stories, both of which are intended to preach the blessings of poverty. The first one, "Restitution," might almost be described as a Christmas carol. By a highly improbable supposition a wealthy ex-convict returns from America on Christmas Eve, and requests an aged priest, the Abbé Moulin—himself a delightful creation—to repay forthwith certain large sums that are still owing to four of his principal victims. The old abbé starts off in his cab through the snow, and, very deftly, the reader is introduced in turn to the four households, celebrating Christmas in varying ways, to whom the good news is conveyed.

The intention in each case is to show how loss of fortune has been a blessing in disguise, and this is done so lightly and so humorously that the moral never becomes obtrusive. Quite charming is the sketch of the old maid, Mlle. Latournure, whom her despoiler had described as a selfish *malade imaginaire*, but whom the abbé finds energetically dispensing roast turkey to a merry throng of children from her little day-school. The second story, "The Poverty-Cure," is less distinguished, dealing as it does with an impecunious young man who grows suddenly rich and misspends his wealth. It contains, however, a suggestive picture of a penniless youth brought up on the classics and left to starve as a bachelor of letters, a type with which the author was doubtless familiar on the streets of Paris. And in the *menage* of Zoe Bouquet and her mother he has given one of his photographic impressions of Paris working-class life, drawn with an exquisite tenderness and with the fullest appreciation of the beauty of the girl's life of toil and self-sacrifice.

Les Vrais Riches was published in 1892, some half dozen years before *La Bonne Souffrance*, and yet in the light of later events it is not too much to say that, unknown to himself, the author's feet were already set—to borrow Brunetière's phrase—"*sur le chemin de la croyance.*" To be so near Christianity in feeling and sympathy, and yet to reject all dogmatic expression

of Christian faith, was an anomaly that could scarcely continue indefinitely, more especially in the case of a Frenchman, for whom there usually appears to exist no half-way house between a full acceptance of Catholic teaching and a creed of unrelieved materialism. Coppée never was a materialist, never even in any serious sense a scoffer, much less a blasphemer. Yet he had lived outside all practices of religion for some thirty-five years, partly from indifference, partly from reluctance to submit to the Christian yoke in matters of conduct. How he came to a different frame of mind is told by himself in the preface to *La Bonne Souffrance* with all his wonted lucidity and directness. The story would be banal, if sincerity of soul could ever be banal: faith not renounced but neglected for years, a severe illness, the fear of death, a time for reflection and prayer, and a gradual re-acceptance of the dogmas and observances of the Church, Coppée was no more able than Huysmans was to analyze the process of his soul's growth. He could but testify to the change wrought in himself by grace.

"How should I not believe henceforth in miracles and mysteries," he wrote, "when so profound and mysterious a transformation has just taken place in myself? For my soul was blind to the light of faith and now beholds it in all its splendor; it was deaf to the word of God and now listens to it in all its persuasive sweetness; it was bound down by indifference, and now stretches heavenwards with all its strength, while the impure spirits that possessed and tormented it are driven out forever."

Good health was never again to be the poet's portion, but we know from his own pen that his soul was resigned and calm, and that sickness and old age had ceased to have any terrors for him. All through his long illness he had continued to write week by week his accustomed *causerie* in the *Journal*, an article in which he was allowed a free hand, both as to subject and opinions. It is a selection of these articles, in which his change of religious attitude is touched upon with a candor a little surprising to the more reserved Anglo-Saxon, that appeared under the title *La Bonne Souffrance*, and one can trace a continual growth in his spiritual perceptions even in his running commentary on events of the day, and can note the serenity of mind with which his sufferings were borne.

There is a charming episode recently related in detail in

the pages of the *Revue Générale* (July, 1908) by Armand Praviel, which, it is pleasant to think, was not without its influence in preparing the way towards the poet's conversion. In May, 1896, shortly before his dangerous illness, he was the honored guest at the quaint and brilliant *Jeux-Floraux* of Toulouse, an annual celebration dating from the fourteenth century, at which the Academy of Gay-Sçavoir bestows guerdons on local poets, and the half-mythical Clémence Isaure, the restorer of the games, is solemnly eulogized by a distinguished *Maître-ès-Jeux*, nominated for the occasion. Coppée had been invited many years previously to preside at a function at which some of his most celebrated literary *confrères* had been proud to officiate; but it was not till 1896 that he found himself in the ancient home of the Langue d'Oc. Coppée, so Lemaître has declared, was the only poet of his day who could be relied on to write really good verse to order; and on this historic occasion the poem was not only charming in itself but was faultlessly recited by the poet, resplendent in green academic coat and all his orders. He carried by storm the hearts of the impressionable *méridionaux*. Among the many men of letters whose acquaintance he made on this festive occasion was the Abbé Jean Barthès, priest and poet, a man of much talent and charm. Before returning to Paris an afternoon was spent by Coppée, who still at that date professed agnostic opinions, with his new friend in his village presbytery, and the outcome was a touching poem addressed by the priest to the celebrated poet, appealing to his higher nature, and promising his daily prayer to Christ:

"Qu'il vous rende Chrétien, lui qui vous fit poète."

So we know that during all the months of illness and hesitation and mental travail that followed closely on the visit to Toulouse, the Abbé Barthès was praying for his friend from his distant presbytery in the Haute-Garonne. Later he had the happiness of adding an epilogue to his poem in which, while rejoicing in the poet's conversion, he implored him to use his high gifts on behalf of his faith:

"Toi que Dieu visite dans sa miséricorde
Dis-nous tout haut ce que vous vous dîtes tous bas
Et fais à ton luth d'or, sous tes doigts délicats
Vibrer une nouvelle corde."

The titles of some of Coppée's later volumes of verse, *Dans une Église de Village ; Dans la Prière et dans la Lutte ;* and *Prière pour la France ;* demonstrate sufficiently that the Abbé Barthès did not make his appeal in vain.

Coppée's closing years were, indeed, darkened by public events, first by the bitter scandal of the Dreyfus case, then by the scattering of the religious orders, the rupture of the Concordat, and the gradual and deliberate dechristianization of the official State. His hatred of politicians, as a class, and his deep distrust of all democratic movements, so curious in one whose sympathies for the poor were both keen and true, unfitted him for the *rôle* of nationalist leader which, for a moment, he aspired to fill. The intensity of his patriotism was only second to the ardor of his faith ; and to see his beloved France governed by a Combes and a Clemenceau was bitter indeed. Yet he had at least the consolation of knowing that literature had not bowed her head before the ruling powers, and that if France was to be saved at all from materialism and irreligion she would be saved by her men of letters.

His own reconciliation to the Church had closely coincided with those of Ferdinand Brunetière and of Huysmans, both of whom he survived by but a few months. That men of talents and character so diverse should have been moved almost simultaneously to declare themselves on the side of Christian dogma and Christian ethics could not fail at such a period to make a profound impression on the country. Brunetière, austere, aloof, philosophic, his whole life regulated by his intellectual conceptions—"no one can accuse him," wrote Coppée, "of being a neurotic poet"; Huysmans, learned, misanthropic, at once mystic and materialist, drawn as it were in spite of himself from a veritable slough of despond ; and finally Coppée, the brilliant, versatile, popular poet, with his quick emotions and warm human sympathies, following in the path that Verlaine had trod some years earlier. No three men could offer more marked contrasts to each other, yet together they were largely responsible for the recrudescence of the Christian ideal which has been the most striking characteristic of French literature at the dawn of the twentieth century.

WEST-COUNTRY IDYLLS.

BY H. E. P.

VII.

SHELL HOUSE.

MY parish does not boast of many who belong to the "quality." When the railway line was made from our neighboring city through these parts, it passed wide of the village. Hence its development, which had progressed but slowly since the Norman Conquest, was finally arrested. As a consequence, the two or three good houses the village possessed were split up inside, and given over to cottage folk. The Manor House, of which I have already told the story, was one of these. A place, however, which escaped this fate, was that locally known as Shell House, on account of a great stucco shell over the door, which formed at once an ornament and a porch. It was not a large house originally, and hence the temptation to get a bigger rent by a ruthless internal subdivision, was not so strong. Then, too, it had been tenanted for the last sixty years by the same family, and they had paid the rent so regularly, that the landlord had let the place alone. Some iron railings, painted white, divided the little lawn from the highroad, and a flagstone path, with moss in all its joints, led to the front door. The knocker belonged to a bygone age, and unless it was used with care, roused the quiet street. The entrance hall was low, with black beams in the ceiling. There was nothing, perhaps, of much interest in the house, for it was only one of the old places you could find in any village in Somerset, but it was picturesque and comfortable.

The two ladies who lived in it were much more interesting. When I first knew them they were the last of the gentry whom the village contained and were as old-world as their house, as homely, and the pride of the place. The Misses Stocker had seen much better days, and so they were always spoken of

locally as "the ladies." There was a space of nearly ten years between them, the younger being well over sixty.

On the afternoon of which I write, Miss Joan had seen me come up the little flagstone path, and had opened the door before I could get hold of the great knocker.

"Good afternoon, Father, I am so glad to see you—we want cheering up; prithee, come in," and she opened the door on my left, which is that of the chief room of the house. Miss Betty is sitting at the far end of the table. In front of her, and piled up like a mountain of snow, is a huge heap of calico, on the edge of which she is hemming. All I can see of the old lady is a cherry-colored bow, obviously the summit of a cap, nodding this way and that. I round the pile of stuff and shake hands with the elder sister. "Sit thou over there, my dear Father," she says, waving a fresh needleful of cotton which she had just taken, in the direction of the armchair. "I'm as busy as usual, and you won't mind if I don't stop working while we talk." The little nimble old lady, who is always busy, so busy that she seems in a perpetual hurry, threads her needle with the cotton she had waved at me, and begins her task again.

The two sisters are a great contrast. Miss Joan is a huge woman, and looks more than her size by the side of her sister, who is so small. But although Miss Joan is well-nigh a giantess, she is in the most perfect proportion, and there is something so staid and stately in her carriage, that were it not for the sweetness of her manner, she would be a rather terrifying personage. But the smallest child in the village loves Miss Joan, and, far from fearing her, knows that she is a friend to be trusted in every need. Her head is adorned with a wealth of beautiful gray hair, which is brushed up high in front, quite in the old style, and makes the lady look even taller than she really is. The dark brown eyes, beneath the gray eyebrows, give the face that strangely kind look that makes you feel at home with her at once, and as if you had known her for years. Her dress is perhaps eccentric, and yet it suits her. The day when I am calling is in July, and the afternoon is hot. Miss Joan's gown may have been one of her mother's, for their very reduced means made the ladies careful of every penny which they spent. The gown is a ripple of little flounces in a gaily flowered muslin, and it has great puffed sleeves. Round her

neck is some charming old lace, which is crossed in front and kept in place by a brooch that I had often noticed, but which I never liked to inquire about. It held one perfect golden-red curl of hair, and the hair was coarse like a man's.

Miss Joan struck a match with which to light the spirit lamp beneath the little copper kettle, for all things were prepared for tea before I came, as the ladies cannot afford a maid. The first match goes out, and is followed by the second. Miss Betty jumped suddenly round in her chair, for her back was towards the fireplace where these experiments were proceeding, and then as suddenly turned back again, and went on with her sewing.

"Now, Granny darling"—Miss Joan always called her sister by this name, and it seemed a term of endearment when she used it. "Now, Granny darling, I won't waste the matches, and really they are cheap enough if I do"; she added.

"I suppose they are, my dear, but it is difficult to believe. You know, Father," said Miss Betty, addressing me, "I never can remember that I am a very old woman. It seems only yesterday that we used a tinder box and a flint and steel, when we wanted a light, and when we engaged a maid we always asked if she was handy at getting a light. Some girls were so stupid, you know," she continued, "they would strike and strike, and let the sparks fall anywhere but on the tinder. On a dark winter's morning they would forget where they had put the flint and steel over night, and would upset everything in the kitchen feeling about for them, waking up the whole house with the noise. If you complained about it, they had the same excuse always—that their hands were so cold they couldn't get a light, try how they would."

Miss Joan, who has lit the spirit lamp by this time, now joined in relating these old-time memories. "Do you remember the maid we had, Granny darling, who always got the light so quickly we could never make out how she did it?"

"I do," the elder lady replied, "the wicked young hussy. You see Father, in those days we made our own candles, as every one did who had a house of any size. They were not the best candles, but those wanted for the servants' use. When enough material had been saved up from the cooking, there was a grand melting day, and the candles were made. This par-

ticular girl was fond of staying in bed in the morning as long as she could; so she stole a quantity of tallow and put it in a flower-pot, with a rush wick in the middle. This she hid in the coal cellar, and kept it burning night and day for weeks; and whenever she wanted a light there was one ready to hand —and all to give herself a few minutes more in bed."

I ventured to say that I wondered so simple a plan was not more often adopted, but it seems I had evidently not understood the whole situation.

"In those days," the old lady continued, "we never went to bed without being sure every light in the place was out. The fire grates were raked, and every candle and the few lamps we had were all carefully extinguished, because we were so afraid of fire. This is why we thought it wicked of the girl to keep a light hidden away like that. I'm sure it was a mercy we were not all burned in our beds every night," added Miss Betty.

"My dearest, how could we be burned *every* night? Why, if we had been burned one night, that would have been the end of us, wouldn't it?" asked her sister, laughing at the description of the problematical calamity.

"My dear Joan, the light was there every night for weeks, and so every night we might have been burnt in our beds"; and the stitches were put into the hem with increasing vehemence.

The kettle was boiling by this time and the tea was made in the old silver teapot. "Granny, come and have thy tea—the work must wait a little"; and the busy needle stopped in deference to Miss Joan's call. We sit at the table and Miss Betty does most of the talking, for when her fingers are not busy, her tongue is. Miss Joan, quiet and reserved, puts in a word now and then.

"Talking about the tinder-box, my dear, reminds me of the first box of lucifers I ever saw. It had been bought at the chemists for half-a-crown, and the lucifers had long wax stems like church tapers. They were considered such a curiosity that if any one called to see us, we used to strike one, to show them the new way of getting a light. They had a horrible smell, and they didn't always go off—put some more hot water in my tea, my dear—and the tin box they came in was painted green."

"I don't remember that they cost as much as half-a-crown. I thought the first we bought were about sixpence a box," Miss Joan remarked to me.

"Half-a-crown, my dear, and it was paying so much that caused Mrs. Dredge's husband to be transported; for didn't they discover he had set fire to the farmer's mows at Neighbourne, by the fact of his paying two and six at the chemist's for the matches?" The old lady rattled on, and I gathered that the man had been mixed up in the machine riots that took place in the district, when the farmers gave up threshing by hand and began to use the threshing machine.

"I've often wondered about that Mrs. Dredge," I said, "she seems such a silent and morose woman. I suppose the losing of her husband in that way told on her spirits. Had she any children?" I wasn't speaking to either of the ladies in particular when I asked the question.

"And don't you know that story, either, Father?" said Miss Joan, looking me full in the face, and with the nearest approach to anger in her voice that I had ever heard. "Have you known us all these years and never heard *that?*"

Miss Betty was back at her needlework, and I could see the cherry-colored bow jerk up and down above the snowy mountain at a rate that showed she was sewing swiftly. She, too, was angry.

Then we talked across the tea tray and the empty cups, and this is what Miss Joan told me. She had had a half-brother, Raymond, twenty years younger than herself; for her father had married again in his old age. By the time the child was six both his parents were dead, and Joan took his mother's place. The village school, and old Father Hurder—one of my predecessors—managed his education, and when he was sixteen he was the handsomest and liveliest youth in the village. His head of red-brown curly hair earned for him the name which every one called him; his winning ways made him the spoilt darling of his sister Joan, who devoted her life and her little all to his happiness. He had said from the time he was a child that he wanted to go to sea, and Joan was too wise and too fond of him to offer any objection. So Curly enlisted in the Royal Navy.

He came home for his first leave, and Joan was enraptured with the change. His bluejacket's rig made him look ten times

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more handsome than before, and he seemed just as simple and as joyous and as winning. His second leave came, and his third. Each time he made more friends and broke more hearts before he went to sea again. His fourth leave came. He had written to Joan to say his ship was going abroad for five or six years and he was coming home for some weeks. His holiday passed quickly enough. The boy at first was the same as ever, but a week or so before the leave ended a cloud seemed to settle on his spirits. The last day but one came, and Curly was sadder than ever.

"Come, Joan, I want you," he said, "come into the garden for a bit." He wished, it seemed, to be away from Miss Betty. Joan came, and, taking his sister's hand in his accustomed way, the two began to walk up and down the box-edged path in the old-world garden. "Oh, Joan, Joan, I've done something for which you will never forgive me. I'm afraid it will break your heart—and after all you have done for me!" He laid his curly head on his sister's shoulder as he spoke and burst into tears.

"My darling boy, what matters about me, as long as it is nothing that hurts you? But only tell me what it is," she said, and her kind and gentle voice, her self-forgetfulness, quieted and soothed him.

"Joan"—and he paused, till they were half-way along the path again—"I am married."

"Father, we walked up and down till the September evening closed in, and he told me all," said Miss Joan, and at times I could hear her voice was not quite firm. "He had married Mrs. Dredge's daughter, Keziah, a week before. She was servant at the village inn—a white-faced, coarse creature, and her family anything but respectable. I don't know if it was right, but I tried to make my boy think that his act was not such a very terrible one, and that I did not feel it as bitterly as he thought I would. You see I did not want him to go away in sadness, and so I made the best I could of it. Then Ray told me that the girl insisted on coming to live here with us, as he could not provide her with a home.

"Father, I was proud, very proud I suppose, and the thought of being linked with that Keziah Dredge crushed the life out of me, but I would not let my brother see how much I felt. The next morning early Ray left us. He had not been gone

half an hour before a great knock at the door told me Keziah had come.

"'I'm comed, Joan, to bide wi' thee, till me 'usband's a captain and can take a better 'ouse nor this for we.'

"I suppose I must have stood somewhat on my dignity, but the girl was rude, and I'm afraid she meant to be.

"'Oh, you needn't be giving yourself none of your airs wi' me, we be sisters-in-law now, and I be as good as thou. Where's t'other?'

"She pushed past me and came in here where my sister was at work. There was a scene, of course, for Betty could not put up with the girl's insolence. We calmed things down after a time, and when I took Keziah upstairs and showed her a room that she could have, she became somewhat gentler in her manner. I said I would do what I could to make her comfortable, and I hoped she would be happy. She only stared at me, and said she didn't want to be taught to be a lady by me, for she knew as much about that as I did. Father, I cannot tell you what we suffered during the next three or four months. No kindness seemed to have any effect on Keziah's character—and God knows I was kind to her—nor would she try in the least to mend her coarse manners and speech. Imagine what it was to sit at table with her—to have her in the room constantly. And added to all this, we had to entertain her friends as well. At first every one she knew came to see her. She would watch them come up the path outside, and then go to the door and show them in. We did not mind her mother coming, but some of her friends were terrible. There was the son of the landlord of the 'Feathers,' the place where Keziah had been servant. He was constantly hanging round the place. He would get into the garden of an evening, over the side gate, and whistle till the girl joined him there. When we wanted to go to bed, and told her so, she would give some impudent answer—she would 'come when she was a mind.'

"Months passed in this way. It was getting near Christmas, and the wet days and long evenings gave us a great deal of Keziah's company; and at times I wondered how much longer I could endure it. One day, towards the end of December, Keziah spent the greater part of the afternoon in her room. When she came down to tea I could get no answer to any remark I made, no matter how kindly I spoke. About

seven o'clock, when my sister and I were alone, we heard a man's step in the passage outside. I threw the door wide open, and there was Keziah in the hall with her outdoor things on, and there, too, was the landlord's son from the 'Feathers,' and they were carrying a box between them.

"'Good-bye, Joan, I be going away; don't ye break thee heart for I,' she exclaimed, seeing she was caught.

"'And where are you going, Keziah?' I asked as quietly as I could.

"'She be coming along wi' I, mum,' said the man, answering for her. 'That there curly-headed brother o' thine never wur no husband to she; and as he be garn arf, she be gwoin' to bide wi' I. Come along, Keziah,' he said, as he pulled box and girl through the front door, out into the night.

"By the next mail I wrote and told Ray what had happened.

"And now, Father, this is the most dreadful part of it all. I never had an answer to that letter, and I never saw my boy again! His ship was in Australia, and when I wrote for official information, I had the one word back: 'Deserted,' and the date. No, I will never believe it, I will never believe it," Miss Joan exclaimed, and tears she could not keep back were in her great brown eyes. "The man who was with Ray, his friend," she continued, "when they went up country together on this leave, never came back either, and his people say that he was not the kind of man to desert; so something must have happened to them both, and my boy must be dead." Miss Joan buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

"This is foolish of me, Father, but I had looked forward, selfish woman that I was, to this boy and I living together through all the years when I should be growing old. I did not see that I was loving him only for my own sake—I thought only of the sacrifices I had made for him when he was a child, how I had spent the little money that I had, and often gone without, that he might have what he wished. I spent my life for him, and now he is gone, he is gone—my boy is dead!"

It is a year and a half since Miss Joan told me the story of her sailor brother. It is winter time, and she has been very seriously ill. The day before I had given her the last Sacraments, and an hour later she had died.

I am coming out of my house into the quiet village street, that I may inquire how Miss Betty does to-day. At this moment Mrs. Box, a kind-hearted, motherly creature, rushes up to me and says: "Father, did you hear what poor old Miss Betty done to-night [last night] bless her poor soul?"

I had to plead ignorance. Miss Betty was capable of anything queer, for her mind, which had always been flighty, was considerably shaken by her sister's death. "Why, Father, Mrs. Tucker come to I after she had laid out Miss Joan, and she says: 'Mrs. Box, do ye come in now Miss Joan be laid out, she be a pictur'.' So I went in, and she did look lovely. She wur as white as white, and she looked like a very grand lady asleep. You mind how upstanding she was, and you mind her white hair. Mrs. Tucker, she took ever so much time over that there hair. Miss Betty stood by and made she. And when 'twere done, Miss Betty, she did cry bitter. 'Twere the fust time she cried, for she said as how Miss Joan minded she of her mother, when she wur laid out, when she were a little maid. She put one snowdrop in her gret [great] hand, wi' a leaf, 'cause her mother had one too, so she told Mrs. Tucker, and she told I. An' her ol' rosary—that one wi' the green card [cord] runnin' through—Miss Betty, she puts that down by she, and her hand on it, as nat'ral as nat'ral. Many's the time, Father, when I wur little, I've watched Miss Joan in church wi' them big beads. She'd take 'em one by one, so reverent, wi' her long white fingers, and drop 'em down the string so slow—she wur a real lady in everything she did. Do you mind them long black lace wails [veils] she used to wear? They comed down all round her shoulders, and wur beautiful lace, they wur. When I wur a little maid about twelve, she wur talking to I very kind like one day, so I made bold and I says to she, I says: 'Please, Miss, why do you wear them long black wails al'ays—volk don't wear 'em now.' 'For modesty, my dear,' she says, so gentle and so sarft—oh, she wur a real lady in everything she said. But, Father, I wur going to tell you about to-night [last night]. At one o'clock poor Miss Betty goes over to Mrs. Tucker's and knocks she up. It's a wonder if Miss Betty don't catch her death, for she had nothing on but her old silk gown, and he be warn pretty thin b' now. 'Mrs. Tucker,' says she, 'Miss Joan ain't comfortable, come thou over at onst.' 'Ain't comfortable,' says Mrs. Tucker,

'why she be dead, rest her soul; please God, she be comfortable enough b' now, for she wur good enough.' 'Do thou come, and come at onst,' says Miss Betty, like ordering Mrs. Tucker. So Mrs. Tucker she goes over—not that she wanted to look at a carpse at one o'clock in the night, but she zeed Miss Betty 'ouldn't take no, and so up they goes to the room a top o' the stair, whur Miss Joan wur laid out. Miss Betty holds the candle, and points to Miss Joan; and when Mrs. Tucker zeed she, she gave a gret screech as you could 'a heard here. 'She bain't dead, she bain't dead at arl,' says Mrs. Tucker, when she comed to herself a bit, for she was main scared, 'she have moved,' says she. 'No, she hav'n't'; says Miss Betty, 'I moved she, for she do al'ays sleep thic way nights, and I put she so afore I went to bed.' What do you think she had a' done, Father? She had put Miss Joan's left arm under her head, and had a' opened one eye. 'T'other won't keep open,' says Miss Betty, 'I've tried and tried. She's been long enough thic way, too,' says the old lady, 'and I wants to put her arm down agen, or she'll be tired if he bides like that, but he be that stiff I can't ply [bend] 'un noways; do ye come and help.' Mrs. Tucker, she had to farce poor Miss Joan's arm back to whur he wur afore, but she can't shut that there eye nohow," said Mrs. Box, lowering her voice, "and she'll have to be buried wi' un open—ain't it dreadful, Father?"

FOUR CELEBRITIES—BROTHERS BY MARRIAGE.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

IN this series of articles it is proposed to present a short sketch of four brothers-in-law, the men who married the four daughters of the Rev. John Sargent, Rector of Lavington, Sussex. Two of these men had distinguished careers, hence only the early part of their lives will be dealt with here. The public history of Cardinal Manning and Bishop Wilberforce is so familiar, or at least so readily accessible, that no good end would be served by a repetition of it. On the other hand, the after lives of Henry William Wilberforce and George Dudley Ryder are known for the most part to few beyond their immediate circle (though a short memoir of Henry Wilberforce appeared soon after his death from the pen of his great friend, Cardinal Newman). To Catholics especially, three of these lives will appeal, as those of notable men who gave up lands, fortune, home, and dear friends for conscience' sake.

I.—HENRY EDWARD MANNING.

On the 3d of January, 1833, Henry Edward Manning became curate to the Rev. John Sargent, Rector of Lavington and Graffham. Henry Wilberforce, Mr. Sargent's favorite pupil, who was very shortly afterwards engaged to marry his daughter Mary, had been promised the curacy. He was expecting to be ordained at the following Easter or midsummer, and to fill the place during his absence he had suggested to his future father-in-law the name of his Oxford friend, Henry Manning. The present writer well remembers hearing how the Sargent sisters peeped through the blind to catch a first glimpse of the new curate as he walked up the drive at Lavington, a thin, ascetic figure, with pale face and small brown, mousey whiskers. This was the future Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and one of the Fathers of the Vatican Council.

Golden days those must have been, in one of the loveliest spots in Sussex, with everything that could contribute to happi-

ness, a united home-circle, of which by the rector's special request Manning became an inmate, intellectual society, broad acres, and, above all, religious earnestness and peace. In such pleasant conditions the new curate could scarcely have found time hang heavily on his hands. Besides his Lavington curacy he held a similar office at Upwaltham, a small town on the Sussex Downs about two miles away. Here his flock numbered some hundred souls, chiefly shepherds and agricultural laborers, of whom about a dozen were accustomed to assemble to listen to the polished but earnest preaching of the young Oxford graduate.

The little church of Upwaltham was a twelfth-century building, interesting enough to attract visitors. Among them were the Lavington sisters, who used to be glad enough to walk over the Downs with Henry Wilberforce on his frequent visits to the family of his future wife, and the little party used to listen to Manning as he enlarged upon the beauties of mediæval architecture.

The happiness of the Lavington home was in that very year rudely broken by the illness and death of the father, Mr. John Sargent. The influenza had visited England in 1833, much in the same way that it now appears annually in nearly every country, and the rector of Lavington was one of those who succumbed to it.

He had been in many ways a man of mark in his time; intensely earnest and religious, having come under the influence of Charles Simeon at Cambridge. He had originally been intended for the Bar, and his undoubted talents would probably have secured for him success in that profession. It was Simeon who persuaded him to take Orders, just as some twenty years later Newman persuaded Henry Wilberforce to sacrifice a barrister's career for the life of a clergyman.

Thus, in 1806, to John Sargent was given in succession the family preferments, in his mother's gift, of Graffham and Lavington, which he retained till the end of his life.

Among the Evangelicals to whose school Sargent belonged, the family of a clergyman was expected to observe a higher standard of life than others. This was the somewhat pathetic and surely blameless survival of the belief in the sacred character of priesthood, from which all idea of sacrifice and absolving power, except *in articulo mortis*, had long ago disappeared. An

essential feature of the Evangelical creed, the saving leaven which raised it above the narrow groove of fanaticism, and rescued it from the grim sourness of Puritanism, was the intense, vivid, and personal love of our Lord. In this love, and in the hope that i brought that their sins were blotted out by His atoning Blood, was centered the joy and peace of those men who, so long the scorn of the world, became by the very reason that they believed and practised this truly Catholic doctrine, the spiritual progenitors of those who, in the next generation, cast aside wealth and position for the sake of belonging to the one true Church. Mr. Sargent himself was asked on one occasion what he would say to our Lord, if He were to appear to him. "Can you doubt for a moment?" was the reply. "I should instantly implore Him to tell me whether He had forgiven my sins." So far removed were the sentiments of these God-fearing men from the odious cocksureness of "predestined" Calvinism. The quasi-sacred view of a clergyman's position, caused the Sargents to look upon themselves as debarred from certain amusements which the daughters of a layman might innocently enjoy. This way of regarding life by no means lessened the cheerfulness and merriment of the Lavington home-circle, but it checked anything in the way of purely worldly distractions, such as theater-going and the like.

Manning was precisely a curate after Sargent's own heart. His early training, indeed, had been of the usual "high and dry" description; "strictly Church of England of the old high school of Dr. Wordsworth, Mant, and D'Oyly. The first and last were rectors of Sundridge; and behold they were very dry," to quote Manning's own words. But by the time of his coming to Lavington he had undergone a great change. He had become Evangelical.

He had left Oxford too early to be influenced by the preaching with which Newman was just beginning to electrify the university; and before he had in any way fallen under the spell of that mighty personality, his "conversion," as he called it, was wrought by the influence of a devout Evangelical lady, Miss Bevan, whose brother was one of his intimate friends.

At Trent Park, the home of the Bevans, Manning used to spend the greater part of his vacations, and such was Miss Bevan's influence over him that he always spoke of her with reverence as his "spiritual mother."

Her guidance indeed came at a time when it was sorely needed. Manning's overmastering ambition had been to enter Parliament and to rise by its means to the highest positions in the State. Nor was this ambition ill-grounded. His experience at the Union Debating Society at Oxford had proved that he was gifted with that indefinable faculty, that subtle magnetism transcending mere oratorical power, which moves audiences, quells opponents, and crowns its happy possessor as a leader of men. The dullest and most unpromising themes flamed up into subjects of burning interest under his potent spell. Like Gladstone, who could breathe life into the dreariest figures and entrance the House of Commons with financial details which any other speaker would have expounded to empty benches, Manning could turn into burnished gold the most hopeless matters of dull, sordid routine, investing them with color, brightness, and life. This, of course, is mere truism to those who knew him in later times, but even in those early days it came to be recognized and fully acknowledged by the critical audience of the Union.

Mozley has told us of a striking occasion when Manning's powers as an orator shone out in a way which placed him at once over the heads of all competitors. The subject of debate was as dreary as the speaker was brilliant. It was simply a question of reducing the number of the American newspapers taken in at the Union. To almost any other man this would have seemed a mere dry matter of business detail, to be settled by some hard-headed, practical member of the committee. But to Manning the subject opened out a wide vista of politics, learning, history, and racial, nay even religious, considerations. "Do we know too much about the United States?" he asked. "Do we care too much for them? It is the order of Providence that we should all be as one. If we cannot be under the same Government, yet we have a common blood, a common faith, and common institutions. America is running a race with us in literature, in science, and in art. Some day we shall find ourselves behindhand." And thus he raised a mere question of club management into regions of lofty thought. As Mozley tells us, "his hearers were bewitched," with the polished periods which were poured forth by this "very nice-looking, rather boyish freshman."

It is natural, in weighing his influence at the Union, to com-

pare it with that exercised by Gladstone. But the comparison, attractive as it is, is really impossible to make. True it is that when the genius of Gladstone dawned upon the Union, Manning's star was on the wane, but these facts, though coincident in point of time, were not related to each other as cause to effect, for at the time of Gladstone's first appearance at the Union, Manning was just going into the Schools, and necessarily took but scanty part in the debates.

However this may be, we may confidently affirm that Manning's ambition to run a brilliant political career was justified to the very full, and that, immensely as the Catholic Church was enriched by his Episcopate, England lost in him a great minister. It was the will of God that the fond dreams of these earlier days should come to naught, and in the very winter of 1830, in which he gained his bachelor's degree, all hope of a Parliamentary career came to a sudden end.

His father, for many years one of the Directors of the Bank of England, and highly respected in the city, became bankrupt. His son, Henry Edward, was with him in New Bank Buildings when the fatal announcement of financial failure was made. "I heard him say to one of the correspondents of the house who came for business that, 'the house had suspended payments,'" Manning tells us. "After that," he continues, "all went into bankruptcy, and I went with my father to Guildhall, before a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and saw him surrender his last possession in the world, his gold watch, chain and seals, which he laid down on the table. It was returned to him as the custom is. After that I took him away leaning on my arm. I remember some time before his saying to me with much feeling: 'I have belonged to men with whom bankruptcy was synonymous with death.' It was so to him . . . he declined from that time. Combe Bank was sold. He lived for a while at 12 Gower Street; after that at a little cottage at Tillington, near Petworth; but in the year 1835 he died in Gower Street."

Manning clearly recognized that "public life without a penny is," to use his own words, "a hopeless trade," and his father could no longer provide an income for his youngest son. An appointment in the Colonial Office was, therefore, obtained for him through Lord Goderich (the father of the present Marquis of Ripon), who was at that time Secretary to the Colonies. But the salary of this office was slender enough to make its

holder anxious to increase it, and Manning accordingly spent his spare time in Oxford, in order to canvass for a fellowship then vacant at Merton. He found at once that his being a layman was a serious, though not a fatal, obstacle to his success. And his friends began to urge him to take Orders.

Now, this idea was most distasteful to him. In those days, indeed, he hated the prospect of a parson's life, partly for its own sake no doubt, but chiefly, perhaps, because it put a summary end to his great ambition—a Parliamentary career. Much has been written about this critical juncture in Manning's life, and a certain amount of scorn has been thrown upon Manning himself, because he regarded his resignation of a subordinate position in the Colonial Office, as a renouncement of a political career. Even the great name of Gladstone has been invoked, and his testimony quoted, to prove that a clerkship in the Colonial Office was no stepping-stone to Parliament. Not by any means a necessary one certainly. A rich patron with a pocket-borough was a far better one, as no one knew better than Gladstone. But the real kernel of the matter is that Manning, with his intense desire for public life, hoped against hope that he would somehow be able to accomplish it. The clerkship indeed was in itself no step to it, neither was the resignation of the clerkship an obstacle to it. But a resignation of the clerkship *for the purpose of taking Orders*, was the creation of an *impedimentum dirimens*, and Manning was therefore abundantly justified in claiming that his abandonment of the Colonial Office was the equivalent to the sacrifice for the service of God of his heart's desire. His own words are conclusive. "I was met," he tells us, "at the moment of my aspirations, with the ruin of my father's fortunes. Public life without a penny is a hopeless trade. I do not think that this in any way slackened my desire for public life. It was the only thing I longed for. I shrunk from everything else—especially from the life of a clergyman. . . . Nevertheless, there was growing up in me a feeling or a thought that I must save my own soul, and that I ought to try to save others. I would have willingly preached in the open air. . . . This feeling that God was calling me worked continually. I spoke of it to no one. I could not lay it. Every day it grew upon me and I found myself face to face with this choice. To leave all that I was attracted to, and to take all that I shrunk

from. If I ever made a choice in my life in which my superior will controlled my inferior will, it was when I gave up all the desires, hopes, aspirations after public life at the dictate of my reason and my conscience."

In face of a declaration so clear and so solemn, where is there room for doubting that Manning's acceptance of a clerical career was the result of a conscientious desire to serve God and his neighbor?

The life of a clergyman indeed was no longer for him a career but a vocation, "a call from God, as all that He has given me since. It was a call *ad veritatem et ad Se Ipsum*," to quote his own words, and he resolved "not to be a clergyman in the sense of my old destiny, but to give up the world and to live for God and for souls. I had been praying much, and going much to churches. It was a turning point in my life."

This change, or "conversion," was due, as we have seen, to Miss Bevan's influence. She found him in a state of extreme depression, his ideals shattered, the ambition of his life at an end. With the avenue to public life barred by his father's bankruptcy, there seemed to him nothing left to live for. It was the hand of her whom he came to regard as his "spiritual mother" that pointed to that higher life which was ever after to be Manning's ideal and goal. "The Kingdom of Heaven is still left," she told him, and then she and her equally religious brother joined with Manning in those spiritual exercises and Scripture studies which were to make that Kingdom his own.

To an Evangelical so devout as John Sargent, a curate such as Manning was exceedingly welcome. At the Union he had left the reputation of an orator, in the Schools he had gained an Honors degree, but his heart nevertheless was fixed upon the Eternal World. It was most natural that Sargent should recognize in him not only an efficient curate but an acceptable son-in-law as well. By the time that Henry Wilberforce was ordained Manning was engaged to Caroline Sargent and his residence at Lavington, which had originally been temporary, became permanent. "You old cuckoo!" was Henry Wilberforce's laughing reproach to his friend; and this was the hardest word spoken between them.

If self-effacement had not been, as it assuredly was, one of the prominent notes of Henry Wilberforce's character, the incident might well have occasioned some heart-burning, for the

curacy was but the stepping-stone to the living. When Mr. Sargent died the patroness of Lavington was glad enough to appoint Manning as rector, and thus, at the age of twenty-five, he found himself in possession of an important living such as many hundreds of first-class Oxford men never attain to, with an ample and settled income, a well equipped home in a country of idyllic beauty, with work dear to his heart among people who loved and revered him.

Never surely has life opened more brightly upon any young clergyman.

The death of Mr. Sargent postponed Manning's marriage with Caroline Sargent for a time, but it took place nevertheless in this very year, 1833, and that the center and source of his happiness were in her whom he had chosen as his wife is clearly shown by the allusions, rare and few, which he made to her. The very fact that on the subject of his married life he preserved an almost Sphinx-like reticence invests the very few words to which he did give utterance with paramount and convincing weight.

A few of these references were given by the present writer in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of July, 1907, and they need not therefore be repeated here. They were references, clear and evident, to his wife and her beloved memory, written in private letters to her only surviving sister; and, few as they are, they testify, in their extreme reticence and tenderness, to the intense affection which united Manning to his wife, and to the sorrow, too fresh and sacred to allow of many words, in which he held her memory. Happily, too, we have the testimony of one eye-witness who was a frequent visitor to that happy home. This is Richmond, the celebrated artist, whose pencil has left for us the features of so many of the giants of those massive days—of Newman, Keble, Marriott, Pusey, and Manning himself. Of Newman's portrait Richmond used to say that, were his house on fire, that was what he would first save. It was Henry Wilberforce who got Newman to sit for it and Richmond to draw it. For some reason the artist omitted to sign his work, and many years afterwards, when Richmond was an old man, the picture was taken to his house that he might supply the omission. It was touching to see Richmond's joy at once more beholding his beloved work. He begged the owner to leave it for a few days in his studio, that he might

feast his eyes upon that glorious head, and those noble features, with that strange blending of tenderness and iron strength which taxed the genius of Millais when he depicted it in later years.*

Richmond and Manning were friends in the thirties. The artist describes Lavington as a model parish. "The gentle influence of the rector was everywhere felt," writes Purcell, giving his summary of Richmond's words. "His administrative skill was apparent in every detail in the management of the parish as in the order and arrangement of the church. His kindness of heart and sympathy drew, by degrees, almost the whole parish to the little church." This eye-witness, who, in those far-off days, was a frequent visitor at the rectory, speaks with high appreciation of the aid offered to the rector of Lavington by his wife in tending to the wants, spiritual and temporal, of the villagers and shepherds, in visiting and comforting the sick or the afflicted, and in looking after the village school. Daily morning prayers were the rule in the little church. "It was a picturesque sight," says this friend of Manning in his Lavington days, "to watch the zealous and stately rector, vested in surplice, himself tolling the bell, whilst in the gray of a winter's morning the straggling villagers hurried to morning prayer before going out to their daily toil in the fields." Richmond actually began a portrait of Manning's wife. She gave him one sitting, but died before she could give him another. This was in the spring of 1837. Richmond tells us that he could easily have completed the sketch from memory, so well had he studied her features, but the picture disappeared mysteriously. Can it be that Manning himself destroyed it? We know what his attitude was towards great sorrow. "Bury it," he would say, "and mark it with a stone." And it is quite likely that a picture of that lost face would be more than he could endure to look upon.

"His grief," as Richmond tells us, "was great and abiding —too great for words; he never spoke of her. I was a frequent visitor at Lavington in those days of sorrow, and often found Manning seated by the graveside of his wife, composing his sermons."† "The great thought," wrote Manning himself

* "I have painted strength and I have painted gentleness, but I never saw these qualities combined in such a degree as in the Cardinal's face. It makes it a very difficult portrait to paint." This is the substance of Millais' words.

† *Life of Cardinal Manning*. By E. S. Purcell. Vol. I., p. 123.

to Newman, a month or two after his wife's death, "is before me night and day, but I have long since become unable either to speak or write of it. . . . All I can do now is to keep at work. There is a sort of rush into my mind when unoccupied, I can hardly bear." "A sort of grapple with what was crushing me," was another description he gave of this heavy sorrow.*

The sermon which Manning preached in the church at Lavington, on the occasion of his wife's death, contains passages relating to the proper attitude of those who mourn which I cannot refrain from quoting, as they seem to supply substantial means of comfort for the sorrowful.

"Had you not rather bear yourself all the affliction of anxiety and grief which clouds a season of death?

"The hopes, fears, blights, faintings, and recoils of cold blood on the overwhelmed heart, the quick step, sudden message, hasty summons, the agony of lingering expectation, somebody must bear, for it is appointed unto all men once to die, and you must die too at the last. Would you not that they should be spared all you suffer?

"Is the solitude of bereavement afflicting? Would you not rather endure it and let them enter into the fellowship of saints and angels? The heavy days, long evenings, leisure changed into loneliness. The sad nights and sadder days when the reality of our bereavement breaks in upon us. Sleep, much more dreaming, puts us back where we were, but waking thrusts us again into the present.†

"Is death terrible and its avenues rough? Will you not rejoice for them that they have got their trial well over, and that now there remains for them no more suffering and sickness, because no more sin; that the spirit is now enfranchised, the body laid up for renewal? They shall be restored, not with the hollow eyes and sharp, severe crisis of distress, but in a transfigured perfection of all that they once were. Death has dominion only while we are dying. They are born to a new life when the spirit passes forth.

"Is it blessed to enter rest? Then do you not rejoice that they have entered, aye, so soon? Would you not give way to them, and yield any greater blessing to them? And will you not rejoice that they have entered into that rest at the cost of

* *Ibid.*

† We are reminded of Milton's lines describing how, in his dreams, he was no longer blind: "And then I woke, and day brought back my night."

your sorrow and solitude? This is only the greatest act of self-denial you have ever been called to for their sakes."

The time of Manning's widowhood must have been a cruel contrast to the brightness of his short married life. On her deathbed, indeed, Caroline Manning had besought her mother to "take care of Henry," and Mrs. Sargent was faithful in fulfilling her daughter's request, until Samuel Wilberforce's widowed home and motherless children called even more urgently for her help.

Manning, when left alone, was almost ludicrously unable to attend to the comforts of a home, absorbed as he was with his parish and his books; and many were the stories told by Mary Wilberforce, his sister-in-law, of the funny incidents in the widower's household.

"Roast the leg," was the utmost that he troubled himself to say by way of ordering dinner. At last the housekeeper suggested that perhaps some other joint might be substituted, upon which her master seemed surprised, exclaiming: "By all means! I did not know we could have another!" No doubt there was a playful pretence of ignorance in this, but there was a foundation of truth as well. Fate had given him a housekeeper, oddly enough, named Mrs. Mannings. She had, of course, grown used to the final S, and used to put it on her master's bills. "Is your name spelt with an S at the end?" asked the rector one day, as he sat at his table, pen in hand, with the weekly books before him. "Yes, sir"; replied the housekeeper. "Mine is NOT," retorted Manning, drawing his pen through the offending letter.

When Henry Wilberforce and his wife paid him a visit they were confronted daily with a dish of rice-pudding. Mary one day mentioned that she had seen some jam in the pantry, and that she was willing, if her brother-in-law liked, to try her hand at making a roly-poly pudding. Manning took some that day and was delighted. "Mary," he said, "if I had tried for forty years I should never have thought of this."

Manning, in the peace and quiet of his Sussex home, was for a long time outside the arena of controversy. He was in no sense a Tractarian, though of course his ultimate conversion was due to the Oxford Movement. "I was a pietist until I accepted the Tridentine decrees," he said of himself, and the sentence illustrates the case very fairly.

Another witness of Manning's Lavington life is Mr. Gladstone. He was, of course, one of Manning's early friends, and until he thought fit to attack the Catholic Church in such unchastened and intemperate language, in 1874, the friendship remained, on Manning's side at least, unimpaired, though of course Gladstone was grieved at what he termed the loss of his two eyes, the conversion of Manning and Hope Scott in 1851.* In the peaceful Lavington days, before the shadows of controversy fell between them, the affectionate intimacy which united the two men was darkened by no cloud. The future Prime Minister noticed that "Manning's devotion to his pastoral work had the most successful results. The population of the parish was small, but Manning on one occasion told me that almost every parishioner was a communicant. "That," added Mr. Gladstone, "was as it ought to be."†

Manning's own account of his religious views, at the time when Newman and Hurrell Froude were beginning the Oxford Movement, is worth quoting. It seem to describe, in part at least, with sufficient accuracy, the belief which the Evangelical school at that time professed.

"The state of my religious belief in 1833 was profound faith in the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation, in the Redemption by the Passion of our Lord, and in the work of the Holy Spirit, and the conversion of the soul. I believed in baptismal regeneration, and in a spiritual, but real, receiving of our Lord in Holy Communion. As to the Church, I had no definite conception. I had rejected the whole idea of the Established Church. Erastianism was hateful to me. The royal Supremacy was, in my mind, an invasion of the Headship of our Lord. In truth, I had thought and read myself out of contact with every system known to me. Anglicanism was formal and dry, Evangelicalism illogical, and at variance with the New Testament. Nonconformity was to me mere disorder. Of the Catholic Church I knew nothing. I was completely isolated. But I held intensely to the 'Word of God,' and the work of souls. In this state I began preaching to the poor in church, and in their homes."

The curious inconsistency of this profession of faith becomes clear at once if we analyze it. It opens with the expression of a belief (borrowed of course from the Catholic Church),

* *Life of Cardinal Manning.* By E. S. Purcell. Vol. I., p. 111. † *Ibid.*

which I suppose would have been endorsed by every member of the Evangelical school. And yet, a few lines further on, the writer finds Evangelicalism illogical and contrary to Scripture. Further, he belongs to the Established Church, while at the same time, "rejecting the whole idea." And yet Nonconformity was "mere disorder."

No wonder that, in a mind so sincere and logical, the question arose: "What right have you to be teaching, admonishing, reforming, rebuking others? By what authority do you lift the latch of a poor man's door and enter and sit down and begin to instruct or to correct him? This train of thought forced me to see that no culture or knowledge of Greek or Latin would suffice for this. That if I was not a messenger sent from God, I was an intruder and impertinent."

Side by side with Manning's opinion as to Evangelicalism being illogical, we must record the curious fact that he came to London in 1835, two years later, for the express purpose of supporting it against Archbishop Howley and his friends.

A meeting had been called to rescue the management of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge from the influence of the extreme party among the Evangelicals. Gladstone was on his way to the meeting with Lord Cholmondeley (a leading man among the Evangelicals, but not a factionist), intending to support the archbishop. In the street they ran against Manning.

"What brings you to London?" asked Gladstone. "To defend the Evangelical Cause against the attempts of the archbishop," was Manning's reply. "This shows," added Mr. Gladstone, "that Manning belonged at that time to the section of the extreme Evangelicals." And Mr. Purcell suggests that Caroline Manning, on whom the shadow of death was even then falling, had pleaded with her husband to defend the cause and traditions so dear to her heart.*

But the progress of events at Oxford could not fail to bring about a change in Manning's views. When 1839 came, he had begun to hear confessions, and at the very outset he was disturbed by penitents who were tempted to "go over to Rome." From that time forth, and for some years afterwards, till 1851, he was engaged in the task of keeping people back from the Catholic Church. As Newman admitted in a letter written to Manning in 1839, the High Church party were "raising long-

* *Ibid.* Pp. 115–116.

ings and tastes which they were not allowed to supply," and that until the "bishops and others give scope to the development of Catholicism externally and wisely, we *do* tend to make impatient minds seek it where it has ever been, in Rome." †

The year 1841 opened brightly for Manning. In the previous summer the See of Chichester had become vacant by the death of Bishop Otter, with whom the rector of Lavington had been on terms of friendship. To the dismay of the Tractarians, and to Manning's well-wishers among them, the Government had appointed Shuttleworth, the Low Church, anti-Tractarian Warden of New College, Oxford, to fill the vacant see. It was confidently expected that under such a diocesan no promotion could be looked for by Manning. Nay, many doubted whether he would be able to retain his position in the diocese with any comfort.

Great, therefore, was the surprise of all his friends at learning that, on the resignation of Dr. Webber, the Archdeaconry of Chichester had been bestowed upon him. It was said at the time that in making this appointment Bishop Shuttleworth was prompted by a desire of adding balance to Manning's mind, which was probably understood to mean that it was to *counter*-balance his Tractarian tendencies.

The new post naturally extended Manning's circle of friends. The extraordinary fascination of his manner, his refined and graceful bearing, his well-stored mind, made him everywhere a welcome guest. He renewed acquaintance with the leading Oxford men, and more than once occupied the University pulpit. As Archdeacon, too, he had to pay many visits to London, leaving his parish to the care of his curate, Laprimaudaye, a zealous and efficient substitute. On these visits Manning was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Carey, who lived at 44 Cadogan Place, Chelsea. This house was the scene of certain curious events which will be spoken of in their place. His appointment to the post of Archdeacon made a difference also in Manning's Lavington life. Up to that time his guests had been very few. Even his great friend S. F. Wood seems never to have visited the rectory, and a letter from Gladstone is still extant, written within a few months of Mrs. Manning's death, remarking that he had never met her. But in these later days we read of "a carriageful of people from London just arrived"; and how, "last week I had a houseful. Among

† *Ibid.* Pp. 232–233.

others the present Master of Trinity (Cambridge) and Mrs. Whewell." Keble too visited Manning, as well as Carter of Clewer, Frederick Denison, Maurice, and Trench. Besides this, Manning's mother-in-law, Mrs. Sargent, frequently received visitors at the Manor House, among them of course her married daughters, Mary Wilberforce and Sophia Ryder, of whom we shall hear more in a subsequent article.

It was in 1844 that Manning sat to Richmond for the head-and-shoulder portrait which has since become so well known in engravings. "The sittings were most delightful," Richmond has recorded, "for Manning was always full of charming talk, and had always ready at hand an appropriate anecdote or legend. I remember once complaining of being much annoyed by a terrible hammering that was going on outside my studio. Manning thereupon related a charming legend about angels beating out gold for the purpose of making saddles of gold and golden stirrups. I think it was—but I really quite forget now, for it is nearly fifty years ago—yet I think it was for the horses which were to bear Elias in the chariot of fire to heaven. At any rate for years afterwards, whenever I was disturbed by the noise of hammering, I always remembered Manning's legend, and my nerves were soothed." *

It seems curious to read that Manning, whose mind was so much taken up with spiritual and theological matters, was nevertheless a very good judge of horses. In those days a horse was an almost indispensable adjunct to a country parsonage, and for a dignitary whose jurisdiction extended over a large tract of country, and whose office necessitated constant interviews with his bishop, the possession of a good strong roadster was nothing short of a necessity. It must have amused as well as somewhat flattered Manning to overhear, as he once did, a discussion carried on between two hostlers in the courtyard of a Chichester hotel where he was a passing guest. The dispute concerned the merits of a certain horse. At last one of the hostlers exclaimed: "Go upstairs and ask the archdeacon. He be the best judge of horseflesh in the county."

During his sojourn at Lavington, Manning had to witness the departure of many whom he loved from the Church of England into the Catholic Church. Among the earliest of these were his wife's sister, Sophia Ryder, and her husband,

* *Ibid.* Pp. 443-444.

who were received in Rome. The conversion of Mrs. Lockhart, too, seems to have grieved him. She was the mother of William Lockhart, whose reception caused Newman to resign his preferments and to cease teaching in the Church of England, on the ground that he was unable any longer to claim that his teaching did not lead people to Rome. William Lockhart was afterwards well known in London as one of the Fathers of Charity. Very shortly before his death, which occurred in the same year as Manning's, he published some interesting memorials of the cardinal when he was still Archdeacon of Chichester. He gives us a graphic description of Manning's personal appearance as it struck him when he saw it for the first time. He notes "his grand head, bald even then, his dignified figure in his long white surplice, occupying the archdeacon's stall in the cathedral. . . . His face was to me some first dim revelation of the *supernatural in man.* I have never forgotten it. I see him as vividly now in my mind's eye as when I first beheld him. . . . I at once connected his face with those of the old churchmen of Catholic times that I had seen in stained glass windows, and in the portraits of the whole line of Catholic bishops painted in long order on the walls of the south transept of the cathedral. They began, I think, with St. Richard of Chichester, and ended with the last Catholic bishop in the reign of Mary Tudor."*

It would be out of place in an article of this sort to analyze the various processes of thought and study which at last brought Manning to the portals of the Catholic Church. The last months of his Anglican life were spent in the home of his sister, Mrs. Carey, who, though much attached to her brother, was in no way in agreement with his religious views.

It needed all the tact and delicacy of which Manning was a past master to avoid any friction with his kind hostess. In his state of anxiety, perplexity, and doubt, it necessarily happened that many visitors, among them priests, came to the house to consult with him, and Manning was naturally careful not to confront such visitors with his sister. Now it happened that a man-servant of Mrs. Carey, Peter Murphy by name, was possessed with a certain *diablerie* and love of teasing, and in the person of his mistress he found a ready means of in-

* "Personal Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning." By William Lockhart, *Dublin Review*, April, 1892.

dulging his whim. "The Archdeacon had a visitor to-day, ma'am," he would say. "And what of that, Peter?" Mrs. Carey would ask. "Well, ma'am, I think it was a priest." "What, Peter? A priest, did you say?" "Yes, ma'am; and," in a subdued whisper, "I rather imagine it was a *Jesuit!*" "A Jesuit?" exclaimed the horrified lady. "A Jesuit, in *my* house?"

But, by a curious irony of fate, Peter himself was the unwilling occasion of the visit of yet another priest, and probably a Jesuit. He was taken very ill one day, and the chance remark of a fellow-servant made him fear that he was about to die. He sent an urgent message to Manning, begging him to visit his room. The kind-hearted archdeacon immediately went and took his seat at the bedside. "I want to tell you," said Peter, "that I believe those people are right after all." "What people do you mean, Peter?" "The Roman Catholics, sir."

Now Manning was very nearly convinced by this time that they *were* right, but with his habitual caution and dread of precipitate acts he warned Peter against haste. "Peter," he said, "don't be in a hurry."

"But, sir," replied the man, "I *am* a Catholic, and I want to see a priest!" Here was, indeed, a dilemma. There was nothing for it but to send for a priest, who reconciled Peter to the Church. The sick man recovered and for many years was in Manning's service in his house at Bayswater. "Peter, don't be in a hurry," became a stock phrase among Manning's intimate friends, who used playfully to remind him in later years that he had once warned a sick Irishman not to be in a "hurry" to send for a priest!

When the winter of 1850 came, many a clergyman had resigned his benefice and entered the Church, but Manning still hesitated. Each convert of course has to go through his special and personal trial. With some it is loss of home and friends, with others it is poverty. To Manning, one of the sorrows, though not of course the greatest, of his great sacrifice was his turning his back upon Lavington. It had been his home for many years, the scene of his happy married life, the vineyard, as he loved to regard it, which God had given him to till and cultivate. In 1838 he had written: "Till the last six months I have never known what it is to have irresistible local affection. Once a little self-denial would make all places alike; for all that makes one place differ from another would have fol-

lowed me like a shadow. Now, there is only one place unlike all others, and that is unchangeable."

To the last day of his long life he never lost his affection for Lavington and its people. And now this, among many other things, had to be given up.

But the call of God was urgent, and no consideration of earth could withstand it. Never, I verily believe, did Manning do any act which he knew to be contrary to God's Will. In the spring of 1851 it became clear to him that it was God's Will that he should be received into the Catholic Church.

He has himself recorded the last occasion on which he worshipped in the Church of England. There was at that time, close to the Buckingham Palace Road, a small chapel which was dear to the hearts of Tractarians. Here it was that Manning performed his last devotions as an Anglican. "I was kneeling by the side of Mr. Gladstone," he records. "Just before the Communion Service commenced I said to him: 'I can no longer take the Communion in the Church of England.' I rose up—'St. Paul is standing by his side'—and laying my hand on Mr. Gladstone's shoulder, said: 'Come.' It was the parting of the ways. Mr. Gladstone remained; and I went my way. Mr. Gladstone still remains where I left him."

In March he resigned his office before a notary, according to law. This was in the city. He returned over Blackfriars Bridge, went to St. George's, the Cathedral of Southwark, and knelt before the Blessed Sacrament. "It was then and there," he tells us, "that I said my first Hail Mary."

On the 6th of April, 1851, he and Hope-Scott (one of the leading lawyers of the day) were received into the Church by Father Brownbill, S.J. "So ended one life," wrote Manning, "and I thought my life was over. I fully believed that I should never do more than become a priest; about which I never doubted nor ever wavered. But I looked forward to live and die in a priest's life, out of sight." *

"I feel as if I had no desire unfulfilled," he writes to Hope-Scott, on the day after their reception, "but to persevere in what God has given me for His Son's sake."

How well he persevered, and how little, happily, his expectation of living "out of sight," was fulfilled, is written in the Church's history for all men to read.

* *Life of Cardinal Manning.* By E. S. Purcell. Vol. I., p. 628.

THE SECRET OF ROLAND YORK.

BY H. A. HINKSON.

F any of those who knew him had been asked to name the luckiest man in the world they would unhesitatingly have answered Roland York. It is better to be born lucky than rich, since wealth is only an incident of luck; and that Roland York's luck should need nothing to perfect it, a distant admiring relative left him a coal mine which developed into a very satisfactory gold mine.

Roland York's luck began in his cradle, because he was such an admirable, good-tempered, and good looking baby that his nurse instantly loved him, and did not cease to love him when he attained to a dignity exceeding that represented by long clothes and short petticoats.

His luck followed him to school, where he was too big to be bullied, too amiable to be disliked, too clever to be despised. His physical strength made his gentleness respected as a strange and uncommon thing amongst schoolboys, and though he had never been known to fight, his reputation for potentialities suffered no diminution thereby; rather was it enhanced.

As a senior boy he excelled as an arbitrator, and few combatants could resist his suave advice. "What's the good of fighting, boys, let's talk it over." Generally they did talk it over and peace was the result. When he went to Oxford with a scholarship, for he had brains as well as good looks, he left behind him a tradition of which Burland's House is still proud. "One of the best influences the School has ever been fortunate enough to know," was a well remembered sentence in the Head's parting speech.

At Oxford he was known as "Handsome York." He got his Blue for batting and in the long field he was a certain catch. He rowed, too, in his college eight and won several prizes for swimming. His friends complained that he would not exert himself sufficiently, and his college grumbled when he left with his cricket Blue and a First in Classics, which were deemed far below his capacities.

He was a good though somewhat nervous speaker, and he took to the law naturally, since he came of a family of lawyers.

"He'll lose his case unless he loses his temper," said old Morehead, K. C., in whose chambers York read. "I never knew a man so incorrigibly good-tempered in my life, and the fellow has so much brains, too. I never knew brains and good-temper to go together before."

"He'll do no good, I believe," remarked Jerry Rideout, a hard-worked junior, "until he loses his money, is sued by a creditor, and sees his sweetheart carried off by a rival. Then maybe he'll turn."

But, without being absolutely brilliant, York was successful enough as a lawyer. His personal charm counted for a good deal both with judge and jury, and he impressed his colleagues with a sense of latent, undeveloped power.

But Lady Treston, Roland York's aunt, was frankly dissatisfied with her nephew. She was a childless widow and had lavished on Roland all her unsatisfied maternal longings. When a girl of twenty she had married Sir Wilfred Treston, because all the world was talking of his splendid diplomatic achievements. When he appeared before her young eyes at the Russian Ambassador's ball, resplendent with decorations, she forgot his sixty years and only remembered his handsome face and distinguished bearing, and the quick smile which rewarded her girl's homage.

The world still rang with his name when he carried her off and married her. But before Lady Treston recovered from her bewilderment, and before there was any possibility of disillusionment on her part, Sir Wilfred was carried home to her from a public banquet, given in his honor, dead, and with all his orders on his breast. They remained to her sacred relics of a personality which, as time passed, became more and more mythical; and as it became more mythical, so it became more superhuman, until it became a divine inspiration.

The good looks of her sister's boy attracted her as they attracted others. Her personal ambition had been long buried in the grave, now it sprang to life. The boy might become something, if not all, of what her husband had been. Henceforth her hopes and ambitions were centered on the boy.

Up to a certain point she was satisfied, even abundantly satisfied. But when it came to a point appreciably near the

standard of her ideal she experienced a slight chill of disappointment. As a schoolboy Roland York was perfect. She had had no misgivings during that period. At the University he had done only a little less well than she had hoped, but she was satisfied with his tutor's assurance that bigger things were to come. After five years' practice at the Bar, she became uneasy at the delay in the coming of the bigger things.

Once or twice she had attempted delicately to suggest to him the things that he might have done and might do. But the result of such attempts had deterred her from rashly taking the same risk again. Into the face, which seemed formed to resist all the hostile forces of the world, had suddenly flashed a look of abject, hunted fear.

It was she, not he, who changed the subject of conversation, and then she was left wondering why she found so much satisfaction in the society of little Larminie.

Larminie, clever, well-nigh briefless, and humanly envying his better circumstanced friend, instanced the case of the volcanoes concealing latent energy. But the reference made Lady Treston angry.

"The latent force of a volcano is only ascertained after it has burst forth," she exclaimed; "no one would believe in it otherwise."

"I think people believe more implicitly when there is no evidence than when there is conclusive evidence," rejoined Larminie, "the lay mind so often discounts the importance of evidence. York has so much at his back that he need not care much what is in front of him. The past is a great enemy of the future, whatever way you take it."

He spoke with a certain suggestion of bitterness which was not lost on his hearer. She looked with a newly awakened interest at the thin, sallow face and the dark, eager eyes of Larminie. She knew little of him but just enough to know that what he had achieved he had achieved of himself. His words implied a criticism of her nephew, and she was vaguely angered by them.

"The past is beyond our reach, but the future is in our own hands to make or mar," she answered somewhat coldly.

Larminie's face twitched, his lips parted an instant as though he would reply, then they closed suddenly in a kind of proud silence. Lady Treston remembered and did not forgive his

criticism of his friend and her nephew, and since she did not forgive she remembered the better.

Roland was endowed with all the qualities essential to success, except the will to grasp it. An incentive must be found to stimulate him, and what incentive so great, so impelling as the incentive of a woman.

By a flash of inspiration she remembered Helen Brewster, a distant cousin of her husband—poor, proud, handsome, ambitious, and discontented—Lady Treston rapidly summed up her qualifications and found them all satisfactory, including her poverty, for Lady Treston was not a worldly woman in the sense of overvaluing riches, and after all Roland would have enough, if things turned out as she meant them to do.

To make things easy for Cupid a house-party was arranged at Foxford Manor, to take place in the middle of August when Roland York would be free. The meeting between Miss Brewster and York was auspicious enough and Lady Treston was satisfied. They had met some years before at a garden party at Oxford. They came together naturally of themselves by reason of that first meeting, when York was leaving the University and Helen was a girl of twenty with her head filled with what she afterwards characterized as rubbish.

She was now twenty-five—an age when a woman begins to be differentiated more clearly from the others of her sex and to reveal her own proper character free from the haze of convention.

"Do you find me changed since that stupid garden-party, ever so many years ago?" she asked as they stood together on the lawn facing the old Manor House.

He looked down at her face, carefully noting the broad, narrow brow, with the thick cluster of dark hair lying low above it, the well-shaped nose with its delicate, sensitive nostrils, the rich, olive-tinted coloring of her cheeks, and the full pouting lips, rebellious and expressive of hardly concealed discontent.

"Yes, you are changed"; he answered slowly and judicially. "And, if I may say so, I think you seemed happier five years ago."

"If to be ignorant was to be happy, perhaps I was," she returned, "as you remember it was five years ago, and I am now twenty-five, that makes a difference."

"There is no essential reason why twenty-five should be less happy than twenty," he said with a smile.

"There is no essential reason for anything," she broke out impetuously, "but yet you have guessed or discerned the truth—I am less happy; or, say, less satisfied now than I was at twenty. I suppose to be happy a woman must have her heart set upon a man or a child, unless she become a propagandist of some sort; and I am mediæval enough to hate women in men's garments."

"I think I understand—at least partly," he said. "Last winter I was at Oxford—at my old college, and if I had not been a man, I should have wept, because the place was the same and yet so different. But you see I am older than you."

She laughed a little bitterly.

"I am obliged for the reminder, but it is too soon for either of us to choose our coffins or compose our epitaphs."

A peal of childish laughter came from behind the shrubbery, which lay between them and the tennis court.

"They are the little Fosbrookes," she said. "Come and let us renew our youth in their company."

As they emerged on the greensward, a dog suddenly yelped, and one of the players, throwing down her racket, ran and picked up a little King Charles spaniel, which had been struck by the ball.

"Sweet, sweet," she cried, in a high-pitched, piping voice, putting the dog's head against her neck, "and was my darling hurt?"

Two little girls and a boy followed her, calling out "Sweet, sweet, and was he hurt?"

"That's Marjory—Marjory Mayhew, the daughter of one of the county families," Miss Brewster explained to York. "She comes to play with the children, and she's the biggest baby of them all herself."

Having consoled Rufino—the absurd name given to the dog—Marjory, still holding him against her neck, came up to Miss Brewster.

"Oh, isn't he sweet?" and she held out the dog to have his head patted.

"Miss Mayhew finds everything sweet from a chicken's heart to a full-grown pig," said Miss Brewster. "She even finds children sweet at all times and under all circumstances. She is to be envied, is she not?"

"Much, indeed," York answered watching, with more than a casual interest, the girl holding the spaniel against her neck.

She was uncommonly tall and generously proportioned, but she moved with an easy, springing gait. The hand which lay upon the spaniel's back was large, even disproportionately large, but her feet were, to York's relief, small and shapely. Her features were regular, her lips mobile, with a somewhat full curve under the chin, ominous for the future, her hair abundant and fair with a streak of red in it. Standing between the other two, Miss Brewster appeared dwarfed almost to insignificance, as Lady Treston emerging upon the tennis lawn noticed, and was grateful to the young Fosbrookes when they dragged Miss Mayhew away, shouting: "Come back and play, Margy."

"She is twenty-four, though but for her size she might be only fifteen," explained Miss Brewster. "I doubt her head will ever develop any more, though there's no saying where her bodily development will end. She has a wonderful influence on children."

In this wise Helen Brewster created about herself an atmosphere the direct opposite to that diffused by Marjory Mayhew.

During York's stay at Foxford Manor, he came but little into personal contact with Marjory. When he did, he was conscious of her charm, not a subtle charm, indeed, but a charm sweet, restful, and in a degree unaccountable. She was still a child, she spoke to York with the same frankness as she spoke to Dicky Fosbrooke, and with the same unconsciousness of the quickly awakened interest which lurked in his dark, wistful eyes.

As he drove to the station he contrasted the two farewells —the conventional expression of hope that he would have good sport, accompanied by the almost negligent pressure of three fingers, and the large, warm, generous handgrasp with which Marjory accompanied the reminder that he should not forget Dicky Fosbrooke's peg-top.

Her lack of appreciation of him irritated him, it even hurt him. Had she in some mysterious way seen into his heart, and unconsciously appraised him at his true value; or was she, as people said, an undeveloped baby interested solely in peg-tops and content with children's kisses?

For the moment he felt angry enough to prefer the self-conscious Helen Brewster; but swiftly following upon his anger came the desire to kindle in Marjory's heart a love for himself.

Early in December York received a letter from Lady Tres-

ton reminding him of his promise to spend Christmas with her. The hunting was very good and though the nights were frosty the scent was excellent. She added incidentally that she was recovering from an attack of influenza and the dear, sweet creature Marjory Mayhew had nursed her through it, "just as if I had been her own mother and not an ill-tempered old harridan. She makes an ideal nurse, and I know no other profession for women in which there is so much honor to be gained."

At Victoria station he met Larminie, who had also been invited; and the two traveled down together. Larminie was anxious to know who the rest of the house party were, but York could tell him nothing except what Larminie only cared to know, that Miss Brewster was to be of the party. On receiving that information Larminie's rather careworn features brightened visibly. York wished that he could be equally assured of Marjory's presence.

When the two men were ushered into the drawing-room at Foxford Manor Lady Treston was seated before a huge log fire and Marjory sprawled not ungracefully on the hearth.

"This child has been so good to me," explained Lady Treston, "that I have begged a further loan of her. Dear Roland, how kind but how extravagant of you," as York presented his hostess with a great bunch of lilies of the valley. "What Egyptian have you been spoiling for these?"

"Oh, sweet, sweet," piped Marjory, bending over the flowers.

"Does the thrush sing here so soon?" asked York laughing.

"No; but the jackdaw does, because he has only one note to his voice and that he cannot spoil," Marjory answered, showing her white teeth.

Her face was flushed with the heat of the fire and the dimple under her chin was a trifle deeper than York had remembered it. Helen was perhaps right technically—Marjory's beauty was more of to day than of to-morrow.

Helen was the last to appear and she made a strikingly handsome figure. She was beautifully dressed and jewels sparkled on her white, slender neck. Beside her Marjory looked a simple country girl, and even York confessed that she looked best on the green turf amidst trees and flowers.

Larminie was enraptured; his pale, eager face was flushed with pleasure, for he had the honor of taking Miss Brewster in to dinner. Yet though she talked with him, and talked well,

he was conscious that her eyes watched York; and the consciousness aroused some bitterness in him, especially as he was only too conscious of his own physical defects in comparison with York's splendid endowments.

He watched York and noticed that his eye turned often to the obscure corner of the table where Marjory Mayhew sat. With a certain jealous anger he perceived that Miss Brewster's eyes followed the direction of his own.

"A life without ambitious effort is absolutely ignoble," he said to his companion. "I had rather be dead than a drone or a sleeper."

"I cannot fancy you as either," Miss Brewster answered, looking with a certain sympathy at the restless, impetuous face. "Then, neither am I a drone or a sleeper—at least, not willingly."

"We have at least that bond of union," he returned with a laugh. "It is something to begin with. Perhaps later we shall find others."

"I hope we shall," Helen returned as her hostess rose from the table, "but at least it is a good beginning."

The evening ended in the usual way of house parties with music in the drawing-room, bridge in the card-room, and pool and billiards in the billiard-room.

Helen was a devoted bridge-player, and played well; so did Larminie, who continued to be her partner.

York and Marjory joined a party of pool players. He watched the girl play with a sense of physical pleasure. Despite her height, she was as graceful as a fawn and her light-hearted gaiety caused a positive atmosphere of buoyancy.

York was away all the next da 'n did not meet him till the dinner gong rang. After dinner the guests were distributed much as on the preceding evening. But after the first rubber Helen complained of a recurrence of her familiar headache and retired to her room.

A few minutes later she entered the billiard-room, her face white and her eyes very wide. As though she saw no one else, she went straight to York.

"Mr. York," she said, putting her hand on his sleeve and looking up into his eyes, "just now I went to my bedroom. At the door I heard a noise and, peeping in, I saw a man trying to open one of my boxes; there was the shadow of another too. I am sure they are burglars."

The color fled suddenly from York's face and a look of desperate and hunted fear came into his eyes.

"Burglars!" he repeated.

"Yes"; she replied impatiently. "Come quickly or I shall lose my jewels."

But York stood motionless, a figure of mute and abject terror. At last he moistened his dry lips. "The police—" he began in a stammering voice.

Helen had watched his face with a terror almost equal to that revealed there.

"Police," she exclaimed, her eyes riveted upon his with a horrible fascination.

A contemptuous laugh roused her.

"Come along, Miss Brewster," exclaimed Larminie, snatching up a poker from the hearth; "if the burglars get away with your jewel case there will be little use in crying police."

Helen turned a last appealing glance at York; then, with a sigh that was almost a moan, she followed Larminie from the room, the others crowding behind. York stood staring blankly before him, the billiard cue still in his hand.

Suddenly he felt soft, strong fingers grip his wrist.

"Mr. York, Miss Brewster's window looks on the shrubbery," whispered Marjory, "let us be quick and cut off their escape."

He would have resisted, but she drew him firmly with her. The cue fell to the floor and he followed her. The dull fear left his eyes, giving place to a sudden light. With her hand on his arm he must go, and so together they went out into the darkness.

Half an hour later the party again assembled in the billiard-room, most of them filled with pleasurable excitement. The burglar had shown little fight, when he was surprised on his knees, and that little was quelled by a timely blow from Larminie's poker. When he was bound hand and foot, he was carried to the kitchen to await the arrival of the police. But through the open window his mate had escaped.

As they were discussing the situation Marjory entered. Her hair was disheveled and there was a dark bruise under her left eye.

Lady Treston rushed to her.

"What has happened you, my darling?" she inquired.

"Oh, nothing," the girl answered. "Mr. York and I tried to

catch the man, but he was too quick for us. Mr. York has gone in pursuit of him."

"But your eye, dearest?"

Marjory put her hand to her eye.

"I must have knocked it against a tree," she said, "but it is nothing."

But Marjory was not clever at evasion, and no one believed that York had tried to capture the burglar any more than that he was now in pursuit of him. Larminie smiled indulgently. He could be indulgent now since he was the hero of a thrilling adventure.

When the lights were out, two women sat together miserably regarding one another. Helen's face was stained with tears of shame, anger, and disappointment.

"He is a coward, a craven coward," she said bitterly, "and every one knows it."

Lady Treston thought of her dead husband with the orders on his breast and her ambitions for Roland York. She suffered more than Helen, since for years her hopes had been centered on York. That such physical strength and beauty should harbor the heart of a coward was almost beyond the power of belief. And he had fled out into the night and sent the girl to lie for him. He should never come to Foxford Manor again, never again.

The next day being Christmas Day most of the party went to church. In York's presence nothing was said of the events of the preceding night, though in his absence nothing else was spoken of. If he noticed the coldness of his hostess and the furtive looks of Miss Brewster he did not show any sign of recognition. He appeared to be affected by a kind of suppressed excitement, as if some latent energy had been suddenly called into activity.

The ice on the lake was reported to be in good condition and a skating carnival was arranged for the afternoon. The trees were hung with Chinese lanterns and torches were supplied to the skaters. Dancing and races on the ice went on merrily, the sounds of laughter echoing sweetly on the frosty air. But York, though the most accomplished skater, took no part in them. He skated by himself, his eyes fixed on one figure, which came and went brandishing a torch, and with frequent cries of delight.

It was now Marjory's turn to race Larminie, the goal being a willow tree on the south side of the lake. They started level and for a time kept together, then Marjory went swiftly ahead, amidst shouts of laughter and encouraging cheers. The noise was followed by a sharp silence. The leading torch wavered amid an ominous crackling and sank. Larminie had only just time to skirt the hole through which Marjory had disappeared. Behind the suddenly terrified crowd of watchers broke a heart-rending cry of "Marjory," and past them with lightning speed went York towards the dark place, near which Larminie's torch blazed fitfully. Straight to the hole he went, whilst the watchers held their breath, then, with the raucous sound of breaking ice, he too disappeared into the darkness.

The awful silence was broken by the voice of Larminie calling for ropes and ladders. Torch holders surrounded the hole, at a safe distance, and from it emerged the head of York, one hand gripping the unbroken ice while with the other he clutched Marjory. Again and again the ice broke beneath his weight and he sank with his burden. His strength was failing, his fingers numbed with cold; his brain began to reel, there was no thought any longer of rescue, only one thing was clear to him, that he loved Marjory and that unless he could save her, it was best to die together.

When at last by means of ladders and ropes they drew them out York was only half conscious. With some difficulty they disengaged his arm from about Marjory's waist. His limbs were so numbed that he could hardly stand, and he watched with wistful eyes Marjory being carried away to the house.

A servant brought him a glass of hot brandy and water, and when he had drunk it the numbness passed sufficiently to allow him to walk back. All the while he seemed like one in a dream.

"I shall be all right when I have had a hot bath," he said smiling. "One ought not to mind a ducking."

When he reached the house they told him that Miss Mayhew was quite comfortable and had almost recovered from the shock. A hot bath and a change of clothes completely restored him and he came downstairs laughing at his hostess' anxious face.

There was a strange air of mystery and bewilderment about them all; but in the faces of Lady Treston and Miss Brewster a certain remorseful surprise.

"I am very proud of you, Roland," Lady Treston said tremulously. "Marjory owes her life to you."

"And I," he said, "owe her more than I can ever repay. How much that is I will tell you to-night if you can find time to hear me."

"You shall command my time and anything else," the lady answered with grateful relief.

"He risked his life to save her," said Helen bitterly, "for me he would not even risk a scar."

That evening after dinner, when most of the party were discussing the strange events of the two nights as they affected York's character, York sat in Lady Treston's boudoir and made his confession.

"All my life since I was a boy I feared pain and tried to avoid it. I never fought because fighting implied pain. Because I was strong, I was able to escape fighting and consequent pain. I became a man without ever having fought or struggled as a boy; so I grew to fear the idea of fighting more and more. The possession of physical strength gave me no consolation, beyond the fact that it deterred people from quarreling with and hurting me.

"Last night, as you all saw, I was terror-stricken at the suggestion that I should face a burglar. Marjory drew me out into the shrubbery to waylay the men if they should escape from the window. One of them did escape whilst I cowered in the shrubbery. When Marjory tried to hold him he struck her. It was then I forgot my fears. I sprang after him and caught him in the snipe bottoms about a mile off. I vented all my fury on him and until I heard from the police this morning I thought that I had killed him. Since last summer I have always been thinking of Marjory. Last night when every one deserted me, as they were justified in doing, Marjory understood and came to me and stood by me. It is no boastful thing to say that for Marjory I would face all the dangers of the world. To her I owe the manhood that has been so long in abeyance. I love her, but of love she herself knows nothing. Help me to win her so that I may keep my manhood; for without her I shall be in even worse case than when I was a coward."

Lady Treston stroked his hair affectionately.

"I will confess, Roland, that you have disappointed me by your want of ambition as well as other things, and I never

thought of Marjory as your wife. She is a dear, sweet child and very gentle and good. Whether she knows anything of love I cannot tell. Yesterday I should have said she did not. To-night I am not so sure. She is triumphant because she has proved all the rest of us wrong, and for the moment you are her hero. To-morrow it may be otherwise. Come, I will take you to her. Ask her to love and marry you, and if she consents give her this—she loves pretty things."

Lady Treston drew a handsome sapphire and diamond ring from her finger and gave it to York.

Marjory was lying on a couch in her room, swathed in a handsome dressing gown and her long, fair hair hanging about her shoulder.

The color rose in her cheeks when she saw York. He knelt and kissed the large, shapely hand.

"How are you now?" he asked.

"Oh, ever so well, and more grateful than I can tell," she answered. "You have saved my life."

"I come to ask my reward?" he whispered.

"What reward would you have?" she asked, turning her head away.

"I want you to love me and be my wife," he said passionately. "You know all my faults, my weakness—"

"There are none, and I knew it somehow always," she whispered.

He buried his face in the tangled masses of her hair.

"Then you will love me and marry me, and we shall face the world together?" he said.

"I will love you and marry you and we shall face the world together," she repeated, laughing joyously.

"Then this is a pledge of our love," he went on, slipping the ring upon her finger.

And Lady Treston, returning after a discreet absence, heard Marjory's voice piping: "Sweet, sweet," and knew that Roland York had pleaded his cause and won it.

"It's a pity for Helen," she said to herself, "but she was too ready to join in condemning him."

In this way Lady Treston salved her own conscience; and when Helen Brewster married Larminie she expressed the opinion that it was a most suitable match in every respect, since they both were admirable bridge players.

ANATOLE FRANCE'S "LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC."

BY J. BRICOUT.

THIS is not the first time that Joan of Arc has been the subject of extremely sharp debate. Men have been quarreling about her for a long while. Mentioning a few out of many, we have such well-known names as Richer, Voltaire, Quicherat, Michelet, Wallon, and Marius Sepet. Still it is no exaggeration to say that Joan has been discussed more ardently in our own days than at any other time since those thirty years of the fifteenth century in which she stirred the souls of men so deeply and roused in them such diverse feelings. Above all, ever since Pope Pius X. proclaimed her virtues heroic, and the Church began active preparations to raise her to the altar, militant freethinkers have redoubled their hatred for her memory, her life, her personality, and her acts. Many journalists and many professors of the University of France have won an unenviable distinction by heaping insults on her; and the Freemasons, no longer hoping to suppress, have dreamed for a moment of "laicizing" her. How vain their efforts! Joan is more popular than ever. Those for whom religion and native land remain always worthy of their greatest love; those also who are neither Catholic nor French, but whose hearts are stirred at the sight of heroism joined to youth and misfortune—in a word, all those who are not blinded nor perverted by hatred of religion—are more and more filled with admiration for the young girl who died unhesitatingly at the stake to save her country and to accomplish her mission. Will Joan of Arc become the patron saint of patriotism? Will the Church regain, through her, some of its lost popularity?

It is chiefly to retard the triumph of the Church that Anatole France has published his *Life of Joan of Arc*, and our enemies have worked to secure for it the noisy, widespread sale we know it has enjoyed. The excitement has already died out to a considerable extent in France, but not elsewhere. It is opportune, therefore, to prove that this new life of Joan of Arc has no scientific value. Moreover, there is nothing to keep

us from profiting by this examination to remind our Catholic and non-Catholic readers of some doctrinal truths that are too commonly overlooked. There will be three parts to this essay.

In the first, we will tell what the Church was to Joan of Arc; and, in turn, what Joan was and is to the Church—in opposition to what France asserts or insinuates.

In the second, we will show that our author does not set a right value on the documents we have at hand for writing a life of Joan.

After that it will be easy to prove, in the third part, that Anatole France's Joan of Arc is decidedly nothing but a caricature.

I.

"Voltaire," so France writes,* "makes fun of knavish monks and their dupes, because of their dealings with Joan." In this, France is Voltaire's faithful disciple. It is not too much to say that his chief desire is to have his readers believe that the Church has always used Joan for her own interests. She used the Maid once to end a war that was ruining her; she uses her now to regain prestige. What makes matters worse is that the Church basely condemned Joan during life while the English had the upper hand, and restored her good name after death when the French had gained the victory.† Worse yet, the Church stubbornly misrepresents her, and sets before us an unreal Joan, in the hope of profiting thereby. Joan often and unhesitatingly declared on solemn occasions that she trusted her own conscience rather than the heads of the Church; yet she is pictured as a very humble, docile Catholic, a believer in the Papal claims, an Ultramontane. Joan gave no proof of military talent; she was very weak during her last days; she was never anything but a wretched victim of hallucinations; yet people speak highly of the part she played and of her courage, and try to make her out an envoy from God.

Anatole France's Joan of Arc will have nothing divine in her; in fact, she will have but few of those extraordinary qualities that many freethinkers have extolled in the real Joan. He writes:

> Freethinkers of our times, impressed as most of them are by Spiritualism, refuse to recognize in Joan not only that

* *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc*, t. I., p. 62. †T. I., p. 20.

auto-suggestion which determines the acts of a seer like her, and the influence of a perpetual hallucination, but also the suggestions of the religious spirit. What she did through sanctity and devotion, they attribute to a reasoning state of ecstasy. We find such tendencies in the honest and learned Quicherat, who unwittingly throws a great deal of eclectic philosophy into Joan's piety. This point of view has its difficulties. It leads freethinking historians to form an absurdly exaggerated estimate of this child's intellectual faculties, ridiculously to attribute to her military talents, and to substitute a polytechnic phenomenon for the artless marvel of the fifteenth century. Catholic historians of our day are closer to nature and to truth when they make the Maid a saint. Unfortunately the idea of sanctity has greatly degenerated in the Church since the Council of Trent, and orthodox historians are very little inclined to acquaint themselves with the vagaries of the Catholic Church through the ages. As a consequence, they set the Maid before us as at once a saint and a modern. So far do they go that if one were asked to point out the most strangely travestied of all the different Joans of Arc, one would hesitate between their miraculous protectress of Christian France, the patron of officers and subalterns, the inimitable model of Saint Cyr cadets, and the romantic druidess, the inspired soldieress, the patriot gunneress of the Republicans, if a Jesuit father had not come along to make an Ultramontane Joan of Arc for us.*

M. Anatole France is neither an Ultramontane nor a professional patriot. Far from it! Consequently, he is right at home in bringing Joan down to the level of the sad reality—the reality set before us, according to him, by history and science.

We will see that he has not succeeded in his self-chosen task. But, alas! how many of his readers have had their admiration of our saintly heroine sorely shaken by M. France's talent and great cleverness?

The considerable success which his work has rapidly achieved is partly due to public curiosity and to his anti-clericalism. His freethinking friends, all-powerful at present, and the internationalists, with whom he willingly coquets, have given him a hearty welcome, so ably does he labor in the cause of irreligion and so skillfully does he minimize the "saint of patriotism." On the other hand, the world was very curious to know

*T. I., pp. 37–38.

how M. France, the Dreyfusard academician, the satirical and plain-speaking novelist, would conceive and paint the Maid whom the Church is about to canonize.

All this is true. But it is just to add that M. Anatole France's success may be still further explained by his artful way of flattering his readers and by his literary ability.

How many charming descriptions he gives, and how well he says things! There are no interminable controversies, no wearisome notes in his book, but an unbroken story, judiciously enriched, in a way that can be felt "with the form and the substance of ancient texts," * a story in which the utmost care has been taken to preserve the "tone of the times," without exaggeration or affectation, and the "archaic forms of language have been preferred," † in so far as they are intelligible. What an artist M. France is!

And how skillfully he makes the supernatural and the miraculous vanish. Our little Joan, with her visions and voices and success—he seems to explain them all very well. He reminds one of Renan's *Life of Jesus*. Renan was more "religious," more edifying. He broke out into soul-stirring passages about the "sweet Master" or the "melancholy Giant" of Palestine; he addressed delightful apostrophes to the young Prophet of Nazareth, to the "Son of God." Despite his air of candor and kindliness, M. France is more given to mocking, to jesting, and also to broad speech. Yet he is no less pleasing and entertaining. At times he tells unsavory anecdotes which are not necessary to his story, for the sole purpose of gratifying his readers' spirit of levity. How many pages, otherwise almost wholly worthless, are written with undeniable skill for the very same purpose!

M. Anatole France has succeeded in having himself read and also believed by those who are caught, held, and seduced by a fine phrase, a charming description, a flash of wit, or an elegant trifle. For most of them the case is settled. To the Church Joan has always been merely a means, an instrument for extricating herself from difficulties and for establishing her authority. M. France has proved it.

These superficial, unthinking people do not see that there is at least an apparent contradiction in what M. Anatole France has written. On the one hand, Joan allows herself to be led

* T I., p. 80. † T I., p. 81.

about like a fool; on the other, she prefers her own feeling to that of the Church. I do not wish to insist on this point, nor to examine whether the contradiction is real. It is better to show without delay that Joan was not the proud egotist she is pictured, nor the dupe of unscrupulous clerics.

Her judges at Rouen tried to draw out of her some word of rebellion against the Church. Was not that the best way to ruin her? It seems very probable even, that when she was in prison, many pretended friends advised her to refuse submission to the Church. One thing, at any rate, is certain. In speaking to her they used words which she did not understand at first. The Church militant was, she believed, the judges who were trying her—that is, her persecutors. She boldly refused to submit to their judgment. She had a right to do so. Even after it was explained to her that the "militant Church" meant all the Church authorities, she persisted the more frequently in appealing from them to God, to our Lord, to our Lady, and to all the saints in heaven. The reason why she acted thus was because she felt that so far as she was concerned, her judges and enemies had reduced the Church militant to the Bishop Cauchon and the vice-inquisitor whom Cauchon controlled. The proof is that when she was asked: "Do you think that you are bound to give full, complete answers to the Pope, the Vicar of God?" she replied: "Take me before him and I will answer all I ought to answer." It is true that under other circumstances, she declared, on March 31, 1431, that she wanted to obey God before all else. "Our Lord God being first obeyed." These spirited words are in no wise contrary to the docility required by the Church. This was well understood by her enemies. When Joan again and again declared at the cemetery of Saint-Ouen that she left her cause in the hands of God and the Pope, they were content with replying: "It is impossible to go to the Pope at Rome." Her appeal to the Pope and a council, from the judge who was also her mortal enemy, does not prove her unsubmissive. The bishop is not, as they told her, sole judge in his diocese. Ultramontanes are not alone in saying this; every Catholic believes it.

Joan of Arc, then, was not the rebellious individualist they try to make her out. Was she the unconscious dupe her latest historian imagines? M. Anatole France is sure that the court

and the churchmen who were partisans of Charles VII. skillfully made use of her to further their mutual interests. He writes as follows:

> I have not questioned Joan's sincerity. She cannot be suspected of lying; she believed firmly that she had received her mission from her voices. It is more difficult to know whether or not she was unconsciously guided by others. What we know about her before her arrival at Chinon amounts to very little. *We are led to believe* * that she had undergone certain influences. *It is the way with all visionaries*—an unseen director leads them. *It must have been so with Joan.* At Vaucouleurs she was heard saying that the Dauphin had the kingdom "in commendam." She did not learn that phrase from her village folk. She was reciting a prophecy which she had not invented herself, but which had evidentiy been made up for her.
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> She *must* have been with priests who were partisans of the Dauphin Charles, and were anxious to have the war ended. Abbeys had been burned, churches pillaged, divine worship abolished. These pious people who sighed for peace, seeing that the treaty of Troyes had not brought it about, placed all their hope in the expulsion of the English.†
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> . . . Sufficient attention has not been paid to the fact that the French party was very clever in setting her at work. The clerics of Poitiers set her off to advantage by examining her in a leisurely way concerning her habits and her faith. These clerics of Poitiers were not religious, unacquainted with the ways of the world. They were the Parliament of the lawful king, exiles from the University, men deep in the affairs of the kingdom and very much concerned in revolutions, men stripped of their property, ruined, and extremely impatient to return unto their own. The ablest man in the Council, the Archbishop-Duke of Rheims, chancellor of the kingdom, was at their head. By the length and solemnity of their questions they centered on Joan the curiosity, the interest, and the hopes of the astonished crowds.‡
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> . . . What were the true relations between the royal Council and the Maid? *We do not know.* That is a secret which will never be revealed. The judges at Rouen thought they knew that she received letters from Saint Michael. *It is possible* that her simple faith was sometimes abused. We have reason to believe that the march on Rheims was not

* We have put in the italics in this and subsequent passages.

† T. I., pp. 38–39. ‡ T. I., pp. 41–42.

> suggested to her in France, but it is certain that the Chancellor of the kingdom, Messire Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims, was very anxious to be seated again on the throne of the Blessed Remy, and to enjoy again his benefices.*

It must have been so. . . . We are led to believe. . . . It is the way with all the visionaries. . . . It is possible, etc. Give us proofs, my good sir, something besides insinuations and suppositions.†

That the interests of certain churchmen, of Mgr. Regnault de Chartres in particular, coincided with the mission of Joan, or that their conduct helped the Maid, is not a proof that they suggested this mission to her or that they turned her to their own account. Why is the assertion made that Joan could have learned the term "in commendam" only from clerics who were whispering to her what to say and do? "She was reciting a prophecy, which she had not invented herself, but which had evidently been made up for her." What are such assertions worth? What are we to think of this argument on which M. France continually relies?

Joan seems to have applied to herself a certain prophecy which declared that "France would be ruined by a woman (Isabel of Bavaria) and then restored by a virgin from the Marches of Lorraine." Whence does this prophecy come? Or, to broaden out our inquiry, whence come the varied prophecies which were current at that time, and which were falsely ascribed to Merlin the Enchanter‡ and to Venerable Bede? Merlin is made to say that a wonder-working virgin would come from Boischesnu, and Bede that this virgin would come in 1429.

Joan knew nothing of Merlin's prophecy until she reached Chinon. Bede's was not in circulation until she was in Orleans. Again we ask: Who made up those prophecies and set them agoing? M. France writes:

> If this revised prophecy of Merlin's is not the one that Joan heard at the village, saying that a maiden would come from

* T. I., p. 44.

† "One would have to know very little about human nature," Michelet once wrote, "to think that when her hopes were thus shattered, she (Joan of Arc) still retained an unshaken faith. It is not certain that she uttered the word (of recantation) but I assert that she thought it" (*History of France*, Vol. VI., p. 208). Michelet trusted his intuitions. M. France does the same. They are of the same school—the school in which imagination and conjecture often take the place of the documentary evidence.

‡ The prophecy found in the *Historia Britonum* makes no mention of Boischesnu, etc. Bois-Chesnu (bois de chênes) was about a mile and a half from Joan's paternal home.

the Marches of Lorraine to save the kingdom, it is a first-cousin to it. They bear a family resemblance; they were both launched in the same spirit and for the same purpose. We must see herein an indication of an agreement between the clerics of the Meuse and those of the Loire to focus attention on the miracle-worker of Domremy.*

A little further on M. France adds the following:

These false prophecies give us a glimpse of the means by which Joan was brought into action. Doubtless they are somewhat too artificial for us. Those clerics considered only the end—the peace of the kingdom and of the Church. The way had to be paved for that miracle. Do not be overmuch annoyed by the discovery of those pious frauds, without which the Maid's miracles could not have been effected. Some art and even a little trickery is always required to win a hearing for innocence.†

These phrases, Renanesque in the highest degree, clearly indicate M. France's thought. "*Pious frauds; agreement* between the clerics of different parts of the country; the clerics made up the false prophecies." But why, we ask, does he accuse the churchmen rather than others?

Who acquainted her with the prophecy which said that France would be re-established by a maid from the Marches of Lorraine? Was it a peasant? We have reason to believe that the peasants did not know this prophecy, and that she was always with religious. Furthermore, to be perfectly certain of the truth in this matter, we need only take note of the fact that Joan had heard a special version of this prophecy—a version plainly cut out for her, for it specifically stated that the restoring maiden would come from the Marches of Lorraine. The mention of this locality could not be the work of a cowherd; it betrays a mind skilled in the guidance of souls and the control of conduct. Doubt is no longer possible. The prophecy thus rounded out and set at work, comes from some cleric whose intentions are easy to see. Thenceforth we catch glimpses of a thought which lies heavy on the young visionary and drives her on. This churchman from the banks of the Meuse, while out in the quiet fields, thought over the lot of his unhappy people, and, in the hope of turning Joan's visions to account for the good of the kingdom and the bringing about of peace, he went so far in his pious zeal

* T. I., p. 204. † T. I., p. 207.

> as to gather up some prophecies concerning the safety of the lilies of France, and to fill them out with details suited to his purpose, He was a priest or religious, from either Lorraine or Champagne who suffered severely from the public misfortune.* . . . Joan associated a great deal with priests and monks. She was in the habit of visiting her uncle, the Curé of Sermaize, and of calling to see her cousin, a young professed religious in the abbey of Chaminon, who was soon to follow her into France. Thus she found herself connected with many ecclesiastics who were very quick to recognize her singular piety and the gift she had received of seeing things which were invisible to the crowd. *If the talks they had with her had been handed down to us*, they would doubtless reveal to us the sources of her extraordinary vocation. One of those men, whose name will never be known, prepared an angelic defender for the king and the kingdom of France.†

"*If they had been handed down to us.*" That shows they were not. Consequently, they are made up purely and simply out of the imagination. M. France admits also that our knowledge of Joan's uncle and cousin, whom he mentions, rests on very sharply suspected genealogical documents. In that case, all we have had from M. France is pure hypothesis, and he does not prove that the prophecies in question are the work of churchmen. Beyond all this, even if it were certain that some clerics had craftily helped Joan to accomplish her mission, it would not follow that they had suggested it to her. For us this is precisely the essential point. Joan had already seen and heard her angels and saints before she knew anything about the prophecies. Now we will see that her voices and her visions came from heaven. Why not her vocation of liberatrix as well? There is nothing, absolutely nothing, to prove the contrary.

We must also call attention to this that a few clerics do not constitute the Church, and that even when some of them are guilty of *pious frauds*, one has no right to blame the Church.

This elementary distinction must always be borne in mind when one speaks of Joan, of the Church, and of their mutual relations. Joan is unwilling to submit to certain *Churchmen*—she does not thereby refuse to submit to the *Church*. Certain clerics—this is a gratuitous supposition, for it has not been

* T. I., pp. 51–52. † T. I., p. 54.

proved—played on the simplicity of Joan and on the credulity of the crowd—no one has a right to say that the people were deceived by the Church. The bishop, Cauchon, the vice-inquisitor, Jean Lematre, the judges at Rouen, the University of Paris, together with a few Italian and German ecclesiastics, are not the Church, the Church in its entirety, the Universal Church. M. France ought to remember that such forgetfulness is hardly excusable in the uneducated and unthinking. Why then are people so ready to charge the Church with the fault of some among her members? Why, again, are they so dreadfully scandalized because priests, bishops, and popes are not all saints; and because some of them made mistakes in grave circumstances? Alas, we are all weak and although the clergy as a body is still the most virtuous class of men, no one of its members is without sin. Truly I am astonished to have that considered a crime in us. As for infallibility—the Pope himself possesses that prerogative only in doctrinal matters and when he speaks as Supreme Teacher of the whole Church. Do freethinkers dream of a Church whose chiefs would all be infallible and impeccable, always and in all things?

For that matter, we have no great reason to blush for the attitude of the Church or of churchmen towards Joan of Arc, whether in the fifteenth century or in our own. To read M. Anatole France, one would think that the clerics of Poitiers, those who took part in the process of condemnation or in that of rehabilitation, as well as those who recently prepared the decree which proclaimed the heroic character of Joan's virtues, together with the Pope who signed it, had all, or nearly all, of them nothing in view but their own personal interest or the interests of their Church, and that hardly one of them cared for either justice or truth. They are all fools or knaves. To be sure, M. France, who is not a M. Homais but a very thorough gentleman, does not use such low phrases; but at heart he would be very well pleased to have his readers form such a judgment of us.

Are we in truth such rascals or fools, such self-seekers, such egotists? Does Joan's past or present history show us in so hateful a light?

M. France has two chapters on the Maid at Poitiers. He makes the clerics who examined Joan there appear simply grotesque. Yet, when we take up a truth-loving book, which

does not aim, like M. France's, at making the clergy ridiculous and odious, and read the story of the inquiry at Poitiers, we find not a single fact to the dishonor of the priests who examined the Maid. The conclusion reached by those venerable doctors breathes prudence and wisdom:

> The king, taking into account his own and the country's needs, and considering the continual prayers offered up to God by his unhappy people and by all who love peace and justice, should not dismiss or reject the Maid who says she has been sent by God to help him, not even if those promises are merely human; nor, on the other hand, should he believe in her lightly or speedily. But, in accordance with Holy Writ, he should try her in two ways.

Now Joan, the doctors continue, has been proved in the first way and "no evil has been found in her, but only good; humility, virginity, etc." As for the sign asked of her, the Maid declared she would give it before the city of Orleans. The king, then, should not keep her from going to Orleans with his troops, but, hoping in God, he should have her brought thither in fitting fashion. To be afraid of her, or to put her away when there is no sign of evil in her, would be to fight against the Holy Spirit and to render himself unworthy of God's help.* No decision, surely, could be wiser.

In telling the story of her condemnation, M. Anatole France wants to make a two-fold impression on his readers. First, that Joan was not so brave as has been said; and that, on several occasions, she doubted her voices and her mission. Secondly, that most of her judges, while they respected the forms of law, listened only to their hatred, their prejudices, their prepossessions, their ambition, or their interests; while Joan's friends, who should have defended, basely abandoned her.

Let us lay aside for the moment the question of Joan's courage. So far as the judges are concerned, the appearances are very much as M. France says, and the facts fit in, to a certain extent, with the appearances. Still, even here we must guard against exaggeration. For, as has been very justly written: "It was not merely to obey the English and to satisfy Cauchon that so many doctors condemned Joan of Arc. They were not all bought. Many sincerely believed that the

* T. I., p. 247–248.

firmness of the accused was resistance to the authority of the Church. Cauchon very skillfully seduced the credulous by means of this argument, just as he won over the clear-headed by other means. Everything, money, threats, promises, corruption, and even scruples—were used to destroy the victim. The judges were not all equally infamous. Many were merely blinded by prejudice. To say that does not greatly relieve the dignity of human nature, but we must for all that grant it the benefit of that slightly extenuating circumstance." *

In the same way I am willing to grant that the clerics of Poitiers and the Archbishop of Rhiems, to whom Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, was a suffragan, as well as Charles VII., did not do their best to save Joan of Arc. But, alas! it is only too easy to understand how her reverses and, later on, her condemnation, had disturbed her friends. What were they to think of her very victories? Had there been sorcery in her achievements? or chance? or illusions? Doubt had entered into their hearts. Embarrassed and downcast, they took refuge in silence, as if they thought in their hearts: "It is God's place to defend her, if He sent her." †

Twenty years later, when victory had settled down on the banners of Charles VII., when the English had been driven out of France, and the final triumph had vindicated Joan, her friends did not fail to press for her rehabilitation. M. Anatole France has not the slightest suspicion that there is anything more than a self-seeking policy in all that, but we have as much reason to find a generous feeling in it. It is astonishing to me that M. France, who has worked with such hot energy for the revision of the Dreyfus trial, sees nothing but comedy and self-seeking in the trial for the rehabilitation of Joan. Truly there is nothing like the fanaticism of irreligion to make a man unjust. To quote Petit de Julleville again:

> Joan had been condemned by a bishop and by theologians whose legal right to try her is open to debate, and whose iniquity, both in the course of the trial and in the twofold sentence with which it ended, is perfectly evident. She was cleared of this libelous sentence by the decree of a higher and wholly disinterested tribunal. The King and the Pope had

* L. Petit de Julleville, *La Vénérable Jeanne d'Arc*, pp. 171–172. L. Petit de Julleville, who died recently, was a professor of the Faculty of Letters in the University of Paris. His life of Joan of Arc appeared in 1900 in the justly valued collection, *The Saints* (Gabalda, Paris, 90 rue Bonaparte).

† Petit de Julleville, *op. cit.*, p. 105.

> nothing to gain by this act of justice and of reparation. The king reminded all that he had been long ungrateful or at least forgetful. The Pope in reversing so slowly the unjust decision of an ecclesiastical court, declared that he had been deceived for a long time by the false reports he had received from the University of Paris. Both the King and the Pope must be praised all the more that they thought only of justice in rehabilitating Joan of Arc.*

Precisely so!

Finally, is it very hard to understand the present attitude of the Church towards Joan of Arc, without having recourse to the hypothesis of self-seeking calculations?

In 1869 Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and twelve other bishops, addressed a petition to Pius IX., with a view to bring about the Maid's canonization. A first inquiry was held at Orleans. Its conclusions were ratified by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and in consequence thereof, on January 27, 1894, Leo XIII. declared Joan a *Venerable Servant of God* and introduced the cause of her beatification. Then after a ten years' conscientious and minute examination, Pius X. proclaimed on January 6, 1904, that Joan "had practised the theological and cardinal virtues, and those annexed to them, in a heroic degree, so that from this point of view, there is nothing against her beatification." There is every ground to hope that we will not have to wait long to have her beatified and finally canonized.

It must be admitted that the Church does not involve her infallibility in the process of beatification, for her judgment is not yet definitive. But let us suppose, for the sake of clearness, that the last step has been taken, that the Church has solemnly and definitively pronounced judgment as to the sanctity of Joan; let us suppose, in other words, that Joan has been canonized. Our enemies, who are unwilling to see in this slow procedure and these preliminary inquiries anything more than a sham examination intended to dazzle and to deceive the unreflecting, will cry out, as they have already, that now more than ever Catholic historians will be obliged to picture the Maid to themselves according to the ecclesiastical type, without taking account of evidence or of science. How ignorant they are of the Church's teaching on this subject!

* *Op. cit.*, pp. 187-188.

When Joan of Arc shall have been canonized, every Catholic will have to believe that she is really in heaven and that she practised virtue in a heroic degree while on earth. And since Joan's heroic virtue can mean only heroic fidelity to her mission, a Catholic will have to admit "a certain reality in that mission; then, a divine intervention; and also a certain reality in her visions and revelations taken as a whole."* Every Catholic will have to believe this much, but nothing more. At the same time Catholic historians and savants will enjoy a great deal of liberty in treating of Joan.

"There is no reason why a heroic soul should not be liable to passing, accidental illusions. Many canonized saints were notoriously deceived in particular cases concerning interior words, prophecies, and even visions."† Perpetual hallucinations are incompatible with what the Church means by heroic virtue. The divine mission of Joan also implies a certain reality in her visions and revelations as a whole. She could not, then, be the victim of perpetual hallucinations, as M. France imagines. It is possible, however, that she sometimes had passing, accidental illusions. She may have taken *imagined* words and *imagined* visions for *exterior* words and *exterior* visions;‡ she may have thought that she saw and heard outside of her what—though real and supernatural—she saw and heard only within herself. Her temperament finally, and her surroundings, may have had some influence on her visions and her voices.§

In another way also Catholics have full liberty in writing about Joan. She practised virtue in a heroic degree. Heroism of virtue, of innocence, is incompatible with any grave fault,

* J. V. Bainvel, professor of Theology in the Catholic Institute of Paris, *apropos* of a Life of Joan of Arc in the *Revue du Clergé Français*, May 15, 1908, p. 462. Letouzey et Ané. Paris, 76 rue des Saints-Pères.

† J. V. Bainvel, *op. cit.*, p. 460.

‡ "*Exterior* or audible words are heard by the ear like natural words. One hears sounds which are produced supernaturally. The *imagined* words, or messages, are likewise formed of words, but are received directly without the help of the external organ of hearing. It may be said that they are perceived by the imaginative sense. . . . *Exterior*, called also ocular visions, are perceived by the eyes of the body. A material being takes shape or seems to take shape outside of us, and we perceive it like everything around us. *Imagined* visions consist also in seeing a material object but without the help of the eyes. It is perceived by the imaginative sense." Aug. Poulain, S.J. *Des Graces d'Oraison*. 5th ed. 1906. Pp. 293-295 (Retaux, Paris, 82 rue Bonaparte). In both cases there is a supernatural action.

§ Father Poulain's work, *Des Graces d'Oraison*, may be read with profit in the study of these interesting and difficult, but generally unknown, questions. The fourth part deals with visions and revelations. The twenty-first chapter, "Illusions to be Feared," is especially suggestive.

and, therefore, Joan was not guilty of grave faults. Let all that be granted. How many questions remain to be cleared up by the findings of history or of the moral sciences! Is not heroic virtue compatible with a transient and somewhat blameworthy weakness? Let us admit that the Church might refuse to beatify or to canonize Joan if it were proved, after a due consideration of the gravity of the circumstances, that she was weak in the cemetery of Saint-Ouen, though the weakness were but slightly culpable. For all that, one could not say that the historical question of the abjuration in the cemetery was settled by the mere beatification or canonization of Joan. That would be going too fast. For there are many solutions besides that of grave sin, or of a pardonable weakness, or of the falsity of the charge.* "She might have signed it, for example, without any thought of wrong-doing, under the influence of her treacherous advisers, or out of deference to ecclesiastical authority, etc. We might perhaps admit a moment of hardly conscious weakness, immediately atoned for by a heroic disavowal." †

This shows that criticism may still be applied in the study of Joan's life, and that Catholic historians of the Maid are not bound to paint her for us in exactly the same way.‡ They will go on viewing her in quite different lights, according to their scientific opinions; and, above all, according to the faith they put in this or that document or page of a document. That will be their right. What is essential is that the Maid they set before us be always the holy young girl who deserves our esteem and veneration. It is essential, too, that their Joan have nothing about her of the hateful caricature that M. France substitutes for her.

We will show in our next article that when the documentary evidence is carefully examined with reference to these, the only essential points, it is with the Church and against M. France.

* It is very probable, as we shall see later on in detail, that the formula of abjuration found in the official reports of the trial, is not the one that was read to Joan, nor even a simple development of it.

† J. V. Bainvel, *art. cit.*, p. 463.

‡ As a matter of fact, the biographies of Joan by Petit de Julleville, M. Marius Sepet, and Wallon are not like those written by M. l'Abbé Dunand, M. le Chanoine Debout, and Père Ayroles.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

New Books.

ESSAYS ON THE APOCALYPSE.

It is so rare nowadays to find a layman equipped in any of the ecclesiastical sciences, that the appearance of a volume of exegesis from the pen of a gallant colonel in the service of Great Britain is, independent of the intrinsic quality of the book, a pleasing surprise. The subject of the work is the Apocalypse.* "Ah!" you say knowingly, "I understand; another fantastic key to the number of the beast, and the whereabouts of Armagedon, the identification of Anti-Christ, evolved from the consciousness of the interpreter." Not at all. This is a serious work, deserving of consideration. Some time ago the author published, under the *nom de plume* of J. J. Elar, a study on the Apocalypse which met with favorable appreciation. The present publication is an amplification of the former.

The first question the writer poses for solution is to fix the authorship and date of the work. He argues for the date 67 A. D., relying chiefly on internal indications which show, he holds, that the motive of the work was to sustain the Christians during actual persecution. The argument drawn from Dionysius of Alexandria, by those who would fix the date in the reign of Domitian, is put aside on the ground that, in the passage relied upon, Dionysius is not dealing with the date of Revelation, but with the beast of the Apocalypse, whom he took to be Anti-Christ: "He assumed, in passing, without argument or comment, that the Apocalypse was seen in Domitian's reign." "He wrote of when the book was seen, not of the date of its writing." The authorship is ascribed, without reservation, to St. John the Evangelist.

The next question considered is the identification of the beast, and the reason why the key to the Apocalypse was so early lost. There is no reference, the author holds, to a personal Anti-Christ in the Apocalypse; this idea is a growth of subsequent times. The beast is the Roman Government. The key was lost through the very cryptical character of the writ-

* *Essays on the Apocalypse.* By James I. L. Ratton, M.D., etc. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ing. This style was adopted by St. John in order that the document, which was of a highly political and secret character, might evade the scrutiny of Roman officials, and yet be intelligible to the brethren for whose comfort it was intended. The second beast, or "the false prophet" the writer argues, is the pagan hierarchy; and Armagedon is the battle of Chalons-sur-Marne, in which Attila overthrew an immense Roman army, opening to himself the road to Italy and Rome. In the "Seven Churches of Asia," Colonel Ratton finds a prophetic presentation of the history of the Catholic Church. "Knowing what we know now of the Seven Churches of Asia, can we suppose that the awful and magnificent visions and predictions of the Apocalypse were specially intended for them? The answer to that question is this. Those churches ran their short course and died out centuries ago, without succeeding in interpreting the Apocalypse. It was a sealed book to them, and they rejected it. If we apply these messages to the seven ages of the Catholic Church, they correspond with the facts of history in a very remarkable way; and what is more, they strengthen the divine claim of the Catholic Church on all serious students of the Apocalypse." The author's essay to work out this application is ingenious, rather than convincing; especially where he finds that the Church of Sardis, the Church of the Reformation, came to an end about the Victorian era, and out of it has grown the Church of Philadelphia, the present age, when, throughout the English-speaking world, there is a mighty movement towards the Catholic Church.

SPIRITUALISM.

The conviction is growing among many who observe the signs of the times that Spiritualism is becoming a real and active danger to the faith of many Catholics. That this opinion is entertained in high quarters may be inferred from the fact that a gentleman whose publications have conferred on him the authority of an expert on the topic has been charged by one of the highest officials of the Curia to come to America and deliver, if possible, in all our seminaries, a course of lectures on the nature and the dangers of spiritualism. An English priest, in the course of a series of sermons,* which attracted so much attention that he has been induced to

* *Sermons on Modern Spiritualism.* By A. V. Millar, O.S.C. St. Louis: B. Herder.

publish them, declares that this religion—for a religion he declares it is—has made great inroads on the Christian faith in England.

> As a matter of fact, a little attention and inquiry would show that Spiritualism is, at the present time, full of vitality and activity, and that its vigor and growth is daily increasing. Perhaps we Catholics hear less about it than non-Catholics. . . . Nevertheless, there is always danger of unfervent and unwary Catholics being drawn into the meshes of this snare, and once within the snare either the fascination of imagining themselves to be in communication with the dead, or the relentless tyranny of the spirits makes it a matter of extreme difficulty to recover themselves. There is abundant evidence to hand that many Catholics are thus entrapped.

The gist of Father Millar's sermons is to present the nature and dangers of Spiritualism in much the same light as they appear in Mr. G. Raupert's book *The Dangers of Spiritualism.* After all reasonable deduction is made for fraud and charlatanism, so runs the preacher's burden, there remain a mass of well-attested facts that can be ascribed only to preternatural agencies. These agencies, according to the Spiritualist claim, are disembodied spirits of the dead; the fact is that they are diabolical. Their purpose is, by lying and by deceitfully playing on the susceptibilities of the men and women who put themselves in communication with them, to destroy their faith in God, future punishment, and all the other truths of Christianity. These spirits parade under false names; they make false and often contradictory statements on religious subjects; if they sometimes give utterance to noble or pious sentiments, this is done only to inspire a confidence which they mean to abuse. Father Millar draws an appalling picture of the tyranny which the spirits establish over their victims. The sitter at the spiritualistic seance is required to hold his will in a state of "passivity. This passivity constitutes a very grave danger. By suspending the exercise of our free will frequently in this manner we may induce a habit, with the result that we shall no longer be able to resist the spirits, and we shall pass under their domination to the ruin of our health, our peace, and, in many cases, ultimately of our reason.

For these assertions Father Millar brings forward a thick array of proof. On the subject of insanity as the outcome of spiritualistic practices, he quotes many authorities, among them the eminent alienist, Dr. Forbes Winslow, and one of his own acquaintances:

> Only a few weeks ago I was speaking to a physician who had been himself in charge of an asylum, and he had exactly the same story to tell, *viz.*, that a considerable proportion of those who are confined in our asylums are there in consequence of dabbling in Spiritualism. He added that in his own practice, during the previous six months, he had had quite twenty cases of insanity arising entirely from this cause.

Father Millar's denunciation of these dangerous and pernicious practices is strong enough to be an efficacious deterrent to any Catholic who might be tempted to make experiment of Spiritualism. Evidently, however, a promiscuous diffusion of his book might easily do as much harm as good; and the same may be said of preaching sermons on Spiritualism. Where, as is the case in most instances, Catholics believe that Spiritualism is nothing but deceit and delusion, why take pains to convince them that they are wrong, and thereby, perhaps, evoke a dangerous curiosity that may lead them to the mediums and the *seance* parlors?

SOPHIA RYDER.

While the literature of the results of the Oxford movement is rich in the biographies of men who came to the Church in the wake of Newman, very few women have obtained a similar celebrity. It is pleasing to find the name of one who well deserves the honor recorded permanently in a modest and charming biography.* Sophia Ryder, who was born in 1817, was a daughter of the Honorable and Right Rev. Henry Ryder, Bishop, first of Gloucester, and afterwards of Lichfield and Coventry. Her brother, who married the sister of Archdeacon Manning's wife, was a friend of Manning and James Hurrell Froude; and when he became a rector drew attention to himself by his ritualistic innovations. Sophia be-

* *A Conversion and a Vocation.* Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart. Westminster: Art & Book Company.

gan, in 1845, to pass through the great conflict that was then trying the souls of so many; and, shortly after, in company with her brother, went to Rome. Here light grew apace, as she came in contact with many Catholics. Her brother exacted a promise that she would not take any decisive step for some time. Then he fell sick, and during his illness underwent a heart-searching that transformed him.

> A long and restless night was spent in a serious review of his own position. "What," he asked himself, "would I do if I were sure I was going to die of this illness?" Then he thought over the consequences that would follow such a step; the martyrdom, not indeed of the sword like the martyrs of the catacombs, but one hardly less real, of bitter words and contempt, and loss of home and house, of the means of educating his children, and hardest, perhaps, of all, of providing for their delicate mother in anything like the way she had been accustomed to.

But the maxim "Seek first the Kingdom of God" prevailed.

> Next morning he awoke well, got up as usual, and his morning greeting to his sister was: "Well, dear, are you ready to enter the Church of Rome—the Holy Catholic Church?" Sophia could hardly believe her ears. She had just come from Mass, and had been wondering in our Lord's presence how she was to tell her brother that she dared not put off asking to be received into the Church any longer.

Sophia was received very soon after, and in a short time entered the novitiate of the Order of the Good Shepherd near London. As a Sister of the Good Shepherd the remainder of her long life was passed in various places—Bristol, Malta, Liverpool, Glasgow—till at length she died at Finchley Convent, near London, at the age of eighty-four. The story of these years is briefly told; for the incessant sacrifice of a Good Shepherd nun offers little to the chronicler except those recurrent scenes of grace and repentance brought about by her labors for the outcast. Of these there are some touching instances in this little volume.

BIBLE STUDIES.

This volume* is adapted to the wants of the Sunday-School. It consists of a series of biographies of the most prominent teachers and leaders of ancient Israel, of St. John the Baptist, the Apostles, and the Evangelists. Each story is an amplification of the Bible history, accompanied with elucidating observations and edifying reflections. The narrative flows easily in a simple, clear style; and is interspersed with information that helps the pupil to understand the history. Dr. Mullany sticks stanchly to traditional exegesis, and does not perplex the pupil by even suggesting any of the debatable questions that are discussed by the most orthodox Scriptural scholars. This book might do a great service outside the Sunday-School if it could find its way into the hands of the laity at large, where there is but little knowledge of the Bible.

LOURDES.

In many respects the history of Lourdes and its cures, by Dr. Bertin,† which has been translated into English for the Westminster series, is the most satisfactory work that we possess on the subject. In many others an excess of emotionalism spoils the value of their evidence to the miraculous.

On the other hand, Dr. Bertin, though not lacking in fervor and piety, does not allow the expression of his faith to interfere with his main purpose. This purpose is to set forth, with invincible clearness, the evidence that exists to prove, in the first instance, the indisputably miraculous character of the visions of Bernadette; and, in the second place, the equally miraculous nature of some of the most remarkable cures which have taken place at the Grotto of Lourdes, and, in one instance, at a shrine of our Lady of Lourdes in Belgium. His method is to state the facts that are known to have occurred, to cite the eyewitnesses who testified to them, and then to take up successively the various explanations offered by those who refuse to believe in any miraculous intervention. He draws up his case with the care of a lawyer for the laws of evidence,

* *Bible Studies.* By Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D. Syracuse: The Mason-Henry Press.

† *Lourdes. A History of Its Apparitions and Cures.* By Georges Bertin. Translated by Mrs. Philip Gibbs. New York: Benziger Brothers.

and with a scientist's scrupulous devotion to facts and nothing but facts. After relating the history of Bernadette's experiences, in the first chapter, he proceeds, in the next, to examine it critically in order to show that she was sincere and could not have been the victim of hallucination.

In the selection of cures, all doubtful and insignificant ones are set aside; such only are chosen as from the nature of the case compel attention. The evidence, usually that of medical men, witnessing to the patient's preceding condition, usually judged an incurable one, is first stated; then the fact and circumstance of the cure; and finally, testimony from persons who examined the patient after the miracle had been performed.

He disposes of the various theories that unbelievers have resorted to in order to gainsay the miraculous character of the cures—suggestion, auto-suggestion, and the natural therapeutic quality of the water. The diseases of those patients whose cases he has selected, and the manner of the cures, he shows to be a sufficient answer to these allegations.

No open, unbiassed mind can resist the force of this book. As a contemporary witness to the supernatural it is worth car loads of dialectic apologetics, for a certain type of mind. Agnostics, who are impervious to the classic arguments for the existence of God, will find here reasons for belief which, if they are true to their own principles, they cannot set aside. The supernatural character of Lourdes challenges the investigation of scientists. Yet, contrary to the first principle of their scientific creed, sceptical scientists refuse to examine. As the author of the Preface to this volume says:

> We ask that the miracles of Lourdes should not be denied without examination, but should be submitted to a careful and searching examination; but Science, as represented by a very considerable number of learned men, declines to investigate at all. This refusal, this easy method of setting aside evidence, is so utterly unscientific as to deserve the strongest reprobation even of men who pretend to nothing beyond that amount of common sense which is supposed to be the very basis of all Science.

The sceptical man of science who exhausts the vocabulary of contempt in scoffing at the blind prejudice of the theologian shows himself to be completely dominated by prejudice and

prepossession when asked to examine the proofs of miraculous intervention. A striking and typical instance of this truth is to be found in Huxley's verdict on Lourdes. In the *Life of Huxley* there is a letter of his friend, Sir Joseph Hooker, relating to a tour they made together in France in 1873. At that time Lourdes was the most talked of subject everywhere in that country. Huxley became interested in it. Did he go to examine for himself, as a true scientist? No; "He got together all the treatises upon it, favorable or the reverse, that were accessible, and, I need hardly add, soon arrived at the conclusion that the so-called miracles were in part illusions and in part delusions." His opinion on the apparitions was as follows: "It was a case of two peasant children sent in the hottest month of the year into a hot valley to collect sticks for firewood washed up by a stream, when one of them, after stooping down opposite a heat reverberating rock, was, in rising, attacked with a transient vertigo, under which she saw a figure in white against the rock. This bare fact being reported to the curé of the village, all the rest followed." Thus, with a wave of the hand, the apostle of fact and personal verification dispenses himself from living up to his professions and falls into the slough of *apriorism*.

A HAPPY HALF CENTURY. By Agnes Repplier.

Since we, and everybody who reads, welcomed Miss Repplier's delightful account of the harmless necessary cat, so many years have elapsed without any successor to the *Sphinx of the Fireside*, that one was beginning to ask whether Miss Repplier had not made up her mind to discontinue her pleasant, personally conducted, tours through the byways of literature. This want of trust is rebuked by the appearance of a little volume of essays* which confirms the judgment of the critic who declared that Miss Repplier possesses and monopolizes the almost lost art of essay writing.

Her present theme is the taste for platitudes, the care of the commonplace, the pharisaism, the affectation and prudery, the turgid rhapsodies, the fripperies and frumperies, which, during the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first quarter

* *A Happy Half Century; and other Essays.* By Agnes Repplier, Litt.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

of the nineteenth century, obtained, for a number of literary ladies of mediocre merit, a fame which their admirers believed, mistakenly, would be immortal. Miss Repplier seems to have steeped herself in the literary history of the period. She knows what everybody said or wrote about anybody; and draws out apposite illustration, epigram, incident, and anecdote from the least expected quarters.

At her hands very badly, indeed, fare the poor friends of our youth, Hannah More, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Hemans, Letitia E. Landon, Miss Porter, "The Swan of Litchfield," and many lesser lights of the scribbling sisterhood to whom one of themselves awarded "the proud pre-eminence which, in all the varieties of excellence produced by the pen, the pencil, or the lyre, the ladies of Great Britain have attained over contemporaries in every other country in Europe."

This mischievous iconoclast has taken an unholy delight in stripping the shades of these fine writers "who delighted our grandmothers" of the prerogatives and perfections assigned to them by their contemporaries. She does not keep her irreverent hands off Mrs. Montagu or even Hannah More. That supreme authority on literature, religion, and morality for the refined circles of English society, comes in for particularly distressful handling. She says:

> Mrs. Montagu, an astute woman of the world, recognized in what we should now call an enfeebling propriety her most valuable asset. It sanctified her attack upon Voltaire, it enabled her to snub Dr. Johnson, and it made her, in the opinion of her friends, the natural and worthy opponent of Lord Chesterfield. She was entreated to come to the rescue of British morality by denouncing that nobleman's "profligate letters"; and we find the Rev. Montagu Pennington lamenting, years afterwards, her refusal "to apply her wit and genius to counteract the mischief Lord Chesterfield's volume had done."

Then comes the turn of Miss Hannah and her admirers:

> Hannah More's dazzling renown rested on the same solid support. She was so strong morally that to have cavilled at her intellectual feebleness would have been deemed profane. Her advice (she spent the best part of eighty years in offering it) was so estimable that its genuine inadequacy was never

> ascertained. Rich people begged her to advise the poor. Great people begged her to advise the humble. Satisfied people begged her to advise the discontented. Sir William Pepys wrote to her in 1792 imploring her to avert from England the threatened dangers of radicalism and a division of land by writing a dialogue "between two persons of the lowest order," in which should be set forth the discomforts of land ownership, and the advantages of laboring for small wages at trades. This simple and childlike scheme would, in Sir William's opinion, go far towards making English workmen contented with their lot; and might, eventually, save the country from the terrible bloodshed of France.

And this incomparable tribute paid to Hannah was all owing to her "triumphant propriety," and because she happened to live in a happy age when unprofitable pietism was revered, and there was a universal willingness in what supposed itself to be the literary world to "accept a good purpose as a substitute for good work."

Miss Repplier feigns regret that her lines were not cast in those goodly times:

> A new era, cold, critical, contentious, deprecated the old genial absurdities, chilled the old sentimental outpourings, questioned the old profitable pietism. Unfortunates, born a hundred years too late, look back with wistful eyes upon the golden age which they feel themselves qualified to adorn.

In a strain of genial satire, enlivened with an unfailing flow of humor, Miss Repplier discusses the literary fads of the period—correspondence, album-making, annuals; the parental pride over infantile precocity; the narrowness of the education supposed to be proper for a well-bred young lady; the tawdry nature of what were then called fashionable accomplishments. Miss Repplier is an omniverous reader, and a tireless gatherer of all sorts of unconsidered trifles which she knows how to weave into an entertaining essay.

THE COMING HARVEST.

In *The Coming Harvest** M. Bazin draws a picture of some aspects of peasant life in France to-

* *The Coming Harvest.* By René Bazin. Translated by Edna K. Hoyt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

day. In his own restrained, forcible manner, with a realism that convinces but never descends to the repulsive, he allows us to see with our own eyes the narrow, hopeless, sordid view of life which unbelief and materialism has forced upon the humbler rural class in France; the hate of the laborer for the man of family and for the man of wealth; the unreasonable demands which socialistic agitators have taught him to make. Besides laying bare the evil, M. Bazin indicates the manner in which those who would strive to fight against it—the aristocrat and the priest—may best achieve their purpose. The French title—*Le Blé qui Lève*—offers the interpreter a choice of alternatives—it may mean that the present strife of classes will continue to grow; or, that there is a hope that, beginning to see their folly, the peasantry are showing some signs that they will return to religion. The chief character, an honest, upright pagan, after a varied experience of injustice and disloyalty at the hands of his fellows, of ingratitude from his child, is, when he has almost fallen into despair, drawn to religion, where he finds peace.

> As the light began to fade, he embraced with his glance the whole round hill where he was going to begin his work again on the morrow. The grass was beautiful. The fallow lands were waiting for the plough. In many a place above the broken lands, the grain lifted up its green point. Gilbert uncovered his head and he said: "It matters little now to live with others. Heat, cold, fatigue, or death matter little now. My heart is at peace." He felt a great living joy spring up of itself in his regenerated heart. And again he said: "I am old, and yet I am happy now for the first time."

There is scarcely anything that might be called a plot; but M. Bazin's art renders him independent of that resource to woo the interest of the reader. The translation is correct and idiomatic.

LEWIS RAND.
By Mary Johnston.

Again Miss Johnston takes her native State for the scene, and a stirring phase of its political history for the thread of her story.*

* *Lewis Rand.* By Mary Johnston. With Illustrations by C. F. Yohn. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The time is that when the struggle was on between Federalists and Republicans; Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr flit across the stage, though they are not among the chief actors. The political situation is but an occasion to develop the main motive, which is to trace the influence of heredity on the character who gives the name to the story. Lewis Rand is the son of a rude, violent tobacco roller, and the grandson of a still more questionable person. Through the kind assistance of Jefferson he is enabled to study law; and his talents and strength of character soon raise him to eminence in legal and political life. He becomes the leader of the Democrat-Republicans in his county, and finds himself the successful candidate for a political office when he defeats a member and representative of the aristocratic party. He falls in love with a girl of one of these families, and, against the violent opposition of her relatives, marries her. His strength of character, his success, his commanding position help him to maintain himself against the persistent hostility of his wife's aristocratic friends and their associates. Nevertheless he finds that he can never be their equal—not in Virginia can the tobacco roller's son ever hope to stand the acknowledged social equal of the Careys and the Churchills. Laboring under this depressing conviction he falls into the temptation presented by Aaron Burr's plot. He will go out to the West where, in a new empire or kingdom, he will find an ample field for his abilities; and where no social distinctions, nor birth's invidious bar, shall any longer be a hindrance to him. The plot is discovered; he is detained by a ruse of one of his opponents from starting on the day he had planned. Unexpectedly, while writhing under the upsetting of his plans, he meets the man who had been his wife's destined suitor, and who had contrived to detain him. A murder, and the career of Lewis Rand is over.

Miss Johnson, rightly enough, does not believe that the novelist is bound to stick slavishly to history. She gives us some picturesque scenes of public and private Virginian life; she brings out with striking effect the strength of caste and social prejudice, as they existed a hundred years ago in the Old Dominion. The tragedy of Rand's life is cleverly worked out; though he occasionally indulges in a display of sentimentality that scarcely fits the strong man's character and tediously delays the march of the action.

MESSIANIC PHILOSOPHY.

It seems to us that the title of this work* might have been more happily chosen; but when that is said, we have spoken our only adverse criticism. In all the range of literature there is no more attractive subject to the professional scholar, or to the amateur, than the personality, the career, and the historical importance of Jesus Christ. And if any man is honestly asking himself the question, which the present author says all men are forever asking, "What am I to believe?" he can adopt no surer way of coming to a satisfactory conclusion than by concentrating his attention upon the Christ-question. The reply to the query "What think you of Christ?" is the keynote to every man's creed.

The purpose of this book is to persuade the reader, if he needs persuasion, or to confirm his belief, if he already possesses belief, that Christ is God. The method, as indicated in the sub-title, is not theological, and decidedly not metaphysical, but historical and critical. The groundwork of the argument is the testimony, not of the New Testament, but of the Church. The appeal is primarily to history; secondarily, of course, the gospel data of the life and death of Christ are made use of, but only in their capacity as human documents; and, as a further concession to the critics, only those parts of the gospel narrative which are of undoubted authenticity are utilized.

Such is the programme indicated by the author. He remains scrupulously faithful to it. And he has produced a volume which will command the attention and maintain the interest of any sincere reader endowed with ordinary intelligence. Unless a man have made an implicit vow within himself to eschew all literature of religion he can hardly fail to fall captive to the fascinating simplicity and clearness of this exposition of the historical argument for the Divinity of Christ. If the remaining volumes of the series of *Expository Essays in Christian Philosophy* be as well done as this, there will remain no excuse for the Christian who is unprepared to defend his faith, or for the non-Christian who will not consider the reasonable grounds of Christianity.

* *Messianic Philosophy.* An historical and critical examination of the evidence for the Existence, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and Divinity of Jesus Christ. By Gideon W. B. Marsh. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Co.; St. Louis: B. Herder. In the series of *Expository Essays in Christian Philosophy.* Edited by Rev. Francis Aveling, D.D.

A MAIDEN UP-TO-DATE.
By Genevieve Irons.

It is not always a pleasant, albeit a wholesome, thing to see ourselves as others see us, and, if the Ritualistic party in the Anglican Church could only see themselves as Miss Genevieve Irons sees them in her latest venture, *A Maiden Up-to-Date*,* it might afford them food for profitable reflection.

Our authoress is not unknown in the literary world, her previous ventures being *Only a Doll* and other stories for children, besides *Leaves from a Torn Scrap Book*. In her present novel she essays a higher flight and deals, as she says, with questions up-to-date.

Miss Irons is a convert, the daughter of Prebendary Irons, who for many years was rector of the Anglican church adjoining the London Oratory. She is steadily coming to the front as a writer who wields a facile pen in behalf of the Church of her forefathers. The plot of the story centers around a brother and sister brought up in the atmosphere of a Catholic home, who afterwards, through fortuitous circumstances, are obliged to mix with Protestant friends. As might be expected, the writer is thoroughly conversant with English society and the pictures she draws are true to fact. We are introduced to the interior of an Anglo-Catholic Ritualistic church, which looked so much like the real thing, yet something was lacking. Outward show and inward emptiness. "What are Anglo-Catholics?" the girl asks her brother. "People who like everything in the Church except obedience to the Pope," he explained. Among up-to-date questions dealt with are The New Old Catholic Jansenist Church, Corporate Reunion, and Modernism. Of the last our heroine says: "The Devil started it in the Garden of Eden."

The charm of the story is the subtle human touch with which the characters are drawn—Lord Harleydown, the head of the Reunionist party, the French Abbé, who has a belief in the validity of Anglican Orders, the Jesuit playing with Modernism, the Westminster Abbey Dean with Broad Church proclivities, and the Correspondent who, although a Catholic, is earning a livelihood by besmirching and belittling, for the benefit of English Church papers, the spiritual mother who bore him,

* *A Maiden Up-to-Date*. By Genevieve Irons. St. Louis: B. Herder.

suggest characters not altogether unfamiliar; indeed one might almost go so far as to identify some of them at least with well-known personages. If this resemblance was intended by the author, she can scarcely avoid stricture for having ascribed to Lord Harleydown a much less measure of probity and sincerity than he merits.

The book will repay perusal and bear transplanting on American soil, for hole-and-corner meetings and coquetting with Catholic clergy to further the cause of Corporate Reunion are not unknown even in this land.

HISTORY OF ECONOMICS.
By Rev. J. A. Dewe.

The purpose of this handbook* is to draw the attention of the young student to the play of economic causes as they have operated in the rise and fall of nations. It will be of service as a companion to the ordinary text-books in which, especially in the older ones, this feature is almost entirely neglected. Covering the ancient, mediæval, and modern world in a little over three hundred pages, its presentation of the matter is too superficial and sketchy to qualify it as an introduction to the scientific study of economics. It will, however, awaken the young student's attention to the importance of economic forces; and thereby help him to study his history in an intelligent way.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Some time ago the publication in a Catholic newspaper of a letter from a representative of Christian Science in defense of that belief led to a correspondence between the writer and the editor, Dr. Lambert, of Ingersoll fame. The substance of the correspondence has been edited and arranged in book-form.† Assertion after assertion of the Christian scientist is taken up, examined, and criticized, till its falseness, emptiness, or its incompatibility with other tenets of Mrs. Eddy's followers is thoroughly exposed. Many of the absurd and grotesque contradictions of the doctrine, and the preposterous

* *History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History.* By the Rev. J. A. Dewe, A.M. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason.* By the Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. New York: Christian Press Association.

abuse of the Scriptures perpetrated by Mrs. Eddy in *Science and Health*, are brought out in sharp relief. If logic had any sway over the followers of this lady, Dr. Lambert's book is sharp enough to cut off her entire party and leave her solitary as the sparrow on the house-top; but the Christian scientist is impervious to logic.

APOLOGETIC.

The task undertaken by Father Ballerini * is no easy one. It is to compress within the limits of a medium-sized volume the entire case for natural and supernatural religion; to establish, argumentatively, the three pillars of theism—God, freedom, and immortality; and to set forth amply the evidences of Christianity; besides refuting the chief assailants of religion. Father Ballerini's plan is excellent; and includes everything of moment. He writes, too, with his eye fixed on contemporary infidelity; so, wasting no time upon ancient errors, he addresses himself to those of to-day. He strengthens the position of truth by refusing to defend as vital to Catholicism some obsolete theological views that are to be found in some of his predecessors. For example, on the antiquity of man he makes his own the following passage of Father Matiussi: "Faith tells us nothing on this matter; nor can we say that Scripture contains a true chronology of the human race. The time that elapsed from Adam to Noe, and afterwards from Noe to Abraham is not determined. The exact round number of ten generations from Adam to Noe, and of as many more from Noe to Abraham, gives reasonable suspicion that there was a desire to signalize some more famous names without descending step by step from father to son, as certainly St. Matthew did, counting three times fourteen generations from Abraham to our Lord Jesus Christ."

In the philosophical part—the best of the volume—Father Ballerini displays rare skill in putting an argument with lucidity and force into the smallest possible space. And when he makes a choice among several available arguments he usually selects the most effective.

* *A Short Defense of Religion, Chiefly for Young People, Against the Unbelievers of Our Day.* By Rev. Joseph Ballerini. Translated from the Italian by Rev. William McLoughlin, Mount Melleray. Dublin: Gill & Son.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN FRANCE.
By Abbe Klein.

If "author's translation"* signifies origin and not merely approbation or acceptance, we must congratulate the abbé on the excellent English into which he has done *La Decouverte du Vieux Monde.* Our readers will perhaps recall a notice that appeared some months ago in these columns of that very entertaining little book, giving the experiences and impressions of a young American college man in France, where, under the guidance of some charming friends, he made close acquaintance with some of the scenery and the social life of France. The abbé is lively, witty, and observant. He has a fund of erudite information on every historic topic that turns up; he possesses a high talent for description. And when the objective is exhausted, he has an inexhaustable well of emotions which he places at his readers' disposal. His acquaintance with American ways and manners enables him frequently to lend an added piquancy to his descriptions of French life, by contrasting the Old World with the New.

The *Atlas Biblicus*,† with twenty-two maps and accompanying index, by Martino Hagen, S.J., is unquestionably a most valuable, instructive, and useful work, and probably much the best of the kind that has ever been published. The index is not merely one of names and locations on the maps, but contains, under almost every head, valuable information concerning the place located. It hardly needs to be said that the maps are most excellently engraved and full of detail.

* *An American Student in France.* By Abbé Felix Klein. Author's Translation. Chicago: McClurg & Co.

† *Atlas Biblicus.* Edited by Martino Hagen, S.J. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (5 Sept.): "The Eucharistic Congress" gives a forecast of the great meeting. Never before outside Rome has there been such a gathering and in a way, it may be regarded as the public and official return of our Lord to England.——"Our First Legates," by Mgr. Moyes, carries us back to the period of the Seventh General Council and the visit to England of the two legates.——"History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain," by the late Fr. Bridgett, C.SS.R., now re-edited by Fr. Thurston, S.J., is spoken of as the literary monument of the Congress. It is a mine of curious and edifying information.——"The Byzantine Liturgy," by Rev. A. Fortescue, says that something will have been gained if only people stop calling it the Greek Mass.

(12 Sept.): "The Number of the Unemployed" was one of the burning questions at the recent Trade Unionist Congress in England. It is 8.2 per cent as compared with 3.7 per cent of last year. This refers only to skilled labor.——"Marriage and Population in France," reports that the dark cloud is pierced by a gleam of hope. The marriage rate of last year reached a figure touched only three times within the century. It remains to be seen if the birth-rate will show a proportionate increase. ——"The Archbishop of Canterbury on the Pan-Anglican Congress."——"The Eucharistic Congress" is dealt with at great length and a full report given of the four papers reads at the sectional meetings.

(19 Sept.): "Lotteries and Indecent Advertisements." The select committee on this subject has issued its report. Legislation is needed, they think, to deal with prize competitions in newspapers and periodicals, while the vendors of indecent literature should be summarily punished.——Under "Topics of the Day," Mr. Asquith's action in stopping the procession of the Blessed Sacrament at the eleventh hour is discussed. Apparently it was a case of stage fright suggested by the threats of some valiant Orangemen in the papers. The great organs

of public opinion have heaped wonder and scorn upon him and have done something to redeem the credit of the nation.——"The Speeches and Sermons at the Eucharistic Congress" are reported in full.

(26 Sept.): Reports a "Serious Strike in the Cotton Mills of Lancashire."——"The Task Before Us." As a result of Mr. Asquith's appeal to the penal clauses of the Emancipation Act in forbidding the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, Catholics in England are called upon to take the field and never rest until they have won full liberty of public worship.——"Gleanings from Lambeth," is a series of friendly criticisms on the action, or rather inaction, of the Anglican Bishops in meeting assembled.——As a "Protest Against Mr. Asquith" the Catholics of Newcastle have decided to vote against his candidate.——"The Pope and Missions to Non-Catholics," gives the contents of a letter written by his Holiness to Cardinal Gibbons, approving of the non-controversial methods adopted in the holding of missions for non-Catholics.

The Month (Sept.): "The Jubilee of Pius X." gives an interesting account of the Pope's life from early childhood. As a priest he set himself to enkindle the religious spirit among the people. As a bishop he was able to carry this aim to a higher stage of development. As Pope his work, during the five years he has been on the throne, bears witness to this same endeavor. "To restore all things in Christ" is the phrase he put forth, in his first Encyclical, as the motto of his pontificate.——In "Social work in Catholic Schools," the need is pointed out of teaching boys what may be called social consciousness; or, in other words, the duties they owe to society.——"The Detection of Archibald Bower, ex-Jesuit and Historian," by J. H. Pollen, recalls the career of one who for many years, trading upon Protestant prejudice, posed as a martyr, only to be at length exposed ——Fr. Thurston's "Mass of St. Gregory" is an explanation of Durer's well-known wood engraving.

The Crucible (Sept.): "The Personal Note in Music," deals with the methods employed in teaching music in schools. Art for art's sake spells illusion. Art partakes of the

essence of life; and in music, which has its roots deep down in emotion, the personal note must be allowed adequate expression in both teacher and pupil.——"The Woman Question," by Dom Lambert Nolle, O.S.B., is a *résumé* of Father Rösler's book. What is the fundamental position of woman in relation to man? The question is answered by an appeal to Nature, History, and Revelation. "The Need of the Modern Catholic Woman," admits a "Woman Problem." Can Catholic women ignore this question? In response the Catholic Women's League came into existence, having as its object the progress of the individual woman, the sex, and the State. Stanch Catholicity as opposed to Secularism is its dominant note.——"An International Congress on Home Education," gives the programme of the forthcoming Congress to be held in Brussels and points out the part which Catholic women can and ought to take in it.

The Expository Times (Sept.): Opens with a review by the editor of Dr. Wallace's article in *The Contemporary* on "The Present Position of Darwinism."——Another review by the same pen is that of Dr. Schichter's "Studies in Judaism," in which he discusses the charge that Judaism has never produced a saint. Is it true? Dr. Schichter denies it.——That faith and science need not be kept in distinct non-communicating chambers of the mind is the gist of Dr. Hanzinger's pamphlet "The New Apologetic."——Other articles are: "Man's Spiritual Development as Depicted in Christ's Parables," by R. M. Lithow. ——The "Advent of the Father," by Wm. Curtis.

(Oct.): "Notes on Recent Exposition" includes the interesting question as to the date of the Exodus. A solution offered is that it took place when Ramses XII. was reigning, about 1125 B. C., some three hundred years later than is generally supposed.——"The Keswick Convention" and its teaching is discussed by the editor. An anonymous correspondent charges it with making too much of the emotions; as a result, hysterical symptoms are produced and insanity is not an infrequent occurrence.——"The Jesus-Paul Controversy" is an examination of Wrede's work on this question. The author claims that there are real and important differences be-

tween the teaching of Jesus and that of His Apostle. Of the historical Christ St. Paul knows nothing.——A very favorable review is given of "The Epistle of Jude," by Von. F. Maier. The conclusion arrived at is that from internal and external evidence the Epistle is genuine.——Other books reviewed are Deissmann's *Light from the East* and Dr. Alois Musil's archæological and ethnological discoveries in Moab.

The International (Sept.): "The Future of Marriage" is the subject of the opening article by the editor. In Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon countries monogamy is being undermined by the enlarged possibilities of divorce, especially in the United States.——In "The Problem of Divorce in France" the writer says that in France adultery takes the place of divorce, and is tolerated indulgently. In this instance the Church acts as *advocatus diaboli.* Marriage, he says, should be terminable at the will of the parties, and the details left to the jurisdiction of the Courts.——"The Macedonian Question," ever a troublous one, has assumed a new aspect in the light of the recent revolution. Among the contemplated reforms is the institution of a parliament. The ultimate success of the constitution is still doubtful, but the decision of the Great Powers is to give the young Turkey party a free hand.

The International Journal of Ethics (Oct.): "The Morals of An Immoralist," by Alfred W. Benn, is an attempt to show that Friedrich Nietzsche, though habitually posing as an immoralist, was in reality Germany's truly ethical genius, and that when he speaks of "moralin" as a deadly poison, it is only his paradoxical way of expressing himself. The article is to be continued.——"Savonarola" is one of a series of lectures delivered by the late Thomas Davidson. It begins by giving a picture of the mental and moral condition of the people among whom the friar was called to labor. His day witnessed a new movement toward personal liberty, and Savonarola, the lecturer says, tried to bring this about under the guidance of the Church, hence his failure.——There is no great word of which the content has altered more than the word "justice"; so says Miss Stawell in "The

Modern Conception of Justice." As a result two new ideas have emerged; the first, that suffering by the innocent is not "unjust," when it is necessary; and the second, that the reward the good man works for is the justification of the many.——Other articles are "The Dramatic Elements of Experience," by Professor Baillie. ——"Ethics and Law," by Charles D. Super.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Review (Sept.): R. Fullerton's article on "The Origin of Morality" goes to prove that, apart from revealed religion, we have no right to predicate morality for man.——"'Appearance' and 'Reality,'" part II., by P. Coffey, examines the sources of the Agnosticism and Phenomenism of the Modernists, and answers the question, Can the human mind know with certitude the *nature* of a Material Universe distinct from itself? ——"The Tabernacle in the Middle Ages." The idea connected with reservation in the Middle Ages was that of *viaticum* not of worship; so we find the place of reservation always separate from the altar, sometimes in the form of the Ambry, or again suspended over the altar in a hanging pyx. As the practice of frequent communions began to increase the custom was introduced of providing a receptacle for the reserved Sacrament on the altar itself.

Le Correspondant (10 Sept.): Religious Affairs and the Civil Constitution of the Clergy passed by the French Assembly on July 12, 1790, are treated in the article "Pius VI."——"In the Crimea," *apropos* of the fifty-third anniversary of the capture of Sebastopol, Prince Bariatinsky, an eye-witness, gives a vivid account of that memorable struggle.——"The Insufficiency of Positivist Morals" is discussed by Clodius Piat. He regrets that, after the moral conditions have been studied for so many years, the world is no more enlightened than it is. ——"The Masters of Oceanica," which treats of the struggle of the Japanese for the mastery of the East, is concluded in this number.

(25 Sept.): "The Eucharistic Congress" is treated from three points of view. The work accomplished; Its value as a Catholic manifestation; and The opinion it created. ——"The General Confederation of Labor," which the

writer, H. de Larégle, claims is hostile to the social order, has as its object the uniting of the various socialistic bodies. The C. G. T. is not organized like the English labor unions on economic grounds. It is a revolutionary organization.——"Austro-Hungary and Russia and the Eastern Question," pictures the present condition of affairs brought about by the coming into power of the new Liberal party in Turkey.——"The Pure Food Congress," which met last September in Geneva, is but the first of several such conferences, having as their object the protection of the public against fraud and adulteration in articles on sale for food or drink.——"The Sale of the Church's Property in the Revolutionary Period," is shown to have been in the long run disastrous to the State.

Études (5 Sept.): "The Teaching of Scholastic Metaphysics," by Paul Gény.——Eugene Portalie, "The Herzog-Dupin Question and the Criticism of M. Turmel," in the History of the Papacy considers five absolutely anti-Catholic conclusions arrived at by M. Turmel upon the papacy to the end of the fourth century. The author next takes up "Special Studies of Many Dogmas." The Trinity and Original Sin are treated.——"The Sanctity of Joan of Arc and Her Place in History," by Chanoine Dunand. The article is comprised chiefly of extracts from writers of the sixteenth century down to our own day. The object of the article is to mark with precision the place which the sanctity of La Pucelle occupies in history." (20 Sept.): "The Pan-Anglican Congress and the Lambeth Conference," by J. de la Servière. The author, after a short introduction on the opening of the Congress, considers the work done in the various sections. He then enters into a lengthy discussion of each of these questions in detail. The conclusions to be gathered from the work of the Congress are to form a separate article.——"The Herzog-Dupin Question and the Criticism of M. Turmel," by Eugene Portalie. The matter under discussion is the future life and the eternity of hell.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 Sept.): In the second of a series on the "Secret of the Woman Question," Theodore Joran treats the subject from a social and economic standpoint.

The writer's conclusion is that *féminisme* is anti-social and retrogressive.——In "Science or Romance," J. D'Orlyé criticizes the opinion recently advanced by Mr. Clodd and Grant Allan that it is impossible for the human mind to rise to the invisible, or that man can attain to no truth other than that of the material order. ——Dom Rabory contributes another article on "Princess Louise of Condé."——The life and deeds of "Bishop Freppel of Angers" are given an extended notice.—— "In the Eucharistic Fast" Ch. Bujon urges the mitigation of the discipline of the fast before Mass and Communion.

(15 Sept.): Under the caption "Towards the Abyss," M. Arthur Savaète criticizes the recent celebrations at Quebec. He maintains that there are evidences of European Liberalism in the ranks of French Canadian politicians. ——The "Secret of the Woman Question" is continued.——In "Science or Romance" we are shown how futile are the efforts of those materialists who strive to replace religion by science.——In "Modernism and the Church" Ch. Beaurredon outlines the position of Modernists towards the Gospel of St. John and the Church. ——"The French Apologists in the Nineteenth Century." One of the noblest of them was Fr. de Ravignan, whose life and labors are published in this number.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 Sept.): In "The Herzog–Dupin Question" A. Baudrillart comments briefly on the publication in one volume by M. l'Abbé Saltet, of the controversy concerning the authorship of two Modernistic works published over the psuedonyms Herzog and Dupin.——In "Science and Religion After a Recent Book" J. Legendre writes of a recent work by M. Boutroux entitled *A New Recoil in Independent Criticism.* ——P. Cruveilhier, on the question of "Monotheism in Israel," reviews the theory of Baintsch, a professor in Jena, on the evolution of Monotheism among the Israelites.——A. Durand continues his review of M. Loisy's "Synoptic Gospels."

(15 Sept.): The first twenty-five pages contain the conclusion of T. de Grandmaison's articles on "The Development of Christian Dogma."——Under the general head-

ing of "The Prophetic Argument," J. Touzard discusses the "Messianic Preparation," especially in the light of present-day apologetics.——Under "Information" are found, *apropos* of a conference by M. Thureau-Dangin, a few words on the providential design in the fact that Pusey and Keble should be left to die outside the unity of the Church.——"The Philosophic Chronicle" contains a review of a work by C. Sentroul on *The Object of Metaphysics According to Kant and According to Aristotle;* of one by Emile Boutroux entitled *Science and Religion in Contemporaneous Philosophy;* and of one by Harold Höffding on the *Philosophy of Religion.*

Annales De Philosophie Chrétienne (Sept.): "The Physical Theory from Plato to Galileo," by P. Duhem, brings this continued article to a close.——"Religious Experience and Contemporary Protestantism," a continued article by D. Sabatier. Modern Protestantism distinguishes between faith and creed; the first is an act of the heart and will, the second an act of the intellect. That which saves the soul is faith not dogma. Instead of saying that dogma makes the Christian, rather should we say that each Christian makes his own dogma, and that interior experience is the source and essence of religion. ——*Apropos* of a recent book, M. Duchemin writes on "The Religious Problem in Literature." The book in question is *Books and Questions of To-Day*, by M. Giraud, who maintains that although the principal writers of to-day are not interested in religious questions, still the religious problem, properly presented, is the most important that can appeal to the human conscience.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (14 Sept.): J. Bessmer, S.J., writes on "The Morbid Impediments to Freedom of Will," and explains of what assistance modern psychopathology may be to moral theology. He proves that the moralists' division of impediments to the freedom of will into four classes is in perfect harmony with modern science.—— H. A. Krose, S.J., discusses the "Project of Garden Cities," as exhibited by Ebenezer Howard.——M. Meschler, S.J., "Asceticism of St. Ignatius."——H. Pesch, S.J., criticizes Malthus' doctrine on the "Principle of Population." He shows his fears as to the over-increase

of populatlon to be without foundation.——V. Cathrein S.J., in an article on "Punishment of Animals," refutes Ed. Westermark who, in a recent publication, maintained that primitive man esteemed animals as his equals, charged with the same moral responsibility. Westermark's reasoning is shown to be contrary to common sense.

La Democratie Chrétienne (Sept.): "Montalembert and the Social Question," discusses Montalembert's attitude towards the relation of economic liberalism to liberty. If he decried existing conditions in his day it was not because of any anti-social motive, but for the purpose of applying a remedy.——A controversy carried on by two Socialist deputies, as to what extent Socialists should participate in elections, is reprinted from the *Réveil du Nord*.——"The Resolutions Passed by the Tertiaries of St. Francis," at their recent convention, are given in full.

La Civiltà Cattolica (5 Sept.): Contains "The Encyclical of Pius X." addressed to the entire Catholic Clergy. In it he extols both the "passive" and the "active" virtues, and warns the clergy, while working for others, not to neglect the virtues which perfect the man.——"The National Character and the Catechism." The war to-day is against the Catechism as being destructive of the national character in Italy. It is an old accusation revived by the adversaries of Catholicism, that the action of the Church has always been contrary to the spirit, the character, and the principles of the nation, seeking, by its very nature, to suppress all that is individual. Machiavelli attributes their spirit of depression to the want of patriotism in the ancient Italians, and also to their political divisions, fomented by the Church to impede the national unity. Prof. Harnack says Catholicism is the continuation of the Ancient Roman Empire and the Pope the successor of Cæsar.——"The Human Element" in Sacred Eloquence. A description of the splendid and well marked difference in pulpit oratory when art and zeal are properly united, and artificial oratory, which charms only the ears and stirs the imagination, but leaves the heart cold and the will uneffected.

——"The Russian Church," a story of that church and various manifestations of its life in the brief period of reform during the two years 1905 and 1906, after which it seemed to return to the ancient political and religious servility.

(19 Sept.): "The First Centenary of Bettinelli"—an Italian author, a description of his life, his works, and their influence. Born at Mantua, July 18, 1718, died Sept. 13, 1808.——"Modernism, Critical and Historical," is continued at length in this number.——"Vanvenargues and the Social Question," is a continuation on the study of the moral problem.——"Preaching Christianity in China," is concluded in this issue.——"The Enchiridion." There is a new edition just out which makes the tenth of this most celebrated work.

Revista Internazionale (August): "Political Interests of Italy in the Transportation of Emigrants," by R. Pesciolini. Three interests enter into consideration: those which concern the emigrants, the State, and the mercantile marine.——In the first installment of the article, "Slavery in the Modern Age," F. Ermini takes as his theme the enslavement of the Indians of America and of the Negroes of Africa. He lays particuiar stress upon the cruelty of Christian peoples in their dealings with the natives of America and Africa.——Other articles: "The Example of Our Ancestors," by M. Libelli.——"The 'Social Week' of Marseilles," by V. Bianchi-Cagliesi.

Razon y Fe (Sept.): L. Murillo writes about the Genesis narrative of the Creation. He asserts that Moses did not share the common opinion of his day, which looked on the firmament as a solid structure separating the waters on earth from vast bodies of water above the earth. According to our author, Moses meant the atmosphere when he wrote of the firmament, and the moisture in the rainclouds when he wrote of the waters above the earth.——E. Ugarte de Ercilla writes again about Modernistic Philosophy, criticizing its psychological tenets as the offspring of Kantian and Spencerian philosophy. Its psychology is, in his judgment, the heart of Modernism.——E. Portillo continues his study of the eighteenth century difficulties between the Church and Spain.——

Joaquin M. de Barnola gives a sketch of the commission recently established in Spain for the study of animal life in the ocean.——Saj. pays an excellent tribute to the personal character of the artist Monasterio.

España y America (1 Sept.): Anacleto Orejon discusses Father Prat's "implicit quotation" theory, and explains certain apparent contradictions in Scripture in such wise as to withdraw their support from that theory. When Genesis, vii. 10, says that the deluge began seven days after Noah and his family entered into the Ark, and verse 13 says that the deluge began on that very day, one is confronted with a difficulty; but it vanishes when one stops to realize that it must have taken seven days to get all the animals into the Ark. The different statements as to the duration of the flood (Genesis vii., 4, 12, 17, and 24; viii. 3) are not really contradictory, for the sacred text does not say that the flood abated after forty days. By holding that the rain fell continuously for forty days, and that it was 150 days before the waters began to subside, we reconcile both texts in a most reasonable fashion.——"The Esthetic Ideas of St. Augustine" are discussed by Father Negrete.——"The Art of Romero de Torres," by Fray Meliton.——Articles on "Godoy and his Age," and on "The Needs of the Spanish Stage," are continued from previous numbers.

(15 Sept.): "The Actual State of International Law," by Father José Maria Alvarez. This discourse was delivered at the opening of the academic year of 1908 in the University of Cuzco.——Father Hospital writes about Augustinian missions in the Far East.——Felipe Robles and Father A. Blanco respectively continue their articles on "The Philosophy of the Verb," and "The Early Systems of Weights and Measures."

Current Events.

France.

It will be remembered that some time ago a law was passed by the French Assembly to secure a day of rest for the workingman, who had been deprived of it for so long a time by the effects of the Revolution. The enforcement of the law has encountered a good deal of opposition, but little by little its observance has been secured. The various interests of the different trades had to be consulted; but the result has been so satisfactory that the Paris Sunday, so far as life and movement in the streets is concerned, is now almost as dull as the London Sunday. Tourists, it is said, do not like it, but those who formerly had to work all the week appreciate the change, as they experience its beneficial effects.

The government has once more formulated its policy with reference to the labor questions, which have been causing so much trouble. The General Confederation of Labor has been the chief source of trouble advocating, as it has done repeatedly, the use of violence for securing what it deems the rights of the workingmen. Frightened by the proceedings of the confederation, pressure has been put upon the government to suppress this noxious body altogether, to take away the right to form unions at all, and to make strikes unlawful. Between these two courses the government has taken the middle way. They will enforce the law against all who have recourse to violence; and, on the other hand, they will leave intact the right of combination and the right to strike, the only weapon of the working classes. The advocates of violent methods form, it is said, a very small minority of the people, the mass of whom are patient, yet still working quietly for the amelioration of their position.

The officer who, it may be remembered, shot Major Dreyfus on the occasion of the transfer of the ashes of Zola to the Panthéon, has been brought to trial and, strange to say, acquitted. He pleaded that the act was purely symbolical of his love of the army and of his dislike of its being obliged to take part in the ceremony. "It was for the moral salvation of France, it was for her honor that I acted," he declared before the Court. The jury, by acquitting him, seems to have en-

dorsed this strange method of working for the moral salvation of the country. The loud cheers with which the acquittal was received may or may not indicate the judgment of the people in general.

Germany.

It is now asserted that when King Edward VII. met the German Emperor at Cronberg, in August last, definite proposals for the limitation of armaments by international agreement were made by the King; and that the Emperor replied that, so far as Germany was concerned, no such proposal could be accepted. "Peace—but no limitation of armaments"—was the declaration made by the Emperor subsequently at Strassburg. This decisive utterance has cleared the air; for, if Germany will not consent, it would be foolish even to propose a limitation to any other Power.

That source of unrest for the whole of Europe, the Pan-German League, has been holding its annual Congress. With the exception of the Polish Expropriation Law, and the Law which makes it obligatory to use the German language at all public meetings, the President of the Congress found little to commend in the action of the government. In particular its foreign policy was condemned as unworthy of a nation which numbered sixty-three millions, its diplomats were incapable and ought to be superseded. Of this inefficiency Morocco was a striking example. Great Britain, France, and Russia were called Germany's enemies and neighbors. While the German people, he declared, did not desire it, in a good cause a war would be welcomed by them as a valuable antidote to the enervating materialism of a long period of peace. Such a good cause would be the attempts which it is said are being made to put Germany in the background.

The Social Democrats have also been holding their annual Congress. It does not speak well for a quiet life under a Socialist *régime*, should one ever come, that even at present, when still in face of the enemy, the Socialists cannot maintain peace among themselves. Their meetings are largely devoted to the attempt to settle internal squabbles. The recent Congress gave most of its time to the condemnation of the Socialist members of the Bavarian and Baden Diets who had taken part in divisions on the year's Estimates. The traditional attitude has

been one of abstention—of not touching the unclean thing—and many of the Socialists are as ardent defenders of traditional methods and of the maintenance of discipline as it is possible to desire. The innovators were accordingly condemned. The Congress, sad to say, wound up in the wildest uproar, amidst shouts of "sneak," "spy," "tale-bearer," "blackguard." Are these the prophets of the coming era?

The German Navy League also has its own troubles. A conflict has arisen between the extreme supporters of the former President, General Keim, and the leaders of the Bavarian section. This has not prevented, however, a united demand for a still further extension of the Navy and a consequent increase of expense. An agitation is to be undertaken for the building of another battleship as well as of six new cruisers of the most modern type.

But where is the money to come from? This is, perhaps, the question that causes the greatest anxiety to the powers that be in Germany. They recognize that no less than 125,000,000 of additional annual income must be provided. This is the question which will occupy the attention of the approaching meeting of the Reichstag. Various foreshadowings of the government proposals have seen the light; but until they are laid before the Parliament they are more or less conjectural.

It would seem that Alsace—at all events large numbers of Alsatians—have definitely accepted its incorporation into the German Empire. The Emperor has recently paid a visit to the Reichsland, and so great was the enthusiasm displayed by the population that it was like a triumphal progress. In every town and hamlet the bells rang peals, decorations were put up, and immense offerings of flowers and of the products of the country were made to him.

Denmark.

One of the smaller countries of Europe, and one generally considered to be in a remarkable degree the abiding place of honest, frugal, and industrious people, has been brought prominently into public notice by misdoings which were thought to be characteristic of larger countries, that need not be mentioned. A person who, until last January, held the position of Minister of Justice in the Danish Cabinet, has been arrested for forgery and the sum involved

runs into the millions. The victims of this highly-placed scoundrel are found chiefly among the peasants.

Portugal.

The Parliament of Portugal has been holding prolonged sessions, but the debates have, as a rule, been about sordid questions which have but little interest to the world at large. There seems little reason to doubt that the unpopularity of the late King was largely due to his desire to increase his wealth. The present King, profiting by experience, is acting in a spirit of generosity towards the nation. He has transferred to the State, for national purposes, the Royal residences of Belem, Caxias, and Queluz, and has acquiesced in the limitation of his civil list to a thousand dollars a day.

Morocco.

The prospect for a settlement of the Moroccan question is fairly bright. If Germany ever intended seriously to raise the question again, she has thought better of it. The return of her Consul to Fez was declared to spring from no desire to separate herself from the rest of the Powers, and the somewhat hasty announcement of her wish that Mulai Hafid should be promptly recognized did not indicate any intention of superseding France and Spain as the representatives of Europe under the Algeciras Act. The two last-named Powers accordingly have been left to take the necessary steps. They have sent a circular letter laying down the conditions upon which the new Sultan will be recognized. The most important of these conditions is that he shall accept all the obligations which his deposed brother, Abdul Aziz, had acknowledged under the Act which now not only regulates the relations of Morocco with the rest of the world, but which also forms the guarantee for the integrity of his Empire. This Mulai Hafid did before any demands were sent to him. To one of the proposed conditions, however, he may not be willing so easily to give his consent. His success in his conflict with his brother was, in a large measure, due to the fact that he was able to make the Moors believe that Abdul Aziz had given up the country to the enemies of their religion, and was, therefore, a betrayer of their most sacred interests. It was this, more than anything else, that led them to flock to his

standard. One of the conditions laid down by France and Spain is that he should formally and officially disavow this Holy War to which he owes his success. That Germany, in the consent which she has given to the proposals of the two Powers, should suggest a modification of this demand, and thus make it easier for Mulai Hafid to accept the conditions, does not indicate any hypercritical spirit on her part. France and Spain demand the payment of the expenses which they have incurred; to this also Germany consents. Abdul Aziz seems to have recognized the fact that he is hopelessly beaten, and to be willing to retire into private life. He, perhaps, deserves a better fate, for he was one of the very few rulers who was more anxious to effect reforms for the benefit of his people, than were the people to receive the benefit of the reforms. He had not, however, energy sufficient to resist the all-powerful corruption which formed an effectual bar to all his efforts.

The loyalty of France to the engagements she has entered into, not to seek her own ends in Morocco and to retire as soon as order has been restored and the police force organized, has been manifested by the fact that the evacuation of Casablanca has already begun, and unless some untoward event happens will soon be completely accomplished. All Europe, including even Germany, appears now to recognize the good faith of the government. Unfortunately the prospect of a settlement may be blighted by "incidents" such as the one which recently took place at Casablanca; but where good will exists, a way will be found.

The Near East.

The important events which have more recently taken place in the Turkish Empire should not put out of remembrance an event of a less sensational character which took place before. The opening of the Hedjaz railway has brought one of the holy cities of Islam into short communication of Damascus, and when the gap has been filled between the latter city and the railway which now extends through the greater part of Asia Minor, railway communication will be open with Constantinople, and consequently with the rest of Europe. Hitherto the city of Medina, the present terminus of the railway, has been almost as secluded from the Christian world as Lhassa itself. Its minarets have, so far as

is known, been seen in modern times by only one avowed Christian not in Moslem service. In fact, in the making of the new railway, while the larger part of the line was under the supervision of a German, the part in the immediate neighborhood of Medina was made by Turks exclusively. What will happen after this railway is opened and under the new *régime* no one can tell.

The circumstances under which the railway was made are scarcely less remarkable than the fact of its having been made. Its course lies for hundreds of miles through a desert. The funds were raised not with a view to gain, but by the subscriptions of devout Moslems, its initiator being the Sultan himself, who made the appeal for funds as for a holy and sacred object. The circumstances attending the celebration of its completion were perhaps the strangest of all, at least to the Sultan. Every station along the line was decorated with banners bearing the device strange to Turkey: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," as a sign of rejoicing for the advent of constitutional goverment. One of the speakers at the opening ceremony declared that it was the Prophet himself who had not suffered the railway to reach the Holy City before the Khalif had granted a Constitution to his people. The inauguration took place on the 1st of September, and a long telegram describing it appeared in the London *Times* on the 3d. This telegram was the first ever sent from the burial place of Mahomet to a journal published in a Christian land, and most probably the first ever sent to any newspaper.

The future will reveal the effects of the railway. Soldiers assert that it will increase the power of the Sultan, enabling him to bring easily to the front the Arabs who dwell in the peninsula. A more pleasing prospect was presented by one of the speakers at the opening ceremony. He declared that the line would transform the ruined towns into rich oases, civilize the wild nomads, and enrich the fatherland with new settlements.

Unless the indefensible conduct of Austria and Bulgaria drives Turkey back under despotic rule—an event which at first seemed all too probable—the elections will be taking place for the new Parliament during the present month. These elections will be controlled by the same Committee of Union and Progress to which the restoration of the Constitution is due,

and which numbers no fewer than 80,000 of the best educated of the Empire. The proceedings of this Committee have been characterized by so great a degree of wisdom and moderation as to astonish the whole world, especially in view of the provocation with which it has met. In only one respect did it pass due bounds. One of the many curses of Turkey under the absolutist *régime* was the almost innumerable host of officials who lived upon the people. Vast numbers of these were dismissed in the first days of the revolution; so many indeed, that they were becoming a rallying point for the disaffected. The Committee, however, wisely staid its hand in due time, and has left the Executive to manage things in its own way. One of the most remarkable things about the change of *régime* in Turkey has been the fact that, with a single exception, only one of the many malefactors has lost his life, although a number of them are awaiting trial and due punishment, it is to be hoped, for their misdeeds. The Sultan himself has voluntarily disgorged a large amount of his ill-gotten gains.

The declaration by Bulgaria of her independence and the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria have, of course, surpassed in interest and importance every other recent event. How long behind the scenes these transactions have been in preparation we do not yet know; but it may be well to give a *résumé* of the facts that are known. Upon the granting of the Constitution Turks and Bulgarians fraternized as cordially as did the other races. A series of visits, in fact, took place of Bulgarians to Constantinople and of Turks to Bulgaria. The first step in the wrong direction was taken by Turkey. To a dinner given by the Foreign Minister to the representatives of the Powers the Agent of Bulgaria was not invited. This was contrary to the custom which had existed hitherto, and was said to be intended as a clear indication that Bulgaria was to be treated, as in fact she was, as a vassal state.

Bulgaria keenly resented this treatment, and when the strike broke out upon the Oriental Railway, a part of which passes through Eastern Rumelia on its way from Vienna to Constantinople, that part was seized by Bulgaria to be worked by the railway staff of the army; and when the strike came to an end, she persistently refused to restore the railway to the Company. This was nothing less than robbery on a large scale, for the railway's rights in Bulgaria were legally secured; and

as its owners were largely German, and its managers largely Austrian, it brought from their governments public remonstrances. With reference to Austria, at all events, it may be doubted in the light of subsequent events whether these remonstrances were sincere. Before Prince Ferdinand declared himself Tsar of the Bulgarians he had been received at Budapest with regal honors by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and it can readily be believed that, as is now said, a secret treaty had been concluded between the Prince and the Emperor. A few days afterwards Bulgaria's independence was declared, and almost simultaneously Bosnia and Herzegovina were annexed.

Both of these transactions are flagrant breaches, not merely of the somewhat vague provisions which are called international law, but of the express stipulations of the Berlin Treaty, which forms the basis of any rights that Austria or Bulgaria can claim to possess. Of late sympathy and respect have been accorded to the Emperor-King on the occasion of his Diamond Jubilee. It is almost a pity that he has lived to see this event, for he has brought a stain upon his old age which only revives the memory of many like stains upon the house of Habsburg. The worst of it is that of late these attempts at unjust aggrandizement have been failures, so much so that Austrian shortsightedness has become proverbial. The present annexation does but add to the number of the Serbs which are already comprised in the Empire, and has driven to exasperation the neighboring kingdom of Servia.

But what seems to us the worst feature of all is the time which has been chosen. The grant of a Constitution to Turkey was just giving good ground for hope that the millions of the human race who had so long been groaning under a heartless despotism were to receive some relief from their long-endured misery. The action of Austria and of Bulgaria was the best means that could possibly have been taken to overturn the new *régime* and to restore the old. Fortunately the good sense of the Young Turks restrained them from declaring war, and the support which has been given to them by France and Great Britain render such a declaration improbable. The conference of the Great Powers, which it is expected will take place, will tax all the statesmanship existent at the present day to find a definite and peaceful settlement of the many questions which have been raised.

Russia. The advent of freedom seems long deferred. Notwithstanding all the assurances which have been given by M. Stolypin, repression is still the normal practice. Thousands of girl students have been summarily excluded from the Universities, and all the professors who belonged to the Constitutional Democratic Party have been dismissed. The newspapers which presumed to criticize these gentle methods have been fined. A severe outbreak of cholera has revealed the criminal inefficiency of the constituted authorities.

Belgium. The annexation of the Congo has become an accomplished fact by the vote of the Senate on the 9th of September. All difficulties, however, are not yet surmounted. Other Powers, particularly Great Britain, claim the right to recognize the transfer of the Free State, and as a condition of recognition to pass judgment upon the adequacy of the safeguards provided for the well-being of the natives. The Congo State, it is argued, was the artificial creation of the Acts of Berlin and Brussels; the stipulations of these Acts have been systematically violated under King Leopold's personal rule. Belgium must give security that such violations will not take place in the future. There are Belgians who demur to this; who maintain that all that Belgium will have to do will be to announce the fact that the Congo State has ceased to exist as an independent political community, and has become a Belgian colony. The government itself has so far not given more than general assurances, and whether a conflict will arise when more definite conditions are demanded, remains to be seen.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

ABBOT GASQUET took for his subject at a recent lecture in Rome: "The Literary Life of Blessed Thomas More." As a master of English his works are properly regarded as models of the language. Many of the colloquialisms in daily use—not to care a fig, not worth a button—are traced to his writings. To *Utopia*, the most popular of his works, a special interest is attached, in view of modern theories concerning the rights of property. The late William Morris, the well-known Socialist, art writer, and poet, thought he saw in *Utopia* a defence of some principles approved by modern writers.

Regarding the attitude of the Church towards intellectual progress at the time of the so-called Reformation, Abbot Gasquet said that a great deal of misconception had arisen even among educated people. It is charged that the Church was opposed to the new learning. Certainly it was; but what was meant by the new learning? Any real acquaintance with the literature of the sixteenth century is sufficient to place beyond all manner of doubt that the meaning given to the term in the days of More was altogether different from that which it has to-day. It meant at that time the new doctrines of Luther, which were then being introduced into England. It had absolutely nothing to do with anything else.

To say that the Church was opposed to the new learning, is simply another way of saying that the Church was opposed to Lutheranism. Blessed Thomas More himself lost his fortune and his life in opposing it, and no Englishman of his day could compare with him for intellectual gifts. His friend Erasmus, whom many regard as one of the pioneers of the Reformation, was equally against it. Blessed Thomas More tells us how he examined the writings of Erasmus, and failed to find anything which would indicate that he was on the side of the Reformers. To say, therefore, that the Church was opposed to intellectual progress, because it was in opposition to the new learning, is to display an ignorance of the terminology of the time.

* * *

The following statement appeared in the final number of the *New York Review*:

With this issue, which concludes Vol. III., the *New York Review* ceases publication.

At its inception three years ago its editors promised to present the best work of Catholic scholars at home and abroad on theological and other problems of the present day. It is the keeping of that promise, not the breaking of it, that is the cause of the suspension of the *Review*. For the number of Catholics interested in questions which are deemed of importance by the thinkers of the present generation—and which will be of vital consequence to all classes in the next—has been found to be so small that it does not justify the continuance of this publication. It would be possible, perhaps, to treat the same topics in a more popular style, but the editors are strongly of opinion that new and difficult problems should be discussed in a way that will attract the attention of only trained and scholarly minds. Or the scope of the *Review* might be changed, but this would bring it into needless competition with other Catholic periodicals which are doing excellent work in their chosen departments.

A newspaper report which has obtained wide circulation renders it necessary in justice to our ecclesiastical superiors and to ourselves, to make a further statement. Neither the *New York Review*, nor any issue of it, nor any article published in it has ever been made the object of official condemnation or censure by any authority, local or general, in the Catholic Church. It is now suspending publication not by command of authority, but by the decision of its editors, and for the reasons set down.

It only remains to return sincere thanks to the subscribers who have given their loyal support to the enterprise; and especially to the contributors, who have given of their best so generously, with little or no recompense, save the consciousness of doing their duty in the cause of religion and learning.

* * *

James Bryce, the British ambassador, delivered the principal address at the recent convocation of the University of Chicago.

The ambassador opened his address by commenting upon the fact that production and transportation all over the world, had been transformed by science, and pointed out that the effect of science had also been strongly felt in education.

Sixty years ago science was not given a prominent part in the curriculum of schools and universities, and now it was trying to relegate the study of language and literature to a secondary place. In some parts of the world, indeed, it was becoming necessary to insist upon the importance of the human, as opposed to the natural or scientific subjects. He then developed his thought as follows:

I ask you to join with me in considering the value and helpfulness to the individual man of scientific studies, and of literary studies, respectively, not for success, in any occupation or profession, nor for any other gainful purpose, but for what may be called the enjoyment of life after university education has ended.

All education has two sides. It is meant to impart the knowledge, the skill, the habits of diligence, and concentration, which are needed to insure practical success. It is also meant to form the character, to implant taste, to cultivate the imagination and the emotions, to prepare a man to enjoy those delights which belong to hours of leisure, and to the inner life which goes on, or ought to go on, all the time within his own heart.

* * *

The Newman Club of the University of California in its attractive Calendar announces the subjects of its lectures during the Fall Term as follows:

I. The Philosophy of Religion; II. Religion and Morality; III. Religion and Philosophy; IV. The Demands of the Will; V. The Psychology of the Act of Faith; VI. The Psychology of Conversion; VII. The Psychology of the Religious Character; VIII. The Ideals of the Religious Life; IX. Neo-Platonic and Christian Mysticism.

Addresses: Ethical Standards in Public Life. By James D. Phelan. The Liturgical Beginnings of the Modern Drama. By Professor Martin C. Flaherty. M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:
The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life. By Henry Churchill King. Pp. 256. Price $1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
The Medici Popes. By Herbert M. Vaughan, B.A. Ill. Pp. xxii.-359.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
St. Thomas of Canterbury. By Robert Hugh Benson. Pp. 167. Ill. Price 86 cents. *Of the Imitation of Christ.* By Thomas à Kempis. Price $2 net. *Stories for You and Me.* By Mother Mary Salome. Pp. 165. Price 75 cents. *A Novena for the Holy Souls in Purgatory.* Compiled and Edited by Very Rev. R. A. O'Gorman, O.S.A. Price 40 cents. *The Saint of the Eucharist.* By Fr. O. Staniforth, O.S.F.C. Pp. xxxi.-246. Price $1.25 net. *Catholic Life; or, the Feasts, Fasts, and Devotions of the Ecclesiastical Year.* Pp. viii.-199. Ill. Price 75 cents. *The Daily Companion for the Use of Religious.* Pp. 161. *The Man's Hands; and Other Stories.* By R. P. Garrold, S.J. Price 60 cents. *Lourdes.* A History of Its Apparitions and Cures. By Georges Bertin. Authorized Translation by Mrs. Philip Gibbs.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:
Graduale Sacrosanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ De Tempore et de Sanctis SS. D. N. Pii. X. Pontificis Maximi Jussu Restitutum et Editum. Pp. xviii.-152.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Frequent and Daily Communion. By Fr. J. Lintelo, S.J. Pp. 61. Paper.

THE MASON-HENRY PRESS, Syracuse, N. Y.:
Bible Studies. By John F. Mullany, LL.D. Pp. x.-187.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston, Mass.:
Long Odds. By Harold Bindloss. Pp. 401. *I and My True Love.* Pp. 353. Price $1.50. *The Panther.* By Anne Warner. Pp. 91. Price $1.25.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:
Untrodden English Ways. By Henry C. Shelley. Pp. xv.-341. Ill. Price $3. net. *The Man Who Ended War.* By Hollis Godfrey. Ill. Pp. 301. Price $1.50. *The Long Arm of Mannister.* By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Ill. Pp. 278. Price $1.50.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston:
A Happy Half-Century; and Other Essays. By Agnes Repplier. Pp. viii.-249. Price $1.10 net. *The Moons of Balbanca.* By M. E. M. Davis. Ill. Pp. 180. Price $1 net. *Lewis Rand.* By Mary Johnston. Ill. Pp. 510. Price $1.50. *Cupid's Almanac and Guide to Hearticulture.* For this Year and Next. Ill. Price 90 cents.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston:
Twelve Lessons in the Fundamentals of Voice Production. By A. L. Manchester. Pp. 92. Price $1 postpaid. *Mass in D.* By J. D. Kumin. Pp. 20. Price 40 cents. *Panseron's A. B. C. of Music.* Revised and Extended by N. Clifford. Pp. iv.–148. Price $1. *Requiem Mass.* By Fr. X. Schmidt. Pp. 28. Price 40 cents.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston:
The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy. By T. Francis Bumpus. Ill. Pp. 493. Price $2.50.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
The See of Peter and the Voice of Antiquity. By Rev. Thomas Dolan. Pp. 106. Price 60 cents. *Patrology. The Lives and Works of the Fathers of the Church.* By Otto Bardenhewer, D D., Ph.D. Translated from the Second Edition by Thomas J. Shahan, D.D. Pp. 680. Price $3.75. *Messianic Philosophy.* An Historical and Critical Examination of the Evidences for the Existence, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and Divinity of Jesus Christ. By Gideon W. B. Marsh. Pp. 180. Price $1. *A Maiden Up-to-Date.* A Novel. By Genevieve Irons. *Nizra, the Flower of the Parsa.* By Andrew Klarman. Price $1.

THE JAMES H. BARRY COMPANY, San Francisco:
The Missions and Missionaries of California. By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M. Vol. I. *Lower California.* Price, prepaid, $2.75.

A. C. MCCLURG & CO., Chicago:
The Flaming Sword; and Other Legends of Earth and Sky. By Edith Ogden Harrison. Ill. Pp. 134.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
L'Histoire et les Histoires dans la Bible. Par Mce. Landrieux. Pp. 96. Price 0.50 *Le Péril Prussien.* Par Dr. D'Okvietko. Pp. 112. Price 1 *fr.* 50.

EMILE NOURRY, Paris:
L'Eglise et la Science. Par J. Français. Pp. 177. Price 2 *fr.* 50. *La Resurrection du Christ.* Par Paul le Breton. Pp. 97. Price 1 *fr.* 25.

G. BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
Les Fiançailles et le Mariage. Par Lucien Choupin. Pp. 165. Price 1 *fr.* 60.

THE

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A CAROL OF GIFTS.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Three without slumber ride from afar,
Fain of the roads where palaces are;
All by a shed as they ride in a row,
"Here!" is the cry of their vanishing Star.

First doth a graybeard, glittering fine,
Look on Messias in slant moonshine:
"*This have I bought for Thee!*" Vainly: for lo,
Shut like a fern is the young hand divine.

Next doth a magian, mantled and tall,
Bow to the Ruler that reigns from a stall:
"*This have I sought for Thee!*" Though it be rare,
Loth little fingers are letting it fall.

Last doth a stripling, bare in his pride,
Kneel by the Lover as if to abide:
"*This have I wrought for Thee!*" Answer him there
Laugh of a Child, and His arms opened wide.

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FOUR CELEBRITIES—BROTHERS BY MARRIAGE.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

II.—HENRY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

HENRY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE was born on September 22, 1807. He was the youngest son of William Wilberforce, M. P. for the County of York, and in the year of his birth his father, after spending many Sessions of Parliament in trying to induce the House of Commons to destroy the inhuman traffic in flesh and blood known as the African Slave Trade, had the happiness of seeing his Bill to abolish that infamy pass into law. With a father so deeply religious it goes without saying that Henry was brought up to regard religion as his highest ideal. At that time piety in England meant either Evangelicalism or Methodism. Indeed it was very common for Evangelicals to be called "Methodists" by those who scoffed at religion altogether. It was intended, of course, as a term of reproach, but it was, in truth, an honorable tribute to a man's earnestness. The Church of England had sunk into that sleep which had almost become death, and Wesley in his attempt to rouse her had been driven like an alien and an intruder from her fold. The spirit of Charles Simeon, however, had leavened some of the Cambridge men—among others John Sargent (sometime a Fellow of King's College), Rector of Lavington and Graffham, to whom Henry Wilberforce was sent as a resident pupil when he was quite a small boy. In Sargent's house he found an atmosphere of religion as fervent as in his own home, and the training which he there received was supplemented by the letters which William Wilberforce wrote to him with tolerable frequency. At Lavington Henry remained during the greater part of his boyhood, sharing his studies with one of Mr. Sargent's sons, and forming a friendship with the four "celebrated Miss Sargents," to use Mozley's expression. With one of these sisters, Mary, the friendship then made led eventually to Henry's most happy marriage.

When the time came for him to be specially prepared for the University, he was removed from Lavington and placed with a clergyman named Spragge, who took private pupils at Little Boundes near Tunbridge Wells, whence, at Michaelmas, 1826, he went to Oriel College, Oxford—at that time the leading college in the University so far as learning and culture were concerned. The Common Room of Oriel contained at or about that time a unique assembly of genius and talent. Head and shoulders above all of course was John Henry Newman. Keble, too, was there, destined later on to be the Poet of the Oxford Movement; William James, who taught Newman the doctrine of Apostolical Succession in the course of a walk round Christ Church meadow; Arnold, already beginning to show his genius as an up-bringer of boys; Whately, who, Newman tells us, "emphatically opened my mind, and taught me to think and to use my reason"; Hawkins, who taught him to weigh his words, and to be cautious in his statements; last, but not least, there were two probationer Fellows, Robert Isaac Wilberforce, Henry's elder brother, called in all seriousness the Encyclopædia of the Church of England, a man whose learning was only equalled in depth by his extraordinary humility, and Richard Hurrell Froude, to whom immortality has been bequeathed by his friendship with Newman. Frederic Rogers was also at Oriel, as well as S. F. Wood, George Dudley Ryder, William Froude, F.R.S., and Thomas Mozley, with each of whom Henry Wilberforce formed a warm friendship. At that date Oriel was the only college which threw open its Fellowships to the whole University. It thus drew to itself the choicest spirits and the most charming personalities of every other college, and made for itself a name and a position which no other college has possessed before or since. Consequently an Oriel Fellowship had come to be regarded as the blue-ribbon of the University.

Though never formally his college tutor, Newman allowed Henry Wilberforce to become acquainted with him almost immediately after his matriculation at Oriel, and as time went on the acquaintance thus begun ripened into lifelong intimacy and friendship. In an exquisite but all too brief *Memoir* of his friend, the great Cardinal describes him on his first arrival at Oxford as, "small and timid, shrinking from notice, with a bright face and intelligent eyes," and he adds that, "partly

from his name, partly from his appearance, I was at once drawn towards him," and certainly Henry felt a corresponding attraction towards Newman. For part of four long vacations he read with him as his private tutor, and Newman allowed him frequent access to his rooms, so that the two soon became very intimate. Little playful touches in Newman's letters show the closeness which this friendship had reached between the Fellow and the young undergraduate. For instance, writing to Hurrell Froude under date June, 1828, before Henry had been two years at the University, Newman says: "I should have sent you more of a letter, but that plague, Henry Wilberforce, has been consuming the last half hour before ten by his nonsensical chat." And to his mother, to whom his friend was paying a visit, he writes, in 1832: "H. W. perhaps will try to worm some of my sermons out of you to carry out of Oxford—do not let him."

Newman himself has described a scene which seems to have made a great impression at the time in the University. Wilberforce was twice President of the Debating Society called the Union, which has been the oratorical nursery of some of our greatest statesmen, prelates, and lawyers. Gladstone, Manning, Roundell Palmer, Hope-Scott, Tait (afterwards Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury), to mention only a few names, were in their day distinguished members of the Union, and to be elected President, and that twice over, was no small tribute to a man's popularity and oratorical powers. On one occasion, Lord ——, an undergraduate, who had been dining well but not wisely, entered the Hall in the course of a debate. He insisted upon his right to address the House, and he proceeded to do so with such a ludicrous mixture of sense and nonsense that the assembly was thrown into confusion. The debate threatened to collapse altogether, when Wilberforce rose from the President's chair and calmly said: "Has the noble Lord *no* friends here?" The effect was instantaneous. Friends came forward and led the offender from the room. Newman has referred in his *Memoir* to Henry Wilberforce's gift of speaking. "He had," writes the Cardinal, "an oratorical talent so natural and pleasant, so easy, forcible, and persuasive, as to open upon him the prospect of rising to the foremost rank in his profession had he been a lawyer." At one time indeed he seriously thought of adopting a legal career, and he had entered his name at one of the Inns of Court. There is a letter ex-

tant from William Wilberforce on this subject written to Newman, which it may be of interest to quote:

"I need scarcely assure you," he writes, "that your testimony in my dear Henry's favor is not a little gratifying to me. And I can truly assure you that the pleasure it gives me is much enhanced by the high respect for the principles, the judgment, and the means of information of the individual by whom that favorable opinion was expressed. I believe I had been led to underrate the probabilities of Henry's succeeding in his competition for the Fellowship, and therefore I was less disappointed. I know not your opinion as to the profession to which he should devote himself. You probably have heard that he has entered into one of the Inns of Court, though declaring it is contrary to his inclination. I leave the decision entirely to himself."

Whether inclined or not, Henry Wilberforce used always to say that, but for Newman, he would have gone to the Bar. This was very likely quite true, but as Newman said: "We are blind to the future, and are forced to decide, whether for ourselves or for others, according to what seems best at the time being." But it is not at all unlikely that but for his clerical profession Wilberforce would not have been introduced to those realms of thought and study which led him at last to the Catholic Church.

He took his degree in the same year as Manning, 1830, and was placed in the First Class in Classics and the Second in Mathematics. His natural aptitude was for the latter branch of study, and he had, in consequence, paid all the greater attention to Classics. It was exactly the reverse with his brother, Samuel, whose tastes lay more with classical studies. He therefore worked hard at Mathematics and gained a First in them, being placed in the Second Class for Classics. Henry Wilberforce remained at Oxford for nearly a year after taking his degree, leaving the University for good on April 30, 1831, though it was not until two years later that he became Master of Arts.

Some time seems to have passed before he finally decided upon taking Orders. Newman, in a letter to an intimate friend, complains in a joking way that he hears that "that wretch, Henry Wilberforce, instead of settling to some serious work, has been falling in and out of love in Yorkshire." The very

charm which made him everywhere a welcome visitor inclined him in turn to be susceptible, but it may be taken as certain that he was never unfaithful to his first affection for Mary Sargent, whom he had got to know so well during his sojourn at Lavington and his subsequent visits there. His brother Samuel was already married to Emily Sargent, which brought about even more intimate ties between the two families.

I suppose I am safe in saying that Newman disliked hearing of clergymen marrying. At least he regretted it in the case of those who shared his views and were likely to work upon his lines. So fully does Henry seem to have known this that he shrank from telling his friend of his engagement, though he had actually gone to Oxford for that very purpose. In January, 1834, writing to Frederic Rogers, in later days Lord Blachford, Newman warns his friend not to "believe a silly report that is in circulation that he (H. Wilberforce) is engaged to be married. Not that such an event is not likely, but I am sure it cannot be true as a matter of fact; besides he has been staying here (Oriel), and though we often talked on the subject, he said nothing about it, which I am sure he would have done were it a fact, for the report goes on to say that he has told other people. For myself, I am spreading my incredulity, and contradicting it in every direction, and will not believe it, though I saw the event in the papers, till he tells me. Nay, I doubt whether I ought then to believe it, if he were to say he had really told others and not me."

This letter shows clearly that Newman would have felt it a distinct breach of friendship between them if Henry had allowed any one but himself to inform him of his engagement. Rogers, who knew that the "silly report" was certainly true, hastened to send Henry Wilberforce the substance of Newman's letter.

"I have no wish whatever," writes Henry in reply, "to deny the report in question. Indeed though I did not tell Neander* (as who would?) yet I did tell his sister and gave her leave to tell him. Whether Neander will cut me I don't know. I hope my other Oxford friends will continue my friends still. It is, I am sure, very *foolish* of Newman on mere principles of calculation if he gives up all his friends on their

* Henry Wilberforce's occasional playful name for Newman.

marriage; for how can he expect men (however well inclined) to do much in our cause without co-operation? I suppose, however, he will cut me. I cannot help it. At any rate you must not. . . . Nor, again, am I without a feeling of the danger, as you know, of married priests in these days of trouble and rebuke, but I have taken my line; and after all I am very certain that men, failing of doing their duty, oftener find an excuse than a cause in their circumstances." "Neander," it need hardly be said, did not cut Henry Wilberforce, and he even became godfather to his first-born and remained on terms of intimacy to the end. Probably it never even occurred to Newman to break with his friend, but it is a fact for which I can vouch that he never wholly forgot that Henry had not told him the news of his engagement. The reply of Frederic Rogers to Newman is in itself so interesting that, even apart from its subject, it is worth quoting here. Under date January 20, 1834, he writes: "Many thanks for your letter in which however I must say you do not use your judgment. How can you possibly suppose that after your way of treating *perditum ovem*, H. Wilberforce, you would be his first confidant? The fact obviously is that he came to Oxford with the intention of breaking the matter to you; but when he came near, and saw how fierce you looked, his heart failed him, and he retreated *ápraktos*. And now at this moment he is hesitating about the best way of breaking it, and hoping that some one else will save him the pain. As for me I cannot consent to join you in your unbelief; particularly as I have heard it from a person who professed to have been told it as a great secret by Mrs. H. M. [probably Mrs. Henry Manning] with divers circumstances, the satisfaction of Mrs. Sargent in it, with sundry other particulars. If I could think, as you seem to do, that any incredulity on my part could avert, or even retard, the catastrophe, perhaps that might alter my way of going on. As it is, I have just fired off a letter of condolence, which I was engaged on when your letter reached me."

From this it would seem that Rogers also disliked the idea of clergymen marrying, unless indeed his language about "averting the catastrophe" was merely a joking agreement with Newman's view, for on every other ground the marriage was most desirable on both sides. That it was ideally happy, no one who knew Henry Wilberforce and his wife could feel a mo-

ment's doubt. The late Father Coffin, the Redemptorist, who became in his old age Bishop of Southwark, always used to say when consulted by people about marriage: "If you can be as happily mated as Henry Wilberforce well and good, but very few people are." In June, 1834, a month before the marriage took place, Newman writes to Hurrell Froude, using the word that Froude himself was so fond of applying to those who abandoned the party. "Henry Wilberforce engaged to marry Miss Sargent last December. Was afraid to tell me and left Oxford without; spread abroad I had cut R—— for marrying. Yet he has not *ratted*, and will not (so be it). Marriage, when a crime, is a crime which it is criminal to repent of."

It would seem that William Wilberforce was so far from sympathizing with the views which Newman and Froude were beginning to formulate that he had been inclined to forbid his son taking orders. His deeply-rooted Evangelicalism was shocked at what he probably regarded as dangerous novelties. Mr. Gladstone's testimony on this point is interesting. He says: "On one occasion Henry Wilberforce told me in his abrupt fashion that he was a High Churchman. I certainly was surprised that one bearing his name had given up Evangelicalism. His father, the great philanthropist, was indignant beyond measure, and, fearing that the name would be degraded, was about to forbid his son Henry taking Orders, but, having a high opinion of Manning's piety and good sense, consulted him on the point. Manning said: 'Let him become a clergyman; work among the poor, and the visiting of the sick and dying, will soon knock such High Church nonsense out of his head!'" This was of course at a time when Manning still believed in "the blessed results of the Reformation." It was not until much later that the waves of controversy broke upon the peaceful shores of Lavington and harassed the soul of its rector.

So by the summer of 1834, a year after his father's death, Henry Wilberforce was married and a clergyman, with what was then known as a "Perpetual Curacy," at Bransgore, a typically English village on the borders of the New Forest. The idyllic beauty of the spot, the simplicity of the people, the character of the work, filled the hearts of the young couple with happiness. Occasional visits from Oxford friends brought them tidings of the outside world, but these, welcome as they were, were mere accidents, not essentials, of happiness. Life

was quite full enough, with the villagers to be taught, the sick to be consoled, and the wanderers to be reclaimed, in some of which ministrations Mary Wilberforce took her part. A few years ago the present writer was exploring the New Forest and came upon Bransgore. There was a white-headed old cobbler with a patient face and busy hand. Did he remember a clergyman named Wilberforce? His eyes seemed to light up at the name. "Oh, yes, sir; indeed I do. And Mrs. Wilberforce used to teach us children the Catechism." Her gracious memory had endured with him through sixty years of a life of toil. Nor was the zeal of the young curate satisfied with the limits of the village. In the neighboring hamlet of Burley he managed to build a church, taking upon himself a great part of the cost. His purse indeed was in the ordinary routine too narrow to allow of much expenditure on brick and mortar, but just as the Burley Church was in course of construction there came a windfall.

He had always been a ready speaker and writer, but he never wrote so well as when he was under pressure. To know that the "printer's devil" was waiting for "copy" was a stimulus to him, and at such a time the reading of the past few weeks would pour from his pen in uninterrupted flow. In 1836 the Denier's Theological Prize—a considerable sum of money—was offered by the University of Oxford for an essay on "Faith in the Holy Trinity." Henry had been reading up the subject, storing his astounding memory with facts, dates, and authorities. But now it would seem as though he had put off the writing too long. It was Friday evening. The essays were to be dropped into the Vice-Chancellor's box on Monday; the Sunday duty had to be got through, and Henry had not set pen to paper! But it happened that his friend, Thomas Mozley, was in the neighborhood. Hearing of the dilemma he offered to take the Sunday duty. Thus freed, Henry set to work at once and managed to finish his essay in time. The prize was awarded to it, and the Burley Church fund was the richer by £200.

This service of Mozley was a return for something which Wilberforce had been able to do for him seven years before. At the Oriel Fellowship election of 1829, there was one undoubted vacancy caused by the death of William Churton, "who had passed away" to use Mozley's words, "in the prime

and sweetness of youth." For this vacancy Mozley had no thought of standing. But if another vacancy occurred he determined to become a candidate. It depended upon whether Pusey remained Fellow or not. Ten days before Passion Week Mozley learned that there would be no second vacancy, and he had given up all thought of standing. He was then tutor to the son of Lord Doneraille, a representative peer of Ireland and a Master of Hounds. The family seems to have valued him greatly, and much hoped that he would not leave them. They were then at Cheltenham, but a little later on they all started northwards in the big family coach, which was then the method of traveling with people of means. They were on their way to the family seat in County Cork, but in no hurry to get there, and they stopped at all sorts of places on the way, exploring towns, examining churches, castles, city walls, and ruins. Chester and its arcades were visited, Wrexham Church tower was duly ascended and the quaint market admired. Shrewsbury, with its historical and Shakespearean associations, was seen at leisure, as the party became guests there of Colonel Leighton, a kinsman of Lord Doneraille. At last they moved on to Norton Priory near the Mersey, just within sight of the shipping of Liverpool Docks. Thence they were to cross the channel to Ireland. Meanwhile they were to be entertained by Sir Richard Brooke, who had assembled a large party in their honor. There was to be a grand banquet and a performance of music.

Throughout this journey, all unsuspected by Mozley, Henry Wilberforce was hot upon his track.

Cardinal Newman once lent the present writer a long itinerary, written by himself, giving all the details of this notable journey. It was a sort of Evangeline experience. Henry would arrive, tired and dusty, at some hotel, only to be told that the travelers had left two day before. Fresh horses would be ordered, a hasty meal snatched, and the pursuit continued. Another hotel would be reached and the tidings given that the family had been there some twenty or thirty hours before. At last, after much hard day-and-night travel, Henry ran his quarry to earth at Norton Priory. He was the bearer of an urgent message from Newman to the effect that Pusey's Fellowship had been declared vacant and that Mozley must hasten back to Oxford at once.

It is not easy to realize what an Oriel Fellowship meant in those days, but it was a very great prize, and Mozley owed its possession entirely to Henry Wilberforce's friendly act in chasing him almost along the length of England—a journey which then occupied several days.

Mozley, starting from Liverpool as he did on the afternoon of one day, was able to reach Oxford on the morning of the next. But his, of course, was a direct journey. He came too late for some formalities and for the first part of the examination, but under the circumstances this was excused, and he was duly elected Fellow of Oriel.

The peaceful though busy life at Bransgore was varied by occasional visits to Lavington, the beautiful seat of which Mary Wilberforce was one of the co-heiresses. When Mr. Sargent died, his son who would have succeeded to the estate had already predeceased him, and the question arose among the four sisters as to the disposal of the property. Should it be sold and the money divided among them? With one voice they protested against this. Nothing could reconcile the sisters to such an act of sacrilege. No, let the eldest sister, Emily, with her husband Samuel Wilberforce, make it her home. The close affection which united the sisters to one another would make the place their home as well. Whether any kind of compensation was made to the three younger sisters I am unable to say. Some arrangement of the kind must, I should think, have been come to. Certain it is, however, that when religious estrangement came to divide the family, Lavington, so far from being a home to the two surviving sisters who committed the unpardonable sin of embracing the ancient faith, became, if not absolutely tabooed, at least only a place where for some exceptional reason they were permitted to stay for a limited time. Indeed I very much doubt whether Sophia Ryder, the youngest sister, ever set foot within Lavington after her conversion in 1846. She died in 1850. As for Mary, the sole survivor, she paid one or two visits, and she and her husband were invited in 1861 to spend a holiday at Lavington, where George Ryder and his motherless children joined them. But Bishop Wilberforce took care to be absent, and carefully stipulated with his brother and brother in-law that his Catholic relations should never go to Mass at Burton Park, which was the nearest chapel. They unwillingly submitted to this absurd and un-

reasonable condition, and drove each Sunday, at considerable expense, to Slindon, seven miles away.

The Bishop used to tell his brother that he disliked inviting him to be his guest because, as a Catholic, he could not join in family prayers, and "the servants will see that there is some difference between us."

"So there is," retorted Henry, "I belong to the true Church and you do not."

On another occasion the Bishop was speaking in sad tones of the estrangement between them. "I can't let my children mix with yours as I should otherwise have liked to do."

"Quite right, my dear Sam," was Henry's unexpected reply, "the truth is much more infectious than scarlet fever."

But this is anticipating, for in those early days at Bransgore Henry's ideas of the truth were very different. He often used to say that till he was a grown-up man he was convinced that had he been able to talk for half an hour with a Catholic, he could, with the Bible in his hand, have converted him to Protestantism!

It was during his sojourn at Bransgore that he learnt, to his unspeakable dismay, that his great and venerated leader, John Henry Newman, had received a blow which, temporarily at least, had shaken his full confidence in the Church of England. This was in the beginning of October, 1839. Newman had, from the middle of June until the end of August, been studying the history of the Monophysites. It was during this course of reading, he tells us, "that for the first time a doubt came upon me of the tenableness of Anglicanism. . . . By the end of August I was seriously alarmed." While he was thus engaged a friend drew his attention to an article by Wiseman in the *Dublin Review* on the "Anglican Claim." In this article the writer had quoted the words of St. Augustine, "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*," and these words and their significance—as great now as when they were first penned—kept ringing in his ears.

Originally, indeed, they had been written against the Donatists, but they applied with equal cogency against the Monophysites. Newman had looked to antiquity as his special, nay, his only support, and his *Via Media* "was to be a sort of remodelled and adapted Antiquity." And, in the words of St. Augustine, he saw "Antiquity deciding against itself." "By

those great words of the ancient Father, the theory of the *Via Media* was absolutely pulverized."

It was when walking in the New Forest that Newman made to Henry Wilberforce the "astounding confidence, mentioning the subjects which had inspired the doubt—the position of St. Leo in the Monophysite controversy and the principle *Securus judicat orbis terrarum* in that of the Donatists. He added that he felt confident that when he returned to his rooms and was able fully and calmly to consider the whole matter, he should see his way completely out of the difficulty. But he said: 'I cannot conceal from myself that, for the first time since I began the study of theology, a vista has been opened before me, to the end of which I do not see.'"*

The form of his expression was borrowed from the surrounding scenery. Henry Wilberforce was horrified and thunderstruck by Newman's words. He had, of course, at that time the fullest confidence in the Church of England, while Newman he regarded as one of its strongest pillars. And here was the great leader himself expressing doubt of its being a part of the Catholic Church.

How Newman dealt with this "ghost" as he calls it, this "shadow of a hand on the wall," how it again unexpectedly appeared to him, and how he finally acted towards it, is fully recorded in his own matchless way in the pages of the *Apologia*, and need not be further spoken of here.

Henry Wilberforce remained at Bransgore until 1841, when he was presented to the Perpetual Curacy of Walmer in Kent. Here he was delighted to number among his parishioners the sea-faring population of Deal. There is something extremely attractive in the hearty, straightforward bluffness of sailors, and Mr. Wilberforce's earnestness won for him their respect in a remarkable degree. There is a tradition about his life at Walmer which is worth repeating here. Among his parishioners was the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, who resides in Walmer Castle. At that time the office of Warden was held by no less a personage than the great Duke of Wellington. No one knew the value of discipline better than he, and no one held more rigid views of duty. But he was, of course, accustomed at that time of his life to command rather than obey. There is an old story to the effect that a clergyman on one

* See the article by Henry Wilberforce in the *Dublin Review* for April, 1869.

occasion asked his Grace about what he would like the sermon to be. "About ten minutes," the Duke is reported to have answered. But Mr. Wilberforce was a clergyman of a different sort. Something or other was being done by him in the parish of which the Duke did not approve. He told Wilberforce that it must be altered.

"You are the great Duke of Wellington," replied the Perpetual Curate, "but I am the clergyman of this parish."

It was probably this incident that Cardinal Newman had in mind when he wrote of Henry Wilberforce that "gentle and unassuming as he was at first sight and in his ordinary behavior, and averse to all that was pretentious or overbearing, he had the command of plain words and strong acts when the occasion called for them; and could with fearlessness, directness, and determination speak his own mind and carry out his own views of duty."

It is extremely likely that the Duke's respect for his clergyman was increased rather than diminished by this little encounter.

There is, however, another and a pleasanter incident connected with this period. Wilberforce's two elder sons were one day walking out with their nurse. They were met by an old gentleman who stopped them and inquired their names. After talking for a few minutes and finding that one of them was, like himself, named Arthur, he put a ribbon round the neck of each boy—one red and one blue—to which a shilling was attached, and said: "You must remember that these were given to you by the Duke of Wellington."

Many years afterwards one of these boys, Arthur Wilberforce, became a priest of the Dominican Order and a celebrated missioner. A friend who knew that he was in the habit of losing everything he possessed, except the grace of God, asked him one day what had become of his shilling. He looked at his questioner with a smile. "I suppose I lost it," he said. Then he added: "But what does that matter if I have not lost the Image of the Heavenly King from my soul?"*

Mr. Wilberforce's sojourn at Walmer was not extended beyond two years. In 1843 he was presented to the valuable living of East Farleigh in Kent, of which his brother Robert

* See *The Life and Letters of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, of the Order of Preachers*, by H. M. Capes. Sands & Co. 1906.

had been Vicar before him. At this period of his life his means were greater than at any other before or after, and yet visitors were struck with the absence in the parsonage of anything beyond necessities in the way of comfort. To be in any sense parsimonious was utterly impossible to him, and he was the very soul of hospitality; but of his own personal comfort he was conspicuously heedless, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be induced to spend money upon himself.

"His parsonage," writes Cardinal Newman in his *Memoir*, "in its domestic order, its frugality, its bountiful alms, and its atmosphere of religious reverence and peace, was, as it ought to be, the mainspring and center of that influence which he exercised upon the people committed to him. To them, and to their needs, temporal and spiritual, he gave himself wholly. He had an almost overwhelming sense of the responsibilities which lay upon him as the pastor of a parish; and his habits and ways, his words and deeds, his demeanor, his dress, and his general self-neglect all in one way or other spoke to my informant of that simplicity of mind and humility which I recognized in him when he was a youth at Oxford." His residence at Bransgore and at East Farleigh was marked by the birth of eight out of his nine children; but it was also marked by the death of three of the number. But, as his friend Cardinal Newman observes, "this trial, acute as it was, has been the only trial of his domestic life." Indeed, the home at East Farleigh was an ideally bright and beautiful one—a fact which enhanced Henry Wilberforce's merit in sacrificing it when God called upon him to do so.

The hop-fields of Kent are visited every year by numbers of poor Irish laborers who make a scanty living by gathering in the hops for the neighboring farmers. Of late years the Franciscan Friars have organized missions for the benefit of these poor people, and many Catholic laymen generously devote a large part of their summer holiday to helping on this good work.

But in Mr. Wilberforce's time, though the Irish pickers made an annual invasion into his and neighboring parishes, there were no facilities for the practice of their religion. In 1849, when the hop harvest was in full swing, a terrible outbreak of Asiatic cholera occurred among the pickers. Many lay dead or dying in the fields and lanes around, and the resources of the par-

sonage were strained to the utmost to supply the needs of the poor sufferers. Regardless of danger Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce nursed and tended the cholera-stricken patients and provided them with every material comfort and medical help. They turned the parish schoolroom into a hospital, and in deference to the religion of their guests they fixed a holy-water stoup over each bed.

But there was one thing that Wilberforce could not do, and that was to give spiritual consolation to these poor Irish hop-pickers. The priest at Maidstone did all he could, but what was he among so many? In this dilemma Henry Wilberforce sent to London for help. Father Faber and one or two other Oratorian Fathers came to assist the sick and dying Irish. Two nuns of the Good Shepherd also came, and their services as nurses were much appreciated. The result of Henry Wilberforce's kindness was that very many souls received the Sacraments which in some cases had been neglected for years, and many died fortified with the Holy Unction. During the worst part of the outbreak of cholera Mr. and Mrs. George Ryder, the latter being Mary Wilberforce's youngest sister, were guests at the Vicarage, and it was through the medium of George Ryder that the priests and nuns were obtained.

One day Mrs. Ryder and her sister were watching one of the priests giving Extreme Unction to a dying man. Mrs. Ryder was at this time a Catholic, having been received in Rome three years before. "Mary," she said very earnestly, "whatever you do, do not die without that." Six months later Mrs. Ryder died. Her death was very sudden and unexpected, as was also that of her sister, which took place nearly thirty years later. It was God's Will that both should die without the Holy Unction, but from no fault of theirs, and after such lives as they had led no death, however sudden, could be unprepared.

The Irish who were the objects of the kindness of Henry Wilberforce and his family had prayed fervently for their benefactors, and these prayers were answered to the full. As Cardinal Newman wrote: "Every act of charity done for our Lord's sake has its reward from Him; and Mr. Wilberforce used to call to mind with the deepest gratitude that on the day of the year on which he had received our Lord's servants into his house, he and his were, through our Lord's mercy, received into the Everlasting Home of the Catholic Church."

The family went in the autumn of 1850 to Malines, and thence Henry Wilberforce often went to visit the Jesuit house in Brussels. Here he made a retreat, at the end of which he was received into the Catholic Church. Mrs. Wilberforce had been received three months earlier, just before the birth of her youngest son.

To resign a genial, successful, and lucrative career in middle life, to say farewell to home and friends, and to sacrifice the prospects of one's family, are acts that need no common measure of grace and fortitude. In the middle of last century such an act of abnegation involved peculiar suffering. The ruin of one's career and the loss of one's income were bad enough, but a convert in the fifties had no mercy to expect from his friends; by common agreement he was to be given no quarter. "Nothing but conscience," said Henry Wilberforce on one occasion, "could have reconciled me to the loss of my friends"; and so utterly were the motives of converts misunderstood that one of Mary Wilberforce's intimate friends suggested that, as she was dissatisfied with the English Church, she might join the Wesleyans, on the ground that "they at least believe in our Lord."

After a period spent at Rugby, during which he published a clear and convincing account of his "Reasons for Submitting to the Catholic Church," Mr. Wilberforce crossed over to Ireland, where he labored in defence of Catholics who were suffering from the attacks of "souper" proselytism. In one parish alone he helped to starve out no fewer than four Protestant schools established to pervert the Catholic population. In his visits from cottage to cottage, he urged parents to undergo any degree of poverty and loss rather than sacrifice the faith of their children. As Cardinal Newman says: "His very presence preached, though he had no ecclesiastical position; for it spoke of a man who, at the call of Christ, had left his nets and fishing, and all his worldly surroundings, to follow Him."

On property which at this time he owned in one of the islands off the Galway coast, he succeeded in establishing a resident priest, where hitherto Mass had been said on only uncertain and comparatively rare occasions.

From 1854 to 1863 Mr. Wilberforce resided in London, where he acted as proprietor and editor of the *Catholic Standard*, or, as he afterwards named it, the *Weekly Register*. During

these years he paid two visits to Rome, the first in the winter of 1859 60 and the second in 1862 on the occasion of the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs. The letters which he wrote describing the solemnity were published in the *Weekly Register.*

The incidents which occurred in Jamaica in 1865, under the governorship of Edward Eyre, raised in Henry Wiberforce the noble spirit that had actuated his father. His articles on the much discussed negro question were greatly admired by John Stuart Mill, Richard Hutton, and other authorities. But towards the close of his life his chief occupation was the contribution of articles to the *Tablet* and the *Dublin Review.* Father Herbert Vaughan, afterwards Cardinal, was then the proprietor of the *Tablet.* He told Mr. Wilberforce that if he knew how many families had been converted by his articles, it would be a grievous trial to his humility.

For the last six years of his life he lived at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire, close to the Dominican Priory, where his eldest son had a few years before been through his novitiate. Many still live who remember the life of piety which Mr. Wilberforce led. He himself unconsciously threw light upon the devotion which possessed him, in a letter written to Mrs. Wilberforce during a brief visit she paid to London. "I do not in the least boast of it," wrote Mr. Wilberforce, "but, much as I miss your company, I feel as though it would be impossible to be dull, as long as I am able to visit the church and kneel before our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament." His nephew, Sir George Lisle Ryder, after a visit to Mr. Wilberforce and his family in their Woodchester home, observed in his quiet, impressive way: "I think it must be a favorite haunt of the angels."

In 1871 he made a voyage to Jamaica, accompanied by his youngest daughter. They went with the best introductions, and were received with the utmost hospitality by the Governor, Sir John Peter Grant, and by the Chief Justice, Sir John Lucie Smith, and during the winter up in the hills by Mr. Justice Ker. The journey was undertaken at the instance of his doctor, for his health was at that time failing sensibly.

And he wrote to his wife: "Feeling how much older I am, makes me feel 'the time is short.' The generations of men are like 'the leaves,' as the Greek poet says; but our Lord

Jesus is 'the Resurrection and the Life.'" And, conscious that his long, happy married life was drawing to a close, he wrote to his wife: "May God keep His Arm over you for good, and unite us hereafter in His Kingdom."

I cannot do better than bring this article to an end by quoting the words of his old friend, Cardinal Newman:

"He set out (for Jamaica) with a strong hope that his health would receive real benefit both from the voyage and from a climate so genial and so new to him. Yet his hope was tempered by those dominant sentiments which, I believe, never for an instant were absent from his mind. . . . He was amazed and enchanted by the beauty of the island, and for a time he really did gain good by going thither. The improvement, however, did not last; he returned home in July, 1872, to suffer a gradual but visible decay all through the following winter; and when Easter (1873) came, eternity was close upon him."

During these sad but peaceful months some of his few surviving Oxford friends came to bid him farewell, among others Thomas Mozley, Father Newman (as he then was), and, I believe, Father Ambrose St. John, once his curate at East Farleigh. It was through Henry Wilberforce that Newman had years before become acquainted with St. John, who was destined to be his dearest and closest friend, the one "whom God gave me when He took every one else away," as he tells us in the *Apologia*.

Throughout the whole of Mr. Wilberforce's illness the Dominican Fathers from the neighboring priory tended him with the utmost kindness and solicitude, and several times a week one or other of the community said Mass in the sick room by special permission of the Bishop of Clifton. The temporary altar then used was the same as that on which Father Dominic, the Passionist, had celebrated Mass at Littlemore on the morning of Newman's reception into the Catholic Church.

To quote once more from the Cardinal's *Memoir*: "He had ever lived in the presence of God, and I suppose it was this that especially struck one of his Jamaica friends who has written, on the news of his death: 'I looked upon him as one of the most holy of men.' Indeed, in these last months his very life was prayer and meditation. No one did I ever know who more intimately realized the awfulness of the dark future than he.

His sole trust, hope, and consolation lay in his clear, untroubled faith. All was dark except the great truths of the Catholic religion; but though they did not lighten the darkness, they bridged over for him the abyss. He calmly spoke to me of the solemn, unimaginable wonders which he was soon to see. Now he sees them. Each of us in his own turn will see them soon. May we be as prepared to see them as he was!"

On the 23d of April, 1873, after receiving the Sacraments, having several times during the preceding week received Viaticum from the hands of his Dominican son, he peacefully breathed his last, surrounded by his wife and family. At his funeral, on April 29, a short and deeply moving sermon was preached by the great Oratorian whose words I have just quoted. It was touching to see the venerable preacher as he stood in the pulpit looking down upon the coffin of his old pupil and friend. For many seconds together he remained silent, unable to articulate a word, his face covered with his hands, the tears streaming from his eyes. Then he looked up and in a pathetic tone said: "Bear with me; I loved him so well"; and in broken accents he went on to sketch his friend's life, showing how he had willingly "become a fool for Christ's sake," and he ended with a wail of "farewell, dearest brother," which sent a thrill through the congregation.

Now Henry Wilberforce lies buried in the pretty churchyard of the Dominicans, just under the East Window of the Church, within hearing of "the holy mutter of the Mass," and with him lies the body of his wife. On his tomb is written: "And He said unto him: 'Follow Me,' and leaving all things he followed Him. Within a bow-shot of this church (a perfect specimen of early English art) stands the Franciscan Convent, where their eldest daughter is one of the Community; and within a few yards of the spot were lies all that is mortal of his parents is the grave of their eldest son, Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P., whose whole life was devoted to spreading the faith for the sake of which his parents sacrificed money, friends, and home, leaving their children an inheritance unspeakably more precious than silver and gold. May their noble self-sacrifice win them eternal crowns!

IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

"AN odd thing occurred to me the other day," remarked Stanfield, as the staff of the Santa Catalina Mine sat in the corridor of the Company house around the charming daughter of their chief.

"And that was—?" some one inquired.

"As I was returning from the trip I made to Copalquin, I met Trescott out in the Sierra."

"Trescott!" Several voices simultaneously expressed surprise. "When did he come back?"

"That's the odd thing," Stanfield explained. "He hasn't come back, because it seems he has never been away."

"Never been away! Why it's months since he left San Andrés—"

"To go out into the Sierra on a prospecting expedition. Exactly. Well, he went into the Sierra and—stayed there. That's all."

"Stayed where?"

"Lord knows. He was very vague in his answers to my questions. All I gathered was that he had found a paying prospect somewhere in the wilds, that he had stayed out there to develop it, that he liked the Sierra and didn't think he should ever leave it again."

"Great Scott!" The listeners groaned in concert. "He must have gone off his head completely."

Stanfield nodded. "Struck me there wasn't a doubt of it," he agreed.

Then Eleanor Dering spoke—the girl who had turned her back on all that was most gay and brilliant in social life, to come and visit her father in this remote Mexican mining camp, and incidentally to work havoc with the hearts of all the young Americans who gave the Santa Catalina the benefit of their valuable services.

"Why should a man be supposed to have gone off his head because he likes the Sierra?" she asked. "*I* like it."

"Oh, liking it, and going out and living in it, are two different things, you see," Stanfield told her. "You admire it from a distance; but Trescott has plunged into it, turned his back on civilization, and gone to—"

"Nature?"

"Well *he* might call it that, but I should call it something else—savagery, we'll say. After all, however, I suppose it's not remarkable that a man as hard hit by fate as he has been should feel inclined to bury himself from the world."

The chorus assented. "Not remarkable at all. Always thought he'd do something of the kind. Perhaps blow out his brains."

"He may do that yet," Stanfield said gravely.

Then, as if by mutual consent, the subject dropped, every one seeming glad to get away from it, to judge by the haste with which they plunged into other topics; and it was not until later that, finding herself alone with Stanfield, Miss Dering asked quietly:

"What happened to the man you were speaking of—the man you met in the Sierra—to make him want to bury himself from the world?"

Stanfield hesitated an instant before he answered.

"Tragedy happened to him, and professional shipwreck, his friends forgot him, the world turned a cold shoulder, and—well if you knew his story, you would wonder that he had not blown out his brains before the Sierra became a refuge."

Eleanor looked out from the *corridór* where they sat to the majestic outlines of the great Sierra encompassing them. There was something very fine as well as beautiful in her face, and an exquisite quality of sympathy in her voice when she said:

"Tell me his story." Then, as Stanfield again hesitated, "I am not a *jeune fille*, you know. I have been out eight years, and modern society talks of everything. What did he do?"

"It wasn't so much a case of what he did as of what was done to him," Stanfield said. "There's a woman in the story, of course."

"Of course. Who ever heard of a story without a woman?"

"And it's a queer fact that there doesn't seem to be any

medium for women. They are either very good or uncommonly bad."

Miss Dering smiled. "That's a man's idea. As a matter of fact, there are as many gray sheep among us as among men. But never mind generalizing. What did this particular woman do?"

"Shielded herself—and a man—by making her husband believe that a compromising letter, which fell into his hands, was written by Trescott, his best and oldest friend. In consequence, he went for Trescott with such murderous energy that the latter was forced to kill him."

"Ah!"

"There was a civil trial for murder, in which Trescott was acquitted, as the killing had been clearly in self-defence; and then there was a court-martial—they were both in the army—as a result of which he was dismissed from the service for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

After a short silence the girl said meditatively: "He must be a strong man not to have killed himself—if you are sure he was wronged throughout."

"I don't think there's much doubt of that. It was pretty well understood that he was merely used by the woman as a blind, though he made no effort to prove this at his trial, probably owing to misplaced chivalry."

"And what became of her?"

"Oh, she married the other man in due course of time, and is very prosperous, I believe. If any ghosts haunt her, she gives no sign of the fact."

"I would rather be haunted by the ghost of a dead than of a living man," Eleanor said. "Dead men have at least laid down the burden of existence, which sometimes"—she looked again out toward the Sierra—"presses very hard on the living. But was there no one to hold out a hand to him, this man dismissed from his service and disgraced?"

"None that counted, I believe. It's human nature to fight shy of disgraced men, you know; and easier to accept the verdicts of courts than to look behind them. After awhile he turned up out here, a broken man. He was with us at the Santa Catalina for a time; but it was clear that he couldn't stand even our association. He was suffering too much, was too sore and full of pain. So, with the excuse of prospecting,

he one day mounted his mule and rode out into the Sierra. That was the last heard of him until I met him a few days ago."

There was silence again for several minutes, and then Eleanor said: "You know we are going to Durango, over the Sierra, in a few days. I am looking forward to the journey with the greatest delight, for it seems it will take at least a week, and we shall camp out every night. Now, if we happened to meet this Mr. Trescott, I should be glad."

Stanfield shook his head. "I hardly think there's the faintest chance of it," he said. "It has been months since any of us saw him last; and from his manner when I met him the other day, I don't think he will be likely to be met again soon."

"Not with any intention of his own, perhaps; but it might come to pass, nevertheless. I should like to meet him."

Stanfield smiled at her. "I know that you are given to helping lame dogs over stiles. But even if you met Trescott, I really don't see what you could do toward helping him."

"It is difficult," she admitted, "for any one to help another in this world in which we walk, each so strangely alone. But you say that nobody has held out a hand to him. I could at least hold out my hand."

Stanfield looked at the hand of which she spoke—the slender hand at once so delicate and so strong. It occurred to him that it might lead a man very far.

"Yes"; he agreed, "you could hold out your hand; and if you did, it would no doubt mean much to the poor devil. But what would be the end?"

"The end?" She hesitated an instant. "Only God knows the end of anything," she said. "But if I meet him, I shall surely hold out my hand."

She remembered these words a few days later, when the opportunity to hold out her hand to Philip Trescott came by one of those chances of life which we call accident, but for which perhaps a wider and higher vision has another name.

All day she had been riding in the Sierra, amid scenes so beautiful that she moved through them in a species of ecstasy. The wild loveliness of this high region seemed, in Wordsworth's phrase, to haunt her like a passion, and as she climbed immense mountain sides, or passed through glades of sylvan beauty, where troops of graceful deer were feeding on the rich, lush

grass, or rode across the great highland levels covered with noble forests, she had ever about her the aromatic scents of mighty woods, the murmur of unnumbered leaves softly whispering together, and a sense as if all the romance which the world has forgotten might have retreated here, and found its last refuge in the solitude of these great hills.

So it came to pass that she left her father and his party far behind, and that she was followed only by a single attendant when, in the late afternoon, she emerged from a deep *quebrada*, up the steep, rock-strewn side of which her agile little mule had for an hour been climbing like a cat. Pausing on the summit for the animal to breathe, she looked out over a wild, majestic picture of mountains, cañons, and cliffs.

"Oh!" she murmured to herself, "if one could but stay long enough to take it all in, or spread wings and fly out over it like a bird! What is it, Alejandro?" she added in Spanish, turning to the *mozo*, who had dismounted to examine how the girths of her saddle had borne the strain of the ascent, and now stood beside her.

The man—a middle-aged Mexican of intelligent, trustworthy type—had an expression of perplexity and something like shame on his face.

"Señorita," he said, "I—I am afraid that I have made—a mistake in the trail."

"What!" she cried. And then, as his meaning flashed upon her, "you don't—you can't mean that you have lost your way?"

"It is of that I am afraid," he acknowledged. "I thought I knew the way well, but"—he looked around helplessly—"I do not remember this place. I must have taken a road which was not the right one some time ago."

"Good heavens!" The comprehension of what it meant to be lost in these wilds suddenly rushed upon Miss Dering. "Why did you go on, when you are not sure of the trail?" she demanded exasperatedly.

Alejandro threw out his hands with a comprehensive gesture.

"How could I be sure of anything?" he asked. "There is so much Sierra, and it is all so much alike."

"But you said you knew the way—!" She paused, conscious of the futility of reproaches. "We must go back at

once to the last place where you were sure," she declared with decision. "But what a pity that you didn't find out that you were lost before we crossed this terrible *quebrada*."

With an expression of extreme distaste, Alejandro glanced down into the dark depths out of which they had just climbed —the tremendous earth-rift which is known as the deepest and most difficult *quebrada* in all this part of the Sierra.

"Since I mistook the road, Don Gilberto has no doubt by this time crossed the *quebrada* also, señorita," he said, "and if we are both on the same side, it seems very useless to go back."

"But what else can we do to regain the right road? Have you any idea where our party is likely to be, if they have crossed?"

Alejandro again looked round with a vagueness which sufficiently answered this question. Plainly he had so completely lost his bearings, that he had not the least idea in what direction the party from which they had separated was likely to be found. Interpreting his silence aright, Eleanor set her lips firmly and gathered up her reins.

"It is a dreadful prospect to cross this awful cañon twice again," she said, "but evidently there is nothing else to do, and it must be done at once." She glanced at the sun, so ominously low in the western sky. "There's not a minute to lose," she added, and turned her mule's head toward the steep, perilous trail by which they had climbed upward and must now go downward.

But before she had succeeded in inducing Bonita to set her reluctant feet upon it, Alejandro uttered an exclamation of relief and delight.

"Stop, señorita, stop!" he cried eagerly. "Some one is coming!"

It seemed incredible—in the Sierra—but Eleanor wheeled her willing mule around just as a horseman rode out of the green forest which clothed the great level summit on which they were. This rider had all the outward appearance of a Mexican, but as he advanced nearer, Alejandro uttered another joyful exclamation.

"Don Felipe!" he cried. "*Gracias à Dios! Como està Vd., señor?*"

The man addressed pulled up and glanced at him keenly.

Then he smiled. "Oh, is it you, Alejandro?" he returned. "How are you?—and how are all at the Santa Catalina? What are you doing here?"

"I am on my way to Durango with the Gerente, señor," Alejandro answered. "He is behind with the *condúcta*, while I am attending the señorita, his daughter."

"The señorita!" The new-comer started and glanced in amazement at the figure silhouetted against the sky on the brink of the *quebrada*. And his amazement was so far justified that surely such a figure had never before been seen in the Sierra. A slender, fair-faced girl, who rode a man's saddle in the manner of a man, and who in her costume of knickerbockers, blouse, and jacket, with hat of soft felt, high buttoned gaiters, gauntlets, and spurs, looked like some young page wandered out of an old romaunt, or a Rosalind of to-day masquerading in a new and far wilder Forest of Ardennes. His hat came off immediately, showing a clear-cut, sunburned face.

"I beg pardon," he said, "for not recognizing a lady."

"You are pardonable, señor," Eleanor told him. "I know that in Mexico it is very unusual to see a woman dressed and riding as I am; but in the States it has become rather common, and in the Sierra I find it convenient."

"Alejandro tells me that I have the pleasure of seeing the daughter of the Gerente of the Santa Catalina," he said. "I know your father very well, Miss Dering. My name is Trescott."

The next instant he thought he had never seen anything so charming as the smile with which Eleanor leaned forward and held out her hand.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Trescott," she said, "and I am very glad to meet you."

IV.

But if Miss Dering had doubted the gravity of their situation, she would have been assured of it by Trescott's manner of receiving the intelligence.

"Good heavens!" he said. "You have lost your way, and you were going down into the Quebrada Honda again! Don't you know that night would have been on you before you could possibly have climbed out of it, and then—!"

"Then it would have been pretty bad, no doubt," she agreed, as he paused expressively. "But there didn't seem to be anything else to do. Alejandro hadn't the faintest idea where to go, and we couldn't stay here, you know."

"You had better have stayed here than gone down into that chasm, to lose your way certainly, and possibly your life—"

She lifted her eyebrows. "But aren't you going down into it?" she asked.

"Oh, yes"; he answered indifferently, "but you see I am very familiar with the trail, and I had hope of getting out before night. *That* you could never have managed, with your mule pretty well used up, and such a guide."

"Probably not," she agreed again, "so I am glad a kind fate sent you in time to prevent our going. That is certainly better than picking up my bones and poor Bonita's, when you reached the bottom. As for Alejandro"—she waved her hand toward that crestfallen *mozo*—"you needn't have troubled to pick up *his*."

"Alejandro is the worst kind of a fraud!" Trescott said, severely regarding the person under discussion. "What did you mean by undertaking to act as guide to the señorita, when you are as ignorant as a fireside cat of the Sierra?" he inquired sternly in Spanish.

"I have been in the Sierra many times, señor," Alejandro protested with dignity, "and I thought it was plain the trail to follow—"

"Well, now you find that it isn't plain—now that you have narrowly escaped subjecting the señorita to great hardship and possibly danger. As it is, you have brought her so much out of her way, that she will have to ride hard to reach her father's camp in time to save Don Gilberto great anxiety and trouble. Where did he intend to halt to-night?"

"At Las Joyas, señor."

"Then, Miss Dering"—he turned to her again—"we will waste no more time, but ride straight for Las Joyas."

"*We!*" she repeated. "Surely it isn't necessary for you to go. Can't you just put us on the trail?"

"In order that Alejandro might promptly lead you off of it? You see there are no sign-posts in the Sierra. Besides, there's really no direct trail from here to Las Joyas. You must

trust me to get you there by sense of direction more than anything else."

"I'm only too glad to trust you," she said with a little sigh of relief. "I know I ought to be dreadfully concerned that you are turning out of your way and giving up your time in this manner; but I can only think with gratitude that you appeared so wonderfully just when you were needed. It was"—she looked at him with curious gravity—"as if you were *sent*, as if we had been riding all day, you and I, to meet at a critical moment on the brink of the Quebrada Honda."

"I suppose we were," he said as gravely as herself. "At all events I am glad that I reached here at the critical moment. And now we had better ride on."

They rode on—Trescott turning directly back upon his way—and as the trail just here wound like a well-beaten road along the level of the great ridge on which they found themselves, it was possible for two to ride abreast, and so riding to talk.

Of what they talked, for a time at least, Trescott afterwards did not remember; but he remembered that he had from the first a distinct sense of pleasure in this unsought chance to step back for a brief space into his old life, to converse once more with one to whom he could speak on an intellectual equality, and in whom he recognized the peculiar touch in mind and manner which only intercourse with the world can give. For it happened that Eleanor Dering was the first woman of her order with whom he had spent an hour of voluntary association since the dark waters closed over him. The tragedy which ruined his life had not had the common effect of such tragedies in making him cynical in his attitude toward women. He never doubted that the woman who was the cause of this tragedy belonged to a comparatively small class of her sex; but while she had not killed his faith in womanhood, she killed for him all possibility of pleasure in the society of those who in any degree recalled herself—that is, in all who bore the stamp of things conventional and artificial.

But in Eleanor Dering there was nothing of this stamp. With her, high breeding had reached its finest result—simplicity; and in her face there was a charm deeper than graceful features or lovely coloring, a charm which lay in the rare sympathetic quality to which "nothing that is human is strange," and in that subtle, indefinable gift of the gods which we call

fascination. It had been long since Trescott had seen a countenance at once so fair and so expressive of those things which are the finest flowers of civilization; and even while he shrank from the associations thus awakened, he was conscious of an attraction which had its source of power deep in that part of his nature which he owed to civilization, and could not, if he would, renounce.

As for Eleanor, she on her part had a strange, awed sense of opportunity given in fulfilment of her desire, together with a doubt how best to use this opportunity. "If I meet him, I will surely hold out my hand," she had said; but in saying it she had known, as she knew now, that the act of holding out her hand was but the symbol of deeper spiritual aid to be given, if circumstances made such giving possible. But how it might become possible was a hard question to answer. For as they rode together through the marvelous, leafy way, on this crest of the world, she recognized that it was not altogether an ordinary man with whom fate had dealt so hardly. As she glanced at him now and again, she saw in the fine, somewhat stern contours of his face indications of a nature of extreme sensitiveness—one of those natures which feel all things—joy, sorrow, pain, love, or hate—with an intensity beyond comprehension to ordinary natures—and although in the gray eyes there was the look which long-sustained suffering always leaves, there was no weakness about the thin-lipped, resolute mouth, or the firm chin. Clearly it would be difficult to get under the shield of reserve with which such a man would guard his inner life. "And yet I must—I must!" she said to herself. "This strange chance wasn't—couldn't have been—given me for nothing."

It seemed as if it had not been, for presently another chance aided her. Suddenly the plateau on which they were riding dropped away sheerly and steeply into a deep, green abyss, where a leaping torrent thundered, and through the stems of giant trees, which lifted their great crowns of verdure a hundred feet in the air, a wide, glorious prospect was revealed, stretching away into illimitable distance, and glowing with magical tints of blue and purple, while from it breathed airs laden with the freshness of a thousand leagues of virgin forest.

"Is it not divine?" Eleanor cried, with a note of positive rapture in her voice, as she drew up her mule. "I never knew before what it meant to be alive—just simply alive! One must

come to the Sierra to learn what it means. In this high, glad world, existence in itself is a delight. And death seems impossible."

Trescott pointed to an object near which they had paused —a wooden cross without name or inscription of any kind, erected by the side of the road, with a pile of stones around it. Such objects are common on all roads in Mexico, and very frequent along these wild trails of the Sierra.

"Death is not impossible," he said, "for some one has died here."

The girl shivered in all her abounding joy of existence as her glance fell on the rude *memento mori.* Standing there with the wonderful beauty, the glad life of nature around it, the deed which it marked seemed a thousandfold more tragic and pitiable than if it had occurred among the haunts of men.

"But that is the sign of a violent death," she protested, "and of course one may die violently anywhere." As she spoke she gazed, with eyes out of which the rapture had vanished, at the cross. "Yet how sad to die here, where everything is so beautiful." She looked up at the leafy boughs and jewel-like heaven above, and then around at the green vistas of the forest, and out over the azure world afar. "To leave it all—in a moment—the beauty—the sunlight—how terrible!" she said. "How sorry I am for the poor man, whoever he may have been, who died in this spot, so suddenly, so awfully!"

"Don't be sorry for him," said Trescott quietly. "You can't tell what burden he laid down, nor how glad he may have been to close his eyes even to the beauty of the sunlight, when the bullet or the knife found him here."

Something in his voice made her glance at him quickly.

"Even if he carried a burden—as who does not?—and even if he were glad to lay it down," she said, "I should be sorry for him."

"Because the Sierra is so beautiful?"

"No; but because, even for the unhappy, life holds many chances and death has none."

Trescott shook his head.

"There are men for whom life holds no chances," he said. "And for such a quick call—a death in the sunlight—and a cross by the wayside is no ill fate."

It was plain that he spoke without any thought of effect, and the words had a poignant note of pathos to the ear of the girl, even while her heart leaped as she recognized her moment of opportunity.

"I do not believe that there are men for whom life holds no chances," she said, as they rode on.

"Do you not?" He looked at her with a slight smile. "That is quite natural. It would be strange if you were able to believe it."

"You mean it would be strange if I knew what hopelessness and—pain are?"

"Yes"; he answered, "I think it would be strange, for neither hopelessness or pain can have touched your life."

"Do I look so shallow?" she asked. "For it surely would be a very shallow nature which could live in the world to my age without learning what hopelessness and pain are."

"What we learn by observation, and what we learn by personal experience are very different things," he told her.

"I suppose so," she admitted, "and yet through sympathy one can realize many things." She paused a moment, and her voice took a tone of very disarming gentleness as she went on. "For instance," she said, "during these days when I have been journeying in the Sierra I have not only felt how beautiful it is, how full of a divine charm of freshness, remoteness, and repose, but I have also imagined how it might enthrall one who felt this charm very deeply, until plunging into its wild, green recesses, he might forget—everything."

The man riding beside her gave her a sudden glance.

"You have imagined truly," he said. "I am one whom the Sierra has enthralled, and who in its depths have forgotten —everything."

"Yet," she said quickly—for surely the guard was down now, for a moment at least—"I have felt much besides this enthralling charm. It seems to me that they express many things, these mountains which lift their solemn heads so nobly to the sky. There is inspiration in them, as well as repose. They fill one with great thoughts—thoughts which are like arms to a soldier."

"If one has withdrawn from the fight, one has no need of arms."

"Has one ever a right to withdraw from the fight?"

"I think that right is granted to a man who has been defeated and wounded unto death."

"No man is wounded unto death while life remains. I should bid him take up his arms and enter the battle again."

"You are a stern oracle," the man said. "I might convince you that there are circumstances when desertion is allowable if—if it were worth while." Then glancing around, as at a face familiar and beloved, "The Sierra has given me peace," he said. "The Sierra contents me."

"Peace!" she echoed. "But are we here to seek only peace? And can he find it who seeks it before he has won it —where alone it can be truly won—in the heat and dust of the conflict? You say that I am a stern oracle; but your own conscience must tell you that the Sierra is no place for such a man as you."

"Such a man as I!" he echoed in a tone of bitter self-scorn. "If you knew—"

"It is not necessary that I should know what has made you seek the Sierra," she interrupted quickly. "Whatever the cause, it remains true that there is no field here for your intellect, your education, or your talents. And there is a parable—I'm sure you haven't forgotten it—which tells us that he was accounted an unworthy servant who buried his Lord's gift. Now" —she looked at him with a smile so sweet and winning that he felt it like sunshine in the depths of his being—"you must forgive me for venturing to preach to you in this manner. My excuse is that probably you don't often see any one who can preach to you at all."

"For the interest which has prompted you to preach I am very grateful," he answered in a low tone.

After this there was silence for several minutes, until Trescott suddenly reined up his horse as he turned toward her.

"We've some very rough ground to get over now," he said, "so I must ask you to follow me as closely as possible, while Alejandro will follow you, and keep a sharp eye on your mule. If she should slip—"

"Bonita never slips," Bonita's mistress proudly assured him, "and you can take us over no rougher ground than we have already been over to-day. Lead on. I can ride wherever you can."

She was as good as her word, and although he looked

back anxiously now and then, he always found the agile, plucky little mule following closely in his steps, and her mistress softly encouraging her with voice and hand. It was indeed a rough trail, if trail at all, over which they now rode in single file, crashing down steep declivities, climbing others as steep, passing over, under, and around precipitous rocks, and skirting falling torrents which sent clouds of spray like incense toward heaven. It was a little wilder than any face which the Sierra had showed Miss Dering before; and although she felt its fascination thrilling her like a mighty diapason of magnificent music, she was also conscious, as twilight began to fall, of a sense of apprehension. For surely night in this great wilderness might hold a note of terror, and of danger also, which would render it impossible to continue on their way. When Trescott glanced around the next time, she spoke.

"Have you any hope," she asked, "of reaching Las Joyas before it is too dark to travel?"

"That is why I am urging the pace so mercilessly, and sparing you no roughness of the way," he answered. "We *must* reach it, and unless I am mistaken in my bearings, we are nearly there. One more hard climb, and we shall gain the ridge on which you should have emerged from the Quebrada Honda."

It was a terribly hard climb—the harder because there was so little light remaining by which to choose the way—but when they gained the summit, breathless and almost exhausted, they had not ridden very far along its level way when Trescott uttered on exclamation of intense relief.

"We're all right, now, Miss Dering," he said. "Yonder is your camp-fire."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

III.

THE situation represented in the parable of the Good Samaritan shows a single person in need of mercy and one only, of a number, showing it. The service required was direct and personal; that given was immediate and prompt. While this condition recurs frequently enough in everyday life, the distinctive modern character of relief work is that we deal not with individuals exclusively, but also with social forces; not with one, but with a multitude. Although poverty and distress are concrete in the individual, still one is compelled to look for larger social forces and conditions which affect the weak poor, and is constrained to take a social point of view, to look at social action for remedy and to emphasize, for the time being, the social rather than the individual element in the causes of poverty. Much of the misunderstanding in charity work is due to failure to take a common view of this fundamental fact.

In preceding articles the attention of the reader was directed to some of the general social features of poverty and to processes which act on the poor with unmistakable effect. It remains now to look into what may be called the atmosphere of poverty. If it is the atmosphere which makes a school, as we Catholics rightly claim, and if the atmosphere in any social group is the strongest factor in the life of its members, it would seem that the atmosphere of poverty is an important factor in the life of the poor. To understand the poor, and to work with success among them, we must know something about the atmosphere in which they live.

I.

It is not easy to convey to the imagination an exact picture of what is meant by poverty and the poor. Emerson says that the poor are they who would be rich. It might be said with more truth that the poor are they who are indifferent to their poverty. At any rate, relief work among the poor would

be infinitely lightened if they could be brought to desire earnestly to be rich. For with such a desire might come ambition, industry, and foresight, traits which the real poor often lack. It is not difficult to understand Goldsmith when he says in writing to his brother: "Frugality and even avarice in the lower orders of mankind are true ambition. These offer the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment." Even this quasi virtue is rarely found among the very poor, not so much because of willfulness on their part as because of the social forces which hinder the development on which thrift and foresight depend.

For present purposes we may distinguish between the efficient and the inefficient poor. In the first class are to be placed all who show some ambition and energy, who respond to assistance when given, and resist bravely the circumstances which oppress them. Such may occasionally require aid in times of idleness or illness, but one finds among them always not a few progressive traits of sterling character. Problems of relief are very simple among the poor of this kind. They cooperate intelligently with those who aid them; the relief asked is what is really needed and they are reliable in their representations.

By the term inefficient poor, we may understand those who are inert and helpless; those who add moral guilt to economic misfortune and carelessly reckon on the generous impulses of charitable persons for necessaries and even comforts of life. Here we find those of dull moral sense, and of inferior mental equipment, who are without ambition, energy, or outlook. This is the arctic zone in the social world where no friendly warmth of a genial sun stirs latent manhood into vigorous growth. The atmosphere which envelops this class of the poor is a problem of distressing complexity for the neighbor who desires to show mercy intelligently.

Ovid says that a girl is the least part of the girl herself. One may say that these poor are the least part of the poor themselves. It will, of course, do the poor no good to diminish their sense of responsibility for their condition. The main hope for them lies in their belief that they can rise and that it depends on themselves to do so. To teach them that they are victims of social forces and in no way themselves accountable, as, for instance, is done so much in the propaganda of Socialism, could result

only in moral and material disaster. The sense of responsibility, eagerness to do something and to be something, definite ambition must be awakened or no reconstruction of character and life may be expected. Relief is not redemption, and poverty is a tragedy when the poor feel no recoil against the conditions which it imposes.

While it would be harmful to the poor to deprive them of their sense of responsibility for their condition, it is of greatest importance to teach the strong classes in society that the poor are, to a marked degree, victims of social institutions; that they are helpless in much of their poverty, and that social action by strong classes, social action by and through institutions, is absolutely necessary. The assumption is widely believed that the poor are to blame for their poverty. No impulse toward generous relief work will come to a heart when this conviction concerning the poor is felt. The strong will be enlisted in service of the poor only when they realize the extent to which these are victims of forces and processes that are mightier than the individual.

II.

Turning now to observe the atmosphere of poverty, we find, first of all, the basic fact that these members of society whom we have in mind are classified as "The Poor." They are apart as truly as the "Four Hundred" are apart. They tend to develop a class consciousness, to take on a tone, to construct a moral and social code, and to adjust themselves systematically to them. The poor are written about, inspected, studied, photographed, posed as a kind of pathetically interesting class not quite like other people. A mental self-appreciation appears which leads them to endeavor to maintain the style which is called for by their condition or class. On one occasion a number of gentlemen went to furnish entertainment to an institution, where the children of the poor were assembled. A girl of ten was asked if she did not think it very kind in them to have done this. She answered: "Naw; they didn't want to sing f'r us. They just come to see how we look and act. We're the poor." No doubt there is a psychology of the poor as there is of the rich. If the latter at times cultivate a way of speech and an attitude, it is not surprising that children of the poor sometimes refuse to speak correctly because it would be "tony," preferring the forms of speech current in the traditions of their class. It seems

evident, on the whole, that the class consciousness of the poor is not without its influence in their lives.

One of the most conspicuous features in the atmosphere of poverty, possibly the most far-reaching in its reaction on the poor, is the lack of a sense for the future. Scarcely a hope of achievement or a distant prospect of happiness lights a human face in those dark walks of life. Existence is in the dull dead present. There are no problems for them except the ever acute problems of to-day's food, to-day's clothing, the next month's rent, to-day's illness. Johnson might have written to-day what he wrote in the days of *The Rambler:* "Among the lower classes of mankind there will be found very little desire for any other knowledge than what may contribute immediately to the relief of some pressing uneasiness or the attainment of some near advantage." Having no sense for the future, the poor lack all of the traits of character that are derived from the domination of this sense in life.

The Danes say: "We live forwards and think backwards." It is largely true. Foresight, self-discipline, enterprise, ambition, industry, some desire for accumulation—all traits which are prominent in strong characters—result usually from vivid realization of future needs, future prospects and opportunities. Only he in whom future dominates over present is progressive and foresighted. It is the hope of "being something and doing something" which develops men. Take away from Americans all that the sense for future means and their institutions would perish.

Now the atmosphere of poverty lacks this feeling for future, lacks all that that means in development of character and direction of energy. Little sense for the future, lack of motive to consider the future, lack of outlook against the forbidding circumstances in which they live, an educated conviction of helplessness, and a belief in the uselessness of effort, combine in the appalling enervation which we so often find among the very poor. If children in the best of homes, trained in the best of schools, living in an atmosphere charged up to the last degree with the stimulating elements of ambition, hope, great prospects, and all but compelling motives to greatest efforts, if they too often fail to respond and to bring forth fruits worthy of their opportunity, shall we wonder that among the very poor, where home life is disorganized, social standards are so low, and the social atmosphere is so enervating, many succumb completely and perpetuate the disheartening history of poverty and

distress. No individual, no class, no people, can rise to full stature and develop power unless inspiration be drawn largely from ambition, hope, purpose. To the very poor these are unknown or, as far as known, misunderstood.

Logically resulting from the condition described, there is found in the atmosphere of poverty, more or less disregard for social "standing." In the lives of the very poor, who are in the main held in mind, standing is not a marked element. Morality in many of us is largely a response in conduct to the expectations and estimates of our friends. The instinct is deep in us to endeavor to be what we are supposed to be. Reputation is practically the endorsement of our friends, and we aim to bring character up to it. The desire to protect standing already acquired, effort to rise to higher standing, respect for the social sanctions, for achievement, morality, and merit, found among the stronger classes, are of the greatest importance in the development of character and in the progress of social classes.

Men and women fight with rugged tenacity to maintain standing, and although often poor judgment of values is shown in the struggle, it remains a source of strength and uplift to those who wage it. Lives that are devoid of the sense of standing and indifferent to the public opinion which usually acts through it, are necessarily weakened. And this is, to a great extent, the case among the very poor. Their outlook on life shows them so little to hope for, that they find no motive which rouses them. Their place in the social hierarchy is so low, that they feel outclassed. Sometimes too much is expected from them; sometimes too little is looked for. Either mistake is followed by a reaction among the poor, which holds them in their quiet indifference to public opinion and social standing. Their character, therefore, frequently lacks the traits which we owe to the power that social standing has over us. Not many among them feel as did one who rose from abject poverty to respectable standing in the law. He once remarked: "I was born so low that I could only look up." Many of the poor are born so low, so to speak, that they cannot be brought to look up. Careless housekeeping, untidy habits in clothes, indifference to the proprieties, disregard for many of the forms which make life gentle and converse pleasant, are found among the poor, because they lack the motive which develops these things in the stronger classes. The poor possess so little that they have no fear of losing anything; they are

so low in the social scale that there is but little from which to recoil. They do fear a nameless grave; they will plan and save to have decent burial, even if the effort means reduction in the scant food supply that they have. But the ordinary fears, hopes, and efforts which characterize stronger classes are largely missing among them.

Another feature in the atmosphere of poverty is the absence of the competitive spirit, with lack of the qualities of character usually to be expected from it. The inefficient poor are wreckage in the social process, shaped into identical form by the merciless forces which act upon them. Common misery, common hopelessness, common understanding of life and experience in it, develop a sort of communistic spirit among them, leaving them indifferent to the prizes of life. Our strong classes, in the defence that they make against Socialism, claim that the competitive struggle is the savior of the race and the main inspiration in individual character. The chronic indifference of the poor to advancement hinders the marked development of the spirit of rivalry and of the vigorous traits which usually result from it. The low physical condition of large numbers among them, due to imperfect nutrition and sanitation and to the generally depressing circumstances in which they live, is, of course, an important factor in their general apathy.

III.

We must deal with the general fact that the poor live in the atmosphere of poverty, and that it can enervate them and does so, much as the atmosphere in which the strong live stimulates and strengthens them. In the average conditions of life, strong and weak are distributed unevenly and connected by relationship or by social ties of varying degrees of strength. It was pointed out in a preceding article that many of these social bonds are losing their strength, with the result that the strong and the weak tend more and more toward separation. Not many nowadays feel as the Vicar of Wakefield felt, who welcomed cousins to the fortieth degree at his table, including among them "the blind, the maimed, and the halt." "As they were of the same flesh and blood, they should sit at the same table." If society compels the weak poor to associate almost exclusively with their own kind; if traditions, point of view, inter-marriage, companionship, are found among them; it is not to be wondered at if some commence to believe that "the poor" do constitute

a separate natural order of creatures. Poverty and its implications tend to produce types; and when any one social class gives us more or less fixed types, belief that they are natural and not merely artificial social products, easily results.

It is the belief of many experienced social workers that the poor ought to be treated like any other class, assuming that they are normal, everyday men and women and children. If, however, there is a psychology of poverty, if there is an atmosphere in the circles of the poor which acts on individuals and tends to shape them, all of this, it would seem, should be taken into account. Dickens, himself no dull observer of life, says in *Barnaby Rudge:* "It is the unhappy lot of thoroughly weak men that their very sympathies, affections, confidences—all the qualities which in better constituted minds are virtues—dwindle into foibles or turn into downright vices." In view of this it was not surprising recently to hear an investigator say that in the South child labor is a very good thing, although on the whole it is to be deplored. There it offers the only escape possible from the apathy and the deadening social influences in which certain children are reared. Whatever the qualifications under which one might accept the statement, there is a germ of truth in its general thought. As men and women are above or below the line of social efficiency they respond differently to the same influences, much as numerator and denominator in a fraction respond inversely to the same treatment. It is undoubtedly erroneous to think of the poor as a natural order in society. But they will not be understood unless seen in their atmosphere and class. The work of relief is, therefore, social as well as individual and the strong in giving relief must look at not only the individual, but as well at the process that operated, the circumstances and the limitations, both individual and social, under which the poor must live and the strong must come to their relief.

From the standpoint of the strong who give relief, a social point of view is necessary. Efficiency, wisdom, economy, are of primary importance. They are secured only by organized effort. Eliminating the exceptional cases for which provision must always be made, the conclusion seems warranted that charity work should be conducted by institutions, organization, system, and co-operation. These features of the work will be described in a concluding study.

WEST-COUNTRY IDYLLS.

BY H. E. P.

VIII.

THE PENANCE OF RICHARD LUFF.

THE Roman camp on Mendip lifts you high above the world. The hedges round the fields below look like lines on a map—a church dotted here and there, is no bigger than a toy. Wide spreading on every side, as far as the eye can reach, the endless green fields stretch out, till the mountains in the distance stop them rambling any further. A village now and then, or a town, is such a speck in the landscape that it is lost upon the great green lawn, and even whole woods of stately trees are but dark patches on the velvet.

Some five miles away, and straight before me as I lie upon the grassy slope that was once a well-trimmed rampart, stands an extinguisher shaped hill that rises suddenly from the green bed of meadow land and ends in a shaft or tower that points heavenwards. It is a remarkable hill and the eye is sure to light on it, directly the vantage ground on the top of the camp is gained and you turn to see the view. The steepness and suddenness with which this curious excrescence raises itself above the plain is totally unlike anything in the miles and miles of country that stretch out before you.

Wherever a hill is necessary, it starts gently as a rule. The West-Country coombs or valleys are sudden enough. They will begin at your very feet without a moment's notice for apparently no reason at all. The earth seems to start with a dimple, which in a moment widens to a smile, and directly afterwards is a wide stretching laugh from lip to lip. But the West is slower with her hills. Often there are two or three starts. A valley and a hill beyond—then another valley and again a hill rising higher on the other side. Then beyond this is the real hill that was being aimed at all the time, towering

verdant to its top in curves that breathe of peace, and tell that it was no volcanic pang that gave it birth.

Glastonbury Tor, which lies out there before me, is an exception. Long ages ago the Severn Sea swept round its base, and then it seemed an island like the other islands formed by the Mendip hills, as must have been this very ground on which I lie. Of all the hills in the West-Country it has been the one to witness the strangest, most stirring, the dreadest scenes, as the ages have rolled by.

Close to its foot the day-dawn of Christianity broke over our land when Joseph of Arimathea made his weary pilgrimage to Glastonbury. It hung as a great beacon or sign in the heavens above that wondrous abbey, through countless centuries, guiding the faithful of all lands to the "Second Rome"—to the treasures clustered beneath its shelter. And, oh! the sadness of it!—when that abbey fell, it bared its breast and made itself an altar on which the last abbot of that splendid house was slain. There it stands to-day—lonely, desolate, crowned with a ruined sanctuary—a solitary mourner weeping its mist clouds over the desecrated abbey at its feet.

But I have not come here on this bright morning to tell the tale of that far away hill, but to see the new awakened life of spring in one glorious vision all at once. The bursting tree-buds, the gilding of the grass, the love song of the birds, the joy of the new-born insects when they first feel the sun—all this you get from this Mendip hilltop; not in detail, not in a snatch of the blackbird's song, not in this flower, nor in that insect—but all of it all at once, with a fullness and a rush and a sense of the overwhelming prodigality of nature that sweeps you off your feet, caught as you seem to be in a wave of the Infinitude of God. That is why I have come to this mountain top to-day, why I lie full-stretch in the sunlight on the outer rampart of the old Roman camp.

The farmer has done much to spoil things. Over there he has made a great gap through the ancient earth-wall that his cattle may pass from place to place and that his hay cart may carry the spoils in and out with safety. Through this cutting I get a somewhat wider view, particularly of the country nearer under me. Quite in the distance I see a white winding road with a tender green hedge on either side, and it is framed in the cutting through which I see it. It is only a simple coun-

try lane, without a feature of any kind to attract attention, but the unexpected sight of it awakes a train of memory.

It was there, in that lane—whether in the exact part which I can see, I know not—that the tragedy of Richard Luff's disappearance was enacted. I told the story in the account of "The Village School." He was the schoolmistress' husband and he had started out with his pony and trap to take his farm produce to Coleford, as he told his wife in the morning when he left. The cart had come back empty on the dark winter afternoon, and it wasn't until the old pony had stood half an hour in the yard, at the back of the house, that Mrs. Luff discovered that it had come without a driver. From that day forward she never heard anything more of her husband, and for months his disappearance was the topic of conversation in all the villages around. Fifty years ago, when the affair happened, there were many disused coal-pit shafts, open and unprotected about these parts, and persons confidently affirmed that Richard Luff had been set upon on his homeward journey, robbed, and thrown down one of these terrible wells, which would tell no tale.

Luff had come to our village as a tiny child, with the woman he always called his mother. As he grew up, he became a well-mannered, well-spoken boy, and by the time he was thirteen, he was big enough to be put into a suit of "buttons" and to be employed by the great family at the Park. In a few years more he was second footman, and then, hearing of a good place near Durham, he soon rose higher, and would have been butler, if his youthfulness had not stood in his way. Then Richard Luff made a mistake.

An attachment had sprung up between him and one of the other servants, and although she was only twenty and he but a couple of years older, he married her. The fact was, the girl's father had just died—her mother had been dead some years—and he had left the little country inn that he possessed to his daughter. He knew of her engagement to Richard, and thoroughly approved of the young man, whom he regarded as a good, steady fellow, and during his last illness expressed a wish that they should marry as soon as possible, and carry on the inn. Every one who knew Richard congratulated him on his good fortune, and his new life began happily enough. Within a year or two, however, the husband noticed a change that

filled him with uneasiness. His wife was taking more to drink than was good for her, and the habit as usual was growing. Richard talked to her, persuaded her, argued with her, grew angry with her, quarreled with her. The life that had been so happy, slowly became intolerable, and as the drink habit grew, his wife neglected the home more and more, and comfortless days and turbulent nights drove Richard Luff nearly out of his mind.

About this time the railway line began to be made through the village. It changed the face of things. Besides increasing Luff's business tenfold, it filled the place with a hoard of navvies and engineers, and every room in the village was let. One of the engineers came to lodge at the inn. Before a month had passed, Richard Luff had seen enough to make him take desperate steps. He gathered a little ready cash together, wrote a short note to his wife, telling her he was going away for good, and would never see her again, slipt out of the house in the early morning, and once more made his way southwards.

All that the villagers here had ever known about Richard Luff after he left his first place at the Park was that he had gone into a great family in the north of England and had improved his position. Of his marriage they knew nothing. His mother, as he called her, had died before he had gone northwards, and letters were not written when Richard was a youth with the ease with which they are to-day. So when he came back to his old village he came as a stranger.

One of the methods by which Luff had added to his income while he kept the inn, was by starting a small bread business. The business had been a success, and the young man acquired some skill in his trade. The first thing therefore that he did, on returning to his native village, was to look out for a place where he might begin baking again. It was not long before his enterprise discovered the oven and big room that lay across the yard at the back of the old schoolhouse. Miss Moon, who had recently begun to keep the school, was only too ready to let the premises, as it helped to reduce her heavy rent, and so within a fortnight of Richard's return, he had begun his baker's business once more. The nearness of the bakehouse to the schoolhouse, led to developments. Miss Moon found the services of the obliging young baker more and more necessary on every emergency. Indeed, the emergencies seemed to

multiply at a most curious rate. The kitchen blind-roller had tumbled down, or the old clock had stopped, or a broody hen wanted "sitting." No one could be found to get out the potatoes, and the weather was going to change, and would Mr. Luff get them up at once? Then, when they were out of ground, they had to be carried into the house—right into the kitchen where Miss Moon sat when school was over, and into the room beyond. The schoolmistress helped—she felt it was quite safe, for she was just ten years older than Richard, and her profession gave her an official position which carried with it privileges. When the potatoes were safely housed, Mr. Luff looked so hot and tired that Miss Moon felt certain he would have some cider. Then came the delicate question of remuneration. Richard blushed and declared he didn't want anything at all—the exercise was good for him after he had been in the hot bakehouse so many hours. With a playful smile Miss Moon said that this could not be allowed, and if he wouldn't take any recompence, now that it was so late, would he stay to supper? Richard stayed. The supper was a more comfortable one than he would have had in his lodgings, and he thought Miss Moon a kind and sensible sort of woman. Still the emergencies multiplied. Richard was so handy; Richard was so clever; Richard was so near; and—Miss Moon was fast getting past a marriageable age. It ended as might have been expected, for, in spite of her official position, the schoolmistress made violent love to the young baker on every possible occasion.

Within six months of his coming back to his West-Country home, Richard Luff had married Suzannah Moon, and a very happy marriage it proved to be. He kept the secret of the first Mrs. Luff locked in his breast, and from the day he left her to that December afternoon, two and forty years afterwards, he never heard of or saw his wife again.

The piece of road that first caught my eye through the cleft in the old earthworks is steep, and it was at a steep part of his journey that Richard Luff, to ease the old pony, was walking by her side, as she dragged the cart up the lane. A gig with a fast-trotting horse overtook him. It was driven by a stout, coarse faced woman rather showily dressed. It passed him. Then the driver pulled up short, and putting her hand on the cushion beside her, she turned three-quarters of the

way round, and said in a loud, harsh voice: "An' your name's Richard Luff, isn't it?"

"It be, mum," he answered respectfully, "but I don't know yourn." He was alongside of the gig now and had stopped his pony.

"Don't know mine," she answered in a quiet, low tone, as if she were imitating something in the past, and she watched to see the effect it would have on the man in the road.

"God in heaven have mercy on me," he cried in a tone of anguish that came from the depth of his heart. "Be that you, 'Liza?"

"Yes it be, and I'm come to look for thee, Richard Luff, for thou must come back again—thou hast had holiday enough."

Richard clutched at the shaft of his cart, for he felt his legs giving way under him. The shock was terrible. "But I can't come back, 'Liza, I be—"

"No you bain't"; she said, interrupting him, "and you knows that as well as I do; and if I tells, you knows what you'll get. Now, just do what I bid thee."

She bade him transfer the parcels to the gig, and take all else out of the little cart. Then he hung the reins safely on the lamp, and started the pony for home. Next he took his seat beside his wife, and asking which was the shortest way to Bath, she turned the horse round and trotted at a great pace till they came to the Fosse-way. In a couple of hours they had reached Bath. There they rested for the night and next morning pushed on again a stage northwards.

What had happened was this. The man who had lodged with Mrs. Luff from the time Richard had left, had died a short time before. He had so managed the house—and Mrs. Luff—that he had made the place pay, and at his decease the woman found herself possessed of a few pounds, and a house that, when sold, would bring in a nice little sum.

A few months previously Mrs. Luff had had unexpected tidings of her husband. She said there was fate in it, because of the strangeness of the coincidence. When the railway line was first made the coming of the navvies was the beginning of the trouble. Now that the increased traffic required the line to be doubled, once more an army of navvies descended on the village. Large companies gathered at the inn night by night where they spent a good proportion of

their hardly-earned wages. The usual low-class chaff and conversation went round, sometimes good-humoredly, sometimes not.

"Here, Mrs.," shouted one of the company, "here's a bloke as says you taught him readin' and writin'; he'd like to shake hands with you."

"I didn't say no such thing, mum," exclaimed a great burly fellow with a broad Somerset accent. "I said as how the 'oman as tart [taught] I, was named same as you be. That's arl I said."

"And where's the person living that's got my name?" asked the landlady with some degree of interest.

"Down the country wur I come from," answered Albert Maggs, the youth appealed to, "she kep' the village school, and she tart I.

"Did she teach all alone?" asked Mrs. Luff.

"Yes, all by hersel'; but when we chaps wur up to our games, or actin' arf, she'd go and holler for her husband, Richard Luff, to come and hit we, for she wur afraid to do it hersel'."

"And could he keep you in order?"

"Sart a' arder. He wur a nice man, wur Richard Luff, an' he sol' bread an' kep' pigs, an' had a cow or two, so he art to ha' made some money be this, for he must be getting on now."

When turning-out time came, Mrs. Luff told Albert Maggs quietly that she wanted to have a talk with him some day, and the youth was flattered.

Mrs. Luff learnt all about her husband's doings, his position, and his probable wealth. She was a woman with a keen business instinct, which had not been altogether blurred by her failing. Indeed, of late years, Eliza Luff had not given way nearly so much as formerly. The strong hand of her partner, and the fear in which she stood of him, kept her temperate for weeks together, but the inevitable wild outbreaks would come at last. In the lulls between the storms Mrs. Luff's undoubted powers of management and resource would show themselves, only to be misused, when the breakdown came, in circumventing her guardian's efforts to keep her from the drink.

Things were in this position when the man died. Mrs.

Luff, in one of her saner moments, exercised her better judgment by selling the inn, thus removing herself farther from temptation. Her next step was to find Richard Luff. Her object in so doing was, first to add his fortune to her own, if possible, and secondly to secure some one who would exercise a restraining power at those times when the drinking fits were on. Eliza Luff, therefore, traveled from the north to Frome, partly by train and partly by coach. At Frome she bought a horse and gig, for it was part of her plan to kidnap her husband. She rightly saw that if there was any fuss in getting him to come back to her again, the story might get abroad and Richard would be tried for bigamy and she would lose him altogether. Before she left the north she shrewdly gave out that, having sold the inn and bought a house, she was going to see an old friend who had made her an offer of marriage. Mrs. Luff stayed a fortnight in London on her way down, and when she eventually got home again, she had been absent more than a month, which was quite long enough to account for her returning with a husband. One person, and one only, knew the true story, and that was Albert Maggs. As soon as Richard Luff arrived, the youth sought him out, told the old man who he was, and promised faithfully no word of his should ever betray him—a promise he faithfully kept.

Then Richard Luff's penance began. In the bitterness of his heart he compared Suzannah Moon with his wife. If the former was rather masterful at times, and for the sake of a quiet life he gave way to her, yet she was a good, upright woman, and he had loved her dearly. The real Mrs. Luff was a very different person. Coarse in mind and body, she held her husband in no respect, for she felt that she possessed a secret which, if revealed, would prove his ruin. She was disappointed too about Richard's supposed wealth. She found that there were very few pounds laid by, and that most of what he had consisted of his farm stock which, of course, she couldn't get at. Then, too, the habit of despising him and making little of him on all occasions—before other men whenever she could—recoiled upon herself. The dim idea that she originally had, that by getting Richard back she would have some one at hand who would check her when the drinking fits were on, remained. So little, however, did she respect her husband when she was in her senses, that when she began to indulge in her

old failing, she merely made game of him if he tried to exercise any control.

Freed from the strong hand that held her before Richard's return, Mrs. Luff's outbreaks of intemperance became more and more frequent. What her poor husband suffered in his gentle, silent way, no one ever knew, but the neighbors pitied the old man when his spouse, held up between some of her friends and accompanied by a string of jeering children, was pushed in at the cottage door, helpless and blaspheming.

So Richard Luff's new life dragged on month after month, while the money that had been saved, melted quickly. Before their financial needs became desperate, Richard suggested to his wife, at a moment when she was rational, that the remaining cash should be put in the bank in his name, and that he should let her have a little from time to time. To this she agreed, and as the money supply was cut off, she managed for a week or two to keep sober. Then the old enemy returned with new strength gotten from the rest. As there was now no money with which to purchase the drink, she began to pawn the furniture. Bit by bit their belongings went, and the home became more and more miserable. Richard had taken on himself most of the household management; and he often scrubbed and cooked and washed, while his wife sat helpless in a chair.

It is no use following the story. I have pieced it together from the recollections of the old navvy who, for two years, lodged near the Luff's, after Richard had rejoined his wife.

"You see, Father," Albert Maggs said to me one day, "I suppose I didn't understand rightly all the old man had to put up with. I wur but a young chap mysel', and it's a long whiles ago now—fifty years or more—and I forgets most o' what that there 'oman did. I told you about the rabbit last time you asked me, didn't I? No? Ah, well, that's about as good as anything she ever done, for you mind she wur a sharp 'oman, even in drink, onless she'd had too much."

"But what about the rabbit?"

"It was this way, Father. One Saturday Richard Luff brings she in a rabbit for Sunday's dinner. She had been sober arl the week, so he thought he could leave her to do 'un all right. But she was jest beginning one of her bouts, I suppose, an' she wanted money for the drink. Mrs. Luff waits till Richard be garn arf somewheres, and then she pops arf too, and

takes thic rabbit to a neighbor and sells 'un for sixpence, 'cause she says as how they've got two and she don't want thic 'un. She comes in home, and begins to consider what she be gwoin' to say to Richard. While she wur wonderin' nex' door cat looks in at the winder, and she collers 'un, and does 'un in [kills it], and makes 'un up like stewed rabbit, ingions an' arl. She gi'ed 'un Richard for his Sunday's dinner, an' Richard he never know'd nothing about it at arl—no, nor never wouldn't neither if Mrs. Luff hadn't bin foolish. She kep' herself straight till she seed the job through, and then she had one of her drinkin' fits, an' a main bad 'un it was, too. After a few days, when there was no more cash, for the old man tried to starve her out of the beer, and kep' her shart, she tries to sell the rabbit's skin. That there skin 'uld fetch a penny, and a penny 'uld get her summat more to pour down her neck [throat].

"When Pat Donovan comed round wi' his trucks * my lady goes to the door as brazen'en as you please, and offered 'un the cat's skin.

"'An' what sart of a rabbit are you callin' that, Mrs. Luff?' asks Pat, for the fool had left the head on 'un, an' he seed they wur never rabbit's ears.

"'It be arl right,' says she, 'an' he ain't broke, an' he's a good skin, too.'

"Pat Donovan wur arlways on for his games, and p'r'aps, too, he seed the lady wur a bit sprung, so he carries on about the new sart o' rabbit skins, and the volk begins to gather round, and this just suits Mr. Pat, because it means trade. Presently, they as lives nex' door looks out to see what all the barny's [row] about.

"Says Pat, holdin' up the cat's skin: 'Have yer evir seen a rabbit as could ketch mice, afore?' And wi' that he puts his fingers into the head, and lays the skin along the back of his han', and begins to stroke and stroke.

"'Put the blessed thing in thee trucks, an' don't stan' foolin' there,' screeched Mrs. Luff, for she were in a proper rage, I can tell you, for she seed what wur comin'. Just then, one o' the maidens from nex' door, and then the ol' 'oman herself goes up to Pat and looks at the skin as he strokes it down and down.

* A truck on two wheels is always described locally, as "a pair of trucks," or merely "trucks." This article is never spoken of in the singular. A "pair of rosary beads," and a "pair of stairs," are also old English expressions.

"'Where did 'e get he from?' asks the old 'un, quiet and civil like.

"'Get he,' says Pat, 'why, from Mrs. Luff sure, and she calls 'un a rabbit.'

"That's our cat as we lost last Saturday, as sure as I'm alive,' says the maiden, an' the ol' 'un joins in, and then they two turns on Richard Luff's wife an' begins to call she all the worstest of everything. But Mrs. Luff went in an' banged the door, an' they'd lived too long next she, not to let she alone.

"That's the way, Father, she treated the poor ol' chap—oh, he had a hard time of it, he had; and many's the time I wur sorry for him from my heart. He must have been dead years and years by this, for I left there when the work wur finished, and come back here.

"I never told any 'on 'um that I know'd what had become o' Richard Luff, and when I heard them talking and saying as how he wur murdered for sure and certain, I know'd better. You be the fust I've told it to now, Father, for I promised Richard Luff I never wouldn't, an' I kep' me word."

I had drawn this story from the old navvy only a day or two ago, and now on this June morning, by a mere chance, I was looking at the very spot where the tragedy had begun. And it all seemed so incongruous. What was there in common between this sweet Mendip lane and that drunken north country wench? And why was the simple, quiet Richard Luff to be the sport of this vulgar, violent woman? No; it is all out of place, and I don't want to think of it any more. I would rather watch the tiny rabbits as they play on the edge of the copse below; or the friendly swallows as they fly close round me; or the white butterflies as they waltz above the golden gorse, while I lie and muse in the spring sunshine, upon the grass-grown rampart of the old camp on Mendip.

ANATOLE FRANCE'S "LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC."

BY J. BRICOUT.

II.

CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF THE DOCUMENTS.

. FRANCE'S opinion of the chief documents that relate to Joan of Arc is practically the same as that of Jules Quicherat, who published the records of the two trials, and the testimony of the witnesses between 1841 and 1849. Henri Martin, Michelet, and in our own days M. E. Lavisse, and even Petit de Julleville,* a Catholic, have formed a similar estimate of their value. We must add, however, without delay, that in setting forth those documents M. France differs in many important points, not only from Petit de Julleville, but also from Quicherat and the free-thinking historians who follow him. Influenced by certain learned alienists, and his own anti-clerical hatred, M. France, more than all the rest combined, makes Joan an unfortunate victim of perpetual hallucinations, a poor, weak automaton, whose intellectual powers, as well as the part she played, have been greatly exaggerated.

In our third and final article we will show that M. France's Joan of Arc is not the Joan of history, the real Joan. Our duty now is to examine the documents and weigh their value, so as to base our conclusions on knowledge.

During the last ten years those documents have been studied thoroughly by many able Catholic critics. We may well believe, therefore, as Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, has lately said, that we now have a better grasp of Joan's history.†

* The first edition of de Julleville's work, *La Vénérable Jeanne d'Arc*, appeared in 1900. There has been no change in the editions that have appeared since January 6, 1904, when her virtue was proclaimed heroic.

† In his Lenten pastoral of 1904, Mgr. Touchet wrote as follows about his diocesan board of inquiry: "Our sittings were many and weighty, full of sharp discussions, and at times apparently stirred to irritation by objections which came from Rome. In this point we erred."

"I had the honor of saying to the Pope in one of my audiences, that the subtle arguments advanced by the Very Reverend Promoter of the faith, had helped to deepen our knowledge of Joan. In future, I added, it will hardly be possible for any one to write a life

M. France has a very poor opinion of the different chronicles written during the lifetime or shortly after the death of Joan. "If we knew," he says, "only what the French chroniclers tell us concerning Joan of Arc, we would know her about as well as we know Sakya-Muni."* The Burgundian writers are hardly more instructive.

"The chroniclers of that period, French as well as Burgundian, were hired writers."† They wrote to please their masters. Moreover, fable and legend quickly laid hold of Joan. From 1429 on Joan was seen only through a "set of stories that are even more disordered than the clouds of a stormy sky."‡ At the end of his first volume M. France exclaims:

> Maid and peace-loving soldier, devotee, prophetess, sorceress, angel of the Lord, ogress—everybody looks at her in his own way and dreams of her according to his own character. Pious people attribute to her an invincible sweetness and the divine treasures of charity; simple folk make her simple like themselves; men who are violent and gross represent her as an ugly and terrible giantess. Will it ever be possible to find out what she was in reality? There she is hidden from the first hour, and perhaps forever, in the flowery thicket of legend.§

The sketch is overdrawn, but M. France continually reverts to it. To take the poetry or, to speak more accurately, the supernatural, out of Joan's life, he must make his readers believe that her contemporaries unconsciously fashioned an unreal Joan of their own. He would have it that German and Italian strangers, though clever and well-informed men, saw her, like the French, only through a chaotic mass of dreams and fictions. Confronted by such unanimous testimony, a historian who is not swayed by fear of the supernatural, but is inspired with an unalloyed love of truth, would ask if there were not after all something extraordinary and divine in Joan and her acts. M. France shows no hesitation; he straightway denies that such is the case. He affirms:

of this venerable servant of God without consulting the records of our investigation, in the archives of the Congregation of Rites. In particular we may note that we subjected certain documents to a thorough criticism; we proved their value, or, as the case might be, their worthlessness; and some we reconstructed in so truth-like a way that they carry conviction with them."—*Revue du Clergé Français*, April 15, 1904.

* *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.* Vol. I., p. 15.

† Vol. I., p. 4.

‡ Vol. I., p. 545.

§ Vol. I., p. 553.

> At no moment of her life was she known save through fables. If she influenced crowds, it was because of the countless legends that sprang up at her heels and flew before her. There is room for reflection on that dazzling obscurity which surrounded the Maid from the beginning. Those radiant clouds of myth, which revealed even while they hid her, should be examined.*

He concludes:

> To sum up, the Maid was hardly known, even in her lifetime, except through fables. Her earliest chroniclers, men utterly incapable of scientific work, from the very beginning wrote down legends as facts.†

This verdict is too severe. That legends had a great influence on men in those stirring and credulous days, I have no thought of denying, and I readily understand why a critical historian looks twice before he accepts any one of them. This legitimate distrust, however, should not lead a man to reject *à priori* everything that is extraordinary or presupposes a divine intervention. Sound philosophy shows that God exists; that He can act in a special way in the created world; and that no one has any right to exclude miracles from history systematically. We are bound, therefore, to study with care the chroniclers who were contemporaries of the Maid. Their testimony is not to be rejected solely because they occasionally mention something marvelous.

Some of them were paid chroniclers who do not always agree with the official records of the trials, nor with accounts, letters, and public as well as private documents which have come down to us from that time.

We grant all that. But this is no decisive reason for making little of what they have written. An impartial historian will weigh the arguments for and against in each individual case and will decide as the balance leans to one side or the other. M. Anatole France follows a different method. He always rules out documents which contain even the slightest trace of the supernatural. In this he is inexorable.

M. France, who sets so little store by the chroniclers who lived at the same time as Joan, has a higher opinion of the official records of the trials. He writes:

* Vol. I., p. 19. † Vol. I., p. 32.

> We will best find out the truth from the records of the trial at Rouen, from certain accounts, letters, and private as well as public documents. The process of rehabilitation will also help the historian greatly, so long as he remembers how and why that trial was held. By means of these documents we can reconstruct the main features of Joan's character and life with sufficient accuracy.*

This last sentence shows M. France's historical scepticism. The expressions he uses give evidence of too much mistrust, for it can be safely said that we know very clearly what we need to know about Joan of Arc. Laying aside this point, however, let us see if M. France is right in putting the value he does on the records of the two trials of condemnation and rehabilitation.

It is evident that our opinion of Joan, of her mission, her career, and her sanctity, ought to depend very largely on the results of this critical study. These documents are of prime importance. In comparison with them the rest are of but little value. We might have said as much for the reports of the Poitiers inquiry, if they had not been lost. In her trial Joan frequently but vainly appealed to them. They were not quoted in the process of rehabilitation. How and why were they lost so soon? M. France, whom we must now quote at length, writes:

> The condemnation trial is a treasure for the historian. The prosecutors' questions cannot be studied too carefully. They were based on information obtained at Domremy and in different parts of France through which Joan had passed. The reports they used have not been preserved. The judges of 1431—need it be said?—aimed only at finding Joan guilty of idolatry, heresy, sorcery, and other crimes against the Church. They scrutinized everything that they could find out about her life, for they were bent on discovering evil in her every act and word. They wanted to destroy her so as to heap dishonor on her king. Everybody knows what the Maid's answers are worth. They have the ring of heroic honesty, and as a rule they are limpidly clear. Still we must not take everything literally. Joan never looked on the bishop or his assistant as her judges. She was not so simple as to tell them the whole truth. When she warned them that they did not know everything, she was as candid as could be ex-

* Vol. I., p. 32.

pected. We must also note that she suffered a strange lack of memory. I am well aware that a clerk wondered at the exactness with which she recalled the answers she had given to her questioner a fortnight before. That may be, in spite of the fact that she did not always give exactly the same answers. It is no less certain that after a year's lapse she had only a confused remembrance of certain important events of her life. Lastly, her perpetual hallucinations very often rendered her incapable of distinguishing the true from the false.

The report of the trial is followed by an account of several things said by Joan *in articulo mortis*. This account is not signed by the clerks. For this reason it is irregular in law. Still it is none the less a historical document of unquestionable authenticity. I believe that things happened in very much the way that this extra-judicial document asserts. In it we find Joan's second retractation, a retractation that is not open to doubt, since Joan died with the last Sacraments. Even those who called attention to the irregularity of this document during the rehabilitation trial, did not tax its contents with falsehood.*

What are we to think of these documents, the records of the condemnation trial and the *Posthumous Postscript?* The latest Catholic historians,† whom the Sacred Congregation of Rites consulted before the publication of the 1904 decree, do not look on them so favorably as Jules Quicherat and M. France. They even speak in this connection of a "sort of revolution in the interpretation of the documents."‡

The term is hardly an exaggeration. For proof, compare what Petit de Julleville wrote in 1900, about the condemnation trial, with what Canon Dunand wrote four years later.

The former says plainly that he believes the records are honest. "Whatever Cauchon's intentions may have been, Manchon, who was notary or clerk at the trial of 1431, and Pierre Miget, who sat in it as a judge, both testified in the rehabilitation trial; one to the effect that the official report which he had signed was a faithful record and the other that the official notaries were reliable men." Moreover, the official records show no traces of fraudulent interpolations, "they fit well together and seem exact." "Besides," adds de Julleville, "since I found

* Vol. I., pp. 2-4.

† Dunand, "L'Héroicité des Vertus de Jeanne d'Arc," dans la *Revue du Clergé Français*, April, 1904.

‡ Dunand, *art. cit.*

nothing but what was wholly to the honor of Joan of Arc and proclaimed aloud her innocence and her virtue,* I could not discover any clear trace of the falsifications that are somewhat vaguely imputed to her judges."†

M. Dunand starts with the principle that accusations which come from declared enemies are "absolutely untrustworthy," so long as those enemies "offer only their own testimony as the proof or guarantee of their charges." Thence he concludes that by themselves alone Pierre Cauchon's base charges against the Maid, for whom he had a mortal hatred, deserve no credence. He reaches also the conclusion that the records of the trial at Rouen, written up as they were at the order and under the inspiration of the English, sworn enemies of Joan, by judges and doctors who were in their pay, are unreliable from beginning to end, and by themselves cannot be trusted in anything that concerns the charges against the prisoner.‡ The contrast is very marked. The following observation, however, may moderate it a little. The minutes of the trial were first written in French by the clerks Manchon and Boisguillaume. Quite a while later they were translated into Latin by the same Manchon and Thomas de Courcelles. The latter, a doctor of the Sorbonne, was a deadly enemy of Joan's § May we not believe that the original was trustworthy as a rule, and that Thomas de Courcelles changed it more or less in his Latin translation? As a matter of fact, some really serious alterations have been discovered. Besides, do we know Manchon and Miget well enough to take their word without entertaining any doubts of their sincerity or even their infallibility? They may have been deceived or they may have been dishonest. The best way to answer the question, it seems to me, is to examine some particular points.

After Joan had been captured by the Burgundians, she was shut up in the fortress of Beaurevoir. Having heard that Compiègne was about to be taken and handed over to fire and the sword, and fearing also to be delivered to the English, she tried to escape, despite the "voices" which urged her to take everything in good part. Did she *jump* from the top of the tower,

* We will see later that these words of Petit de Julleville do not correspond exactly with his thought.

† Petit de Julleville, *op. cit.*, pp. 109-111. ‡ Dunand, *op. cit.*, p. 390.

§ We have the whole of the Latin translation, but only a part of the French original.

as the term which the records put into her mouth implies, or did she *fall*, as the *Chronicle of the Cordeliers* * has it, when the linen strips which she had tied together and fastened to her window, broke just as she started to climb down them?

"We must believe the Maid," says M. France. "She tells us that she jumped. If she had fallen while sliding down an improvised rope, she would not have felt guilty, nor would she have accused herself of a sin." †

These reasons do not carry conviction. In whatever way the prisoner tried to escape, she had disobeyed her "voices," and had therefore committed a fault, however excusable and slight ‡ On the other hand, Joan, in answering the question put by her judges, may have used the term that they employed —perhaps on purpose—without ever suspecting its treacherous character. It may very well be, then, that the author of the *Chronicle of the Cordeliers*, who was acquainted, as M. France himself admits, "with certain diplomatic matters and had seen some diplomatic documents," § told the truth in the present case. One is all the more inclined to distrust the term used in the text of the trial, in proportion as one feels that the judges were interested in making people believe that Joan had committed a grave sin of despair, and had wished to take her own life. As this is a lie, it is quite likely that the phrase in question is one also.

Let us go on to another fact, about which the text of the trial is no less questionable—the sign given by Joan to Charles VII. Here first of all is what the trial records say. Questioned by Cauchon on March 10, 1431, she at first refused to answer. She had promised the king to keep his secret, and she had thus far kept her promise. Harassed and pressed still further by her judges, she ended by telling them that an angel, acting for God, gave the king the sign. The sign, so the angel assured the king as he gave him the crown, was that he would have the whole kingdom of France with the help of God and through the labors of Joan. The crown that he brought was of fine gold; it was entrusted to the Archbishop of Rheims;

* This anonymous chronicle receives its name from the fact that the only manuscript which contains it comes from a Paris convent of that religious body. It was written by a well-informed clerk from Picardy, a contemporary of Joan's, and a partisan of the Burgundians.

† Vol. II., p. 207.

‡ "The only fault she ever committed," writes Petit de Julleville, *op. cit.*, p. 126.

§ Vol. I., p. 15.

and was still in the king's treasury. The angel who brought it entered by the gate, along with her and always accompanied her.* Some days later she told the same story with new details. Now on the morning of the day she was burned, according to the *Posthumous Postscript*, she acknowledged that she was herself the angel, and that the crown was simply the promise that the king would be crowned.

Some who think the texts reliable, Quicherat and M. France, for example, say that Joan did not tell the truth—that she lied. Others try to excuse her on the score that she was committed to an "unpleasant course of conduct." Petit de Julleville, from whom I quote these last few words, continues:

> Being stubbornly determined—I say it to her glory—never to give up the king's secret, she wished, however, to be freed at any cost from the importunities of her judges. She thought she had a right to set a real fact before them in an allegorical form. In the end she told them of her interview with Charles VII., and in doing so adorned what was really very simple, with wonderful colors. . . . She invented this scene to have done with a very annoying question, and to throw her judges off the right track, by feeding their curiosity with her fancies. This disguising of the truth—even when most innocent and excusable—was not to the taste of her brave and truthful tongue. She played this part poorly; she contradicted herself repeatedly. . . .†

For my part, I am more inclined to agree with Joan's latest Catholic historians in the judgment that not only the *Posthumous Postscript*, but also the official records of the trial, fail to tell the truth. M. Vallet de Viriville, a historian of Quicherat's school, whom M. France greatly esteems‡ is of this opinion. Here are his words: "This whole story of the sign and of the angel seems to be a malicious parody on the answers made by the prisoner. . . . We cannot repeat it too often, that in our judgment this is a biassed, unreliable text, written by unjust, hostile judges."§ Writers belonging to the latter half of

* Petit de Julleville, *op. cit.*, p. 130.

† *Op cit.*, pp. 129–130. M. France (vol I., p. 90) remarks that Joan sometimes expressed her thoughts in allegory.

‡ "In my judgment, the most thoughtful of all the histories written between 1817 and 1870, is the one which forms the fourth book of Vallet de Viriville's *History of Charles VII.* In it care is taken to connect Joan with the group of visionaries to which she really belongs" (vol. I., p. 66.)

§ Quoted by Dunand, *art cit.*, p. 402.

the fifteenth century say the sign consisted in Joan's revealing to Charles VII. a secret prayer of his about his own legitimacy. It is very probable that these writers are to be believed in preference to the official records of the trial or the *Posthumous Postscript.*

There are still other reasons why the historian should mistrust these texts. Not to be too long, we will confine ourselves to an examinination of what they tell us about Joan's last days.

On May 24, 1431, the unfortunate Maid was driven in a cart, under escort, to the cemetery of Saint Ouen, to listen to a sermon and to hear the final sentence pronounced. If she will consent to hold as true what "the clerks and those who are judges of such matters say and have decided about her words and actions"; if she will consent to wear women's clothes; to abjure and to revoke all that she has said, her excommunication will be lifted and sentence of death will not be pronounced. Joan remains firm. All the while she wants to obey the Church, and if the Church, *i.e.*, the Universal Church, commands it, she will sign the memorandum set before her. Finally, as they threaten to burn her that very day, unless she signs it immediately, she consents to their demand. In spite of the promises by which several clerks have led her on, she is brought back to the English prison. She dresses again as a woman. Three days later, however, she resumes male attire. Next day, Monday, May 28, Cauchon and the vice-inquisitor, accompanied by many masters and doctors, repair to the castle in which Joan is imprisoned.

> Her face was tear-stained and disfigured with dreadful grief.
>
> She was asked when and why she had resumed that sort of clothing.
>
> She answered: I have just now put on men's clothes and laid aside my woman's dress.
>
> Why have you changed and who made you do it?
>
> I have done it of my own will, without any constraint. I prefer male to female attire.
>
> You have promised and sworn not to dress as a man.
>
> I never understood that I had taken an oath not to do so.
>
> Why have you taken to wearing such clothes again?
>
> Because it is more lawful for me to wear them again and dress as a man, while I am among men, than to dress as a

woman. . . . I am wearing them again because the promises made to me, that I might go to Mass and receive my Savior and that I would be freed from my fetters, have not been kept.

Have you sworn in the same way not to resume that kind of garb?

I would rather die than be in chains. But if they are willing to let me go to Mass, and to take off my irons and to put me in a decent prison and to let me have a woman with me, I will be good and will do whatever the Church wishes.

Haven't you heard your voices since Thursday?

Yes.

What did they say to you?

They told me that God had sent word to me by Saints Catherine and Margaret what a great pity it was that I had consented to treason in making an abjuration and revocation to save my life, and that I was damning myself to save my life. It was through fear of the fire that I said what I did.

Thus spoke Joan, with grief. . . . She had dressed again as a man, so as to obey once more her celestial counsellor, because she did not want to purchase her life by denying the angel and the saints, and finally because she wanted to retract her abjuration publicly as well as in her heart.*

Now that she had relapsed, Joan had to be handed over to the secular arm. Wednesday morning, May 30, word came that she was to die that day. She realized at last that her "voices" had deceived her, and she confessed it several times. Then she was allowed to go to Communion. She was soon led out to the scaffold which had been erected in the Vieux-Marché Square. Cauchon pronounced sentence in his own name and in the name of the vice inquisitor. An hour later she was dead, burned alive at the stake.

Such is the story as we read it in M. France. Its details have been drawn from the records of the condemnation trial and the *Posthumous Postscript.*

The first point to be noted is that the memorandum which we find in the official report of the proceedings is not the one that was read to Joan, the one she repeated and consented to sign. The abjuration which was included in the records, and which makes Joan retract and disavow in most humiliating language everything she had said about her mission, is quite lengthy,

* A. France, *op. cit.*, vol. II., pp. 276–8.

containing about fifty lines. Now in the process of rehabilitation, the bailiff Jean Massieu, who had read the formula of abjuration to Joan, the notary, Guillaume Manchon, and other witnesses, testified that the abjuration read to Joan was no longer than a Pater, and contained only six or seven lines of writing. A base substitution had been effected. Since we cannot suspect these witnesses of lying, or of being deceived in this matter, we must conclude that the formula which we read in the records is a forgery. In the judgment of particularly competent critics, such as Canon Ulysses Chevalier, M. Marius Sepet, and Mgr. Duchesne, we may henceforth consider the problem solved and hold this as a historical fact. M. Anatole France himself recognizes it as such. With many others, however, he seems to believe that the long formula is only the development of the shorter one. But "in that case, why were not the two texts placed side by side, so that the honesty of the judges might be above suspicion?"*

Does not this fact justify us in having our doubts about the remainder of the records and the *Posthumous Postscript?* We are dealing with Joan's deadly enemies, utterly unscrupulous men. Are they not capable of planning and carrying out a veritable judicial ambush to destroy Joan and also to blacken her in the eyes of posterity? What faith can we put in men who spared no pains to make it appear that Joan had relapsed, and so led her to the stake?

This one fact alone gives us a right to distrust the *Posthumous Postscript*, according to which, on the very day of her death, Joan had once more disowned her heavenly revelations, had presented her "voices" in a ridiculous and almost demoniacal light, and had acknowledged her untruthfulness in regard to the sign given to Charles VII. Many other reasons lead us to treat this document as unreliable. It is in the form of an inquiry made by the judges eight days after Joan's death, and is placed at the end of the trial records. Unlike them, it bears no signature. Nobody ever came forward to guarantee its authenticity. For all that M. France—whose words have been quoted already—affirms that it is "an historical document of unquestionable authenticity." On what grounds? First, because "it contains Joan's second retractation, a retractation that

* Dunand. *La "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc" de M. Anatole France et les documents.* P. 86 (Poussielgue, Paris, 15 rue Cassette).

is not open to doubt, since Joan died with the last sacraments."* To this we may reply that if she had not made the retractation her judges were clever enough to let her go to Communion so as to make it appear that she had once more acknowledged her delusions and her crime. M. France goes on to say: "Those who called attention to the irregularity of this document during the trial of rehabilitation did not tax its contents with falsehood." Grant all that! What follows from it? They may have been deceived by others, or they may have been self-deceived. Possibly they were not wholly in good faith. No; the authenticity and the veracity of the *Posthumous Postscript* have not been proved. Quite the contrary!

This is why recent Catholic historians have not had recourse, like Petit de Julleville, for example, to charitable interpretations or to extenuating circumstances in order to vindicate Joan. They tell the story of the young girl's last days without taking the *Postscript* into account. From the records of the condemnation trial they take only what can be easily reconciled with what we know for certain about Joan and her character, and what we are told elsewhere about her doings and sayings during the last week of her life. To tell the truth, can a well-informed and fair-minded critic blame them for that?

M. Anatole France, who, in a general way, sets a high value on the records of the condemnation trial and on the anonymous document which has been added to them, is proportionately severe in his arraignment of the rehabilitation trial.

True, he grants that "the rehabilitation trial, with its memoirs, its consultations, its one hundred and forty testimonies furnished by one hundred and twenty-three witnesses, affords us a rich supply of documents," and that it clears up a great many obscure points. He strongly urges historians, however, "never to forget how and why this trial was held."

If it were not carried too far, this caution would be legitimate and wise. M. France carries it too far. He writes:

> The witnesses, for the most part, show themselves exceedingly simple and undiscerning. It saddens a man to find so few judicious and clear-headed people in this crowd of all ages and conditions. Souls seem to have been wrapped up at

* This statement is not exact. She was not anointed.

> that time in a twilight in which nothing stood out distinctly. Thought as well as language was strangely childish. One cannot go far into that obscure age without believing oneself among children. Along with interminable wars, misery and ignorance had reduced mankind to mental poverty and extreme moral indigence. The scanty, slashed, ridiculous attire of the nobles and of the rich betrays their absurdly garish tastes and their intellectual weakness. Their levity is one of the most striking characteristics of these little minds. They cannot pay attention to anything; they cannot retain anything. No one who has read the writings of those days can help being struck by this almost general weakness.
>
> Besides we cannot trust everything in those one hundred and forty affidavits.*

M. France then cites certain depositions which he thinks very improbable, or are contradicted by documents which he considers more reliable. He goes on:

> In this work, while dealing with the rehabilitation trial, I have given my opinion as to what we should think about the depositions of the clerks, of the bailiff Massieu, of Brother Isambard de la Pierre, of Brother Martin Ladvenu, and of all those witch-burners and avengers of God who worked with as stout a heart to rehabilitate Joan as to condemn her.†

"Cloister and sacristy tales," ‡ he scornfully exclaims, in referring to what was said in the rehabilitation trial about attempts at violence which had made Joan resolve to dress again as a man. He is not at a loss for words to abuse "all those Church ink-wells," the clerks, "who had drawn up arguments for the prosecution and then did marvels to destroy them; who, the more zealous they had been in building up the case, aimed the more at tearing it down; who discovered as many flaws in it as one could wish; § and who, over and above all this, invented a thousand silly stories to blacken Cauchon and to exculpate Joan."

His final reason for mistrust is thus courteously stated by M. France:

> If the testimony given in the second trial frequently seems to be artificial and studied, if it is sometimes altogether false, the fault rests not only with those who gave that testimony,

* Vol. I., p. 20. † Vol. I., p. 24. ‡ Vol. II., p. 377. § Vol. II., p. 488.

but also with those who received it. They sought it too deviously. This testimony has no more value than that given in an inquisition. In some places it represents the mind of the judges as much as that of the witnesses.*

Joan must be made out an unintelligent, feeble-minded girl; thus it will be much easier to defend many of her words and acts; and besides the Holy Spirit will be more manifest in her. She must have an infused knowledge of war; she must be miraculously pure, and to the degree of sanctity; for thus her mission will be more evident and more unquestionable. Everything was arranged in such a way that the witnesses would make her out ignorant, artless, skillful in waging war, and of such saintly purity as to astonish the soldiers among whom she lived. "All this," concludes M. France, "as any one may see, corresponds with the thought of the judges; and these, if I may use the term, are theological, rather than natural truths."†

This skillful arraignment is complete; infantile simplicity or base villainy on the part of the witnesses; cunning on the part of the judges. Everything that can help to disparage the rehabilitation trial is abundantly and adroitly set forth in M. France's book.

There is some truth in what he says, but it is exaggerated. To be sure we must not accept blindly what we are told twenty-five years after the events in question, by witnesses who are sometimes credulous or interested, who have no critical spirit, who are desirous of setting themselves right with the world or of vindicating one whom they knew or loved; and who finally were questioned for the very evident purpose of annulling a previous sentence. For all that let us be slow to charge them with either error or deception. Let us not do that out of partisanship nor without a grave reason.

A witness testifies to something extraordinary and marvelous. M. France, who does not believe in the supernatural, nor in miracles, quickly classes him among the feeble-minded.

Another witness, in testifying to some word or act of Joan's, clashes with certain documents. M. France, who has his reasons—they are not always critical and scientific—for preferring those documents to the rehabilitation trial, sees in the assertion only an interested lie or a childish illusion.

* Vol. I., pp. 24-25. † Vol. I., p. 28.

This is a very convenient way of acting. It does indeed indicate a methodical mind, but it is of such a nature that it frequently leads a man too far. Why, alas! indeed, did not God intervene to accredit His ambassadress, or to help her fulfil her task of liberation? But why, we ask in our turn, must we doubt a man's word because he becomes a friend instead of an enemy, or because he is trying to repair the evil he has done? Why, in fine, must we refuse to accept what is to Joan's honor or to the credit of those who sought her vindication, while we make haste to admit everything that tells against them?

Our enemies freely charge us with writing history, not for the sake of the truth, but to help the Church. Have we not as much, nay even more reason to reproach them on the same score?

At any rate the critical study which we have just made—perhaps at somewhat too great a length—enables us to conclude that M. Anatole France has frequently had a false notion of the documents in the case. May we not, then, with some show of reason, entertain a suspicion that he has not built a solid edifice on his ruinous foundations?

What we have to say further will show our readers that the suspicion is unhappily only too well founded, and that the Joan of Arc imagined by M. France bears little likeness to the Maid who was the marvel of her age.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

TO MEN OF GOOD-WILL.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

HE was a tall and strapping young fellow, lean and muscular of body, well balanced of mind, and pre-eminently a man of peace. If you had met him a year or more ago in his native Alsatian village, and had questioned him of his scheme of life, being simple and direct of thought and speech, he would have answered you:

"Monsieur, my grandfather was blacksmith of Falons, my father was blacksmith of Falons, and I, too, will keep the forge. But, since Rose Marie has the fancy, I will also buy a little farm, with a cow and chickens, and my good mother shall sit in our chimney-corner and enjoy warm milk and new-laid eggs. Who is Rose Marie, do you ask? Ah, Monsieur, she is the best and sweetest—yes, and the prettiest girl in France. We are to be married as soon after Christmas as the Church permits; but what she can see in a plain, stupid fellow like me is the wonder. The good nuns have taught her music and many accomplishments; and she can, besides, cook and spin and nurse the sick. It is only on Sundays and feast-days that I feel anywhere near her, as I have a sort of voice (and she has taught me) and I sing in the choir. You must hear our anthems, for the curé, Father Ambrose, says to every one that his choir is not so bad. But it is all owing to Rose Marie's drilling. I wish you may be here for the wedding."

Now, it was Christmas-tide and, instead, Réné Dufour, far from beloved Alsace, watched out the wintry night in blood-stained trenches, encompassing the privations and suffering, the fratricidal strife, the expiring hopes and ultimate despair of starving, besieged Paris. It was bewildering when you come to think of it. He who had shaken and cuffed in easy-going finality many a village adversary, rather than enter into more vindictive combat; who had forgiven with the large tolerance of a mild nature and a strong frame all things forgivable; and even, in just resentment of the seeming unforgivable, had let

Rose Marie's soft eyes and pursuasive voice turn him from contemplated retaliation.

"There is nothing unpardonable," he could hear her coaxing even now, "or how could any of us dare to die when the time comes? Peace is always and forever best."

Yet here he stood, with armed hosts opposed, to spoil or be despoiled, to wound or be wounded, to kill or be killed. Sullen cannonading roared and echoed among the hills and hollows. Balls came cleaving and whistliug, to scatter inanimate dust or bury themselves in animate flesh. Smoke lifted and fell, acrid and choking, and from its obscurities came sharp command how best to slay, or sudden cry or moan as this comrade or that fell in the rifle-pits, writhing, distorted. "Peace! Peace!" counselled Rose Marie; and this was what came.

At least he had not volunteered for inhuman contention until his very home and people were threatened.

"They will call me coward," he said at last.

"You!" cried Rose Marie, with inspiriting disdain of the very thought. "Well, go then, since you must or be conscripted. I give thanks that you are not accountable; and may the dear Lord forgive them who call the Prince of Peace a God of Battles. But if you, my Réné, must go soldiering to others' harm, I can but try to heal, at least." Then, parting from him with helpful show of courage, she had enrolled herself among the nurses and been sent—he knew not whither.

So sadly thinned was his own company from previous encounters that it was now combined with one of the Parisian *gardes mobiles*, wild fellows and reckless, whose officers could hardly handle or keep within precarious shelter. Yet even they had a bit envied Réné's mention twice in general orders "for conspicuous bravery."

"It comes in the day's work," he told them quietly. His panic of the raw recruit once overcome, his continuous, sickening horror at inevitable cruelty held in abeyance, he was now but a calm, clear-headed servant of military discipline, obedient to the call of a seeming duty, however repugnant. "A duty, God of Love! A duty, my Rose Marie!" Yet, under the hottest rain of bullets, he loaded and fired, re-loaded and fired again, with the steady, mechanical precision with which he turned out horseshoes at the forge.

As he crouched, a twinge from the cold bit into the leg

which had been slightly wounded at Sedan, and he rested, gun in arm-hollow, striking his benumbed fingers together; then, cautiously straightening his cramped limbs, he slipped across to a higher mound, the icy earth crackling beneath his feet. Here he could stand nearly at length, his ears alert, his eyes intent for danger, yet ranging over all the wide scene, which lifting smoke permitted to view.

"Where is she? Where is she?" iterated an inner consciousness, "on this eve of the dear Lord's birthday? My Rose Marie, lover of peace—and of me!" A few of the nurses, so he had heard, greatly daring for humanity's sake, had been killed, and others wounded. So overwhelming had been unexpected defeat, so demoralizing the hasty retreat upon the capital, so urgent the need for womanly service, that all had been transported here, there, everywhere, as occasion called. "If alive, to-night of all nights, she surely thinks of me."

It was near to twelve o'clock now, and freezing ever harder. Over head the clear, frosty skies, magnificently star-jewelled, glittered and sparkled and shimmered. There was a half moon, palely illumining the wide, snow covered, sinking and swelling, ghostly expanses of the earth beneath.

From the advance-posts of the Germans could be plainly distinguished their challenge: "*Wer da?*" And—so close were they—the ring of their rifle butts on the icy ground, even, was quite clear. On their side must have been heard, with equal distinctness, the French sentries' "*Qui vive?*" The furious cannonading, and even more murderous firing from the rifle-pits, seemed suddenly suspended for an interval. A curious, brooding silence reigned for a while over the deathful, snow-clad, blood-stained fields. As an officer stamped his feet to restore sensation, a tall private, alert and active, of well-cut features and a calm, intelligent expression, stepped out from the line of *gardes* and Alsatians, and saluted.

"What is it?"

"Captain, may I have leave of absence from the watch for a little while?"

"Nonsense; you are beside yourself. Step into your place instantly. Do you suppose that I am less cold than yourself? Or are the others? Do not be afraid—this is only a breathing spell. Wait a little. When the firing begins again we will all be warm enough."

The soldier did not move. Still saluting, he continued most respectfully but pertinaciously: "Captain, I beg you, give me your permission. The matter will take only a few moments. I assure you, you will have no reason to regret it."

"The deuce I will not! Who are you, anyhow, and what do you want to do?"

"Who am I? Why, I am Réné Dufour, chief singer in Father Ambrose's choir. What I want to do, Captain, must, please, remain my secret, for a few minutes only."

"Then let it remain undone. No further foolishness. Get back. If I were to let one private return to Paris to-night, I I might as well send back the whole company."

"Why, Captain"—smiling frankly—"I have no desire to go to Paris to-night. I want to go in this direction," and he pointed over toward the German lines. "I ask for only two minutes' leave of absence."

The officer's curiosity was keenly awakened. Quiet still brooded over the wintry night and scene.

"Well, then"—he hesitated—"you may go for that length of time. But, remember, it is your own desire. You are almost certainly seeking death."

Réné immediately leaped out of the trench and advanced swiftly toward the enemy. In the silence of the night the snow could be heard crunching under his feet, and the black silhouette of his figure, cast in shadow by the moonlight, appeared mysteriously to lengthen. At ten paces distance he stood fast, drawing himself to his full height and saluting. Then, with powerful, deep-chested voice, and great and moving fervor of expression, he began to sing the beautiful Christmas hymn of the composer Adam:

"Minuit, Chrétiens, c'est l'heure solennelle,
Ou l'homme-Dieu descendit sur nous."

"'Tis midnight, Christians, the solemn hour
At which the God-man descended unto us."

Sounding forth so unexpectedly over the silvery, solemn, silent stretches, under the sparkling winter skies, such beauty and impressiveness were added to the song through the sacred memories of the Holy Eve in such strange, outward contrast-

ing circumstance, that even the Parisians, many of them doubters and scoffers, listened with deep and genuine emotion.

Similar feelings must have swayed the German portion of his audience. Doubtless many of these were reminded of a far-away home, of family and children, neighbors and friends clustered joyously around the Christmas tree. Not a weapon was raised against the daring singer; no command was given, no call or step was heard. In unbroken silence the men of both armies listened to this touching reminder of their home life and their religion. His song ended, the brave soldier saluted once more, turned on his heel, and marched deliberately back to his own trenches:

"Captain, I report my return. I hope you do not regret your permission."

Before his officer could answer, attention was called once more to the German side, where, in his turn advancing towards the lines, the heavy, helmeted figure of an artillery-man now became visible. Ten steps or more he strode forward, just as Réné had done, halted, coolly made the military salute, and in the midst of the wintry night, surrounded by all these armed men who for months past had had no other thought than to destroy one another, he uplifted, with full voice and heart, a lovely German Christmas hymn, a hymn of praise and thankfulness for the meek and lowly Christ Child, who came into the world eighteen centuries before to bring the divine behest of peace and love to mankind, and whom men have so poorly heeded or obeyed:

"Von Himmel hoch, da komm ich her,
Ich bring euch gute, neue Mähr."
"From Heaven above to earth I come,
To bring glad news to every home."

So sang the German soldier, his full, mellow tones ringing out upon the night. He ended his hymn with the joyous cry: "*Weihnachtszeit!*" "*Weihnachtszeit!*" "Christmas time!" And from the German intrenchments came in full chorus the glad refrain: "*Weihnachtszeit!*" Then, with one voice, the French soldiers responded: "*Noël! Noël!*" "Christmas! Christmas!"

The artillery-man slowly retraced his steps and disappeared in the trenches. An hour afterward the cannon from the forts boomed and crashed and roared their murderous business; and rifle-bullets sang and split the air once more before embedding themselves in quivering flesh. The Christmas singers crouched once more in the pits directing with accustomed precision missiles for each other's destruction. Thick smoke and welling blood, groans and cries, once more defiled and tortured the birth-night of the gentle Master.

One singer, however, after his reverential and appealing chant, was ordained no more to take his brother's life. Hardly had storm of battle been renewed when Réné Dufour crumpled up suddenly as he knelt, rolled over, gasping: "*Seigneur Dieu!*" and lay still. He had a moment of semi-consciousness when they were lifting him into an ambulance, and he heard the surgeon—leagues away, it sounded—saying: "Not much use putting that one in—it will be over shortly"; and thought: "So much the better. Slaughtering is nauseous business. Rather be dead than kill." Then he waked again, weeks afterward, in a Parisian hospital, and fancied at first that he might be in heaven, taking the cornettes of the Sisters of Charity flitting here and there through ward and corridor for wings of angels. A sharp pain in his side dissipated this thought, and when a cool hand was laid on his head he looked up to see one neither angel nor Sister of Charity, but whose sleeve bore the insignia of the field-nurses. "Oh, Sister," said a well-remembered voice, "thanks be to God! he is conscious."

"Rose Marie!"

"You must not talk. Take this now, and sleep."

When allowed, he asked: "But how came you here—away from the lines? I asked so many and could hear nothing of you."

"And I, my Réné, how hard I tried to have news of you. But must go—and go—always where I was sent. I should never have known your whereabouts but for that wonderful, beautiful thing you did. It was an inspiration—singing there, in the moonlight and the snow, of the dear Jesus to the fighters. I was at work in the hospital tent in your rear when I heard your dear voice calling in the stillness to the armies.

Then I made my way—in spite of all—in time to come back with you. Your recovery—you must think it a reward for the hymn—"

A doctor had paused to take rapid note of the patient's progress. He smiled a little: "Whatever reward may be due you, my man, it is given you here"—touching her sleeve. "You owe her—everything. The Sisters and I—we had our hands more than full with all the poor fellows brought in, and many died. But you had Nurse Rose Marie's undivided attention. Thank her for your life."

"Under God," said the girl with reverence, as he passed on. "You know," she told Réné gently, "war is over. The Germans have won—it is permitted by the Lord—and they occupy the city. Exchange of the wounded prisoners is now going on—and you will be sent home when your strength is greater."

"And you with me? Ah, Rose Marie, to see again our village—the forge, the little farm, and the dear old mother in the chimney corner, Father Ambrose and the choir, who will sing anthems at our wedding—will they not?"

"Perhaps. At any rate, please God! we will celebrate our next Christmas not to the sound of bugle and cannon, but to that of hymns of praise to Him, peace and good-will to all His creatures. What happiness, my Réné!"

THE HABIT AND GIFT OF WISDOM.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.

IT seems needful once more to recall the saying of Newman that in his work on the Illative Sense he had no intention of formulating a theory, but only of presenting an analysis of phenomena. Nevertheless, almost in spite of himself, he left a clue to a ready-made, age-old theory which at least has a close affinity to, even if it does not exactly fit, the analysis. This is the Aristotelian theory of intellectual habits. The clue is the concept of *phronesis* or judgment. Newman begins to describe the Illative Sense by comparing it with *phronesis* as used in the Nicomachean Ethics. There it is the habit or virtue of the intellect which enables it to perform its most perfect judgments concerning conduct. Aristotle did not limit its function to conduct, though Newman takes that aspect of it for the purpose of his illustration.*

As *phronesis* is then to moral duty, so is the Illative Sense to intellectual truth. Now it so happens that St. Thomas has chosen this identical concept of *phronesis* as a basis for his doctrine concerning the habit and gift of wisdom. In his strong hands the Aristotelian theory undergoes a complete transformation, for it must needs be adapted to the revealed truths of man's supernatural end and the gifts of the Holy Spirit. I propose then in the following essay to sketch the origin, the nature, and the function of the habit and gift of wisdom as the same appears to me from the pages of the *Summa*, and to indicate the bearing of the same on the question of religious assent.

The first step towards a right understanding of this doctrine will be to take a glance at the general anthropology of St. Thomas. We cannot remind ourselves too often that he was a prince amongst scholastics. He towered above them, the noblest of them all. A long line of brilliant intellects led up to him, and then came a rapid falling off. It is only too true

* *Grammar of Assent*, p. 353.

that he did not escape the influence of that ultra-dialecticism for which his age was notorious. Still, together with the supreme dialectical and intellectual aspect of things, he did not lose sight of the human, the real, and the concrete. Certainly science was to concern itself with universals, but universals were to have their foundation in particulars; and in proportion as the mind was equipped with universals, so much the more fit was it to deal with the concrete particulars of life. He says:

> Choice in action follows a judgment of the reason. In things to be done much uncertainty is found, because actions concern contingent singulars, which, on account of their changeableness, are uncertain. In doubtful or uncertain things, however, the reason does not make a judgment without a previous inquiry, and therefore an inquiry of the reason is necessary before a judgment in the choice of things. . . . When the acts of two powers are ordained for the sake of each other, there is something in each which belongs to the other, and so both acts may be named after each other. It is indeed manifest that the act of the reason directing things to an end, and the act of the will tending towards those things according to the rule of reason, are ordained to help each other mutually. Hence in the act of the will, which is choice, there appears something of the reason, namely, order; whilst in advice, which is an act of the reason, there appears something of the will, namely, the matter which the man wants to do. This in fact is his motive, for it is on account of the man wishing the end that he takes counsel concerning the means to the end. Hence, Aristotle can say that choice is an appetitive intellect, whilst St. John Damascene can say that counsel is an inquisitive appetite.

Hence, when St. Thomas says that science deals with universals he manifestly intends that those universals shall be the fruit of a ripe experience with particulars, and that in the application of theories to the working out of man's aims due regard shall be paid to facts. Some of his followers seem to have forgotten this, but the work of Newman has recalled them to a sense of proportion. The Cardinal is only repeating St. Thomas' doctrine when he says: "Let units come first, and (so-called) universals second; let universals minister to units, not units be sacrificed to universals."* He attaches, perhaps,

* *Ibid.*, p. 279.

more importance to the unit than did the mediæval doctor; nor is the epithet "so-called" without its touch of irony. But then he was looking at men's minds as they are, whilst St. Thomas was looking at them as they ought to be. There is no small difference between the quality of universals stored up in the average concrete mind and that of those which would exist in the ideal and perfect mind.

Again, St. Thomas was keenly alive to those various degrees of certitude which ultra-dialecticism seems so unable to comprehend. He says that the same kind of certitude cannot be found nor must it be sought for equally in all things. A properly educated man seeks only so much of certitude as the nature of each individual case allows. And with an exquisite quiet irony the Angelic Doctor remarks on the dialecticians of his day: "There are some who do not accept that which is said to them unless it be said in a mathematical way. And this happens on account of the custom of those who have been brought up on mathematics, for custom is a second nature. This also can happen to some people on account of their indisposition, to those, namely, who have a strong imagination and a not very elevated understanding." *

All this has its root in the principle of dichotomy. According to this principle it is the same soul in man which thinks, wills, feels, vegetates, and actuates the primary matter. The body is the primary matter, which has no other function but to limit the action of the soul, for primary matter is a pure potency, and every act is limited by the potency into which it is received. Nevertheless in human actions it is the whole man who acts, not his soul, nor his body, nor his will, nor his intellect, nor his feelings, nor his substantial form, nor his primary matter; but his person, his distinct, subsisting, rational nature. *Pars est propter totum, et anima propter animatum.* On the other hand, however, the actions and vital functions do not come from the man immediately. They do not come directly from his person, but indirectly through the means of certain powers. Each of these is a *principium quo*, whilst the man is the *principium quod.* There is an essential difference between the intellectual and the sensitive faculties, yet at the same time an intimate though accidental connection between them, a connection so intimate that the intellect and the will

* *Metaphys.* Lib. I., lect. V.

cannot act without the aid of a sensitive phantasm of some kind.

Since the various functions, then, spring from one and the same principle of life, namely the soul, they act in harmony with each other, the lower serving the higher, the higher controlling the lower. They are normally reciprocative. Sometimes the sensitive functions seem to be at war with the rational functions. That is because the rational functions are not then in their natural and normal condition. The fundamental activity of the soul being unduly absorbed by the sensitive faculty is withdrawn from the intellectual. But when all the faculties are in normal condition, and especially when the disorders of sin have been healed by the action of grace, then on account of the principle of dichotomy, there is a reciprocal action and reaction between the functions, and also between body and soul.

Father Rickaby * says that St. Thomas will not allow that the body can act on the soul. This statement needs modification. If by "body" be meant the primary matter of which the soul is the substantial form, then it is a pure potency and cannot act. But in man primary matter should not be considered except in so far as it is actuated and sensitized by the soul. And thus it can act and react on the higher powers of the soul. When St. Paul said that he chastised his body and brought it into subjection he did not mean that he chastised his *materia prima.* He meant that he so exercised his rational and volitional functions as to make their combined force stronger than the combined force of the sensitive and vegetative functions. St. Thomas also speaks of body and soul under this aspect. He says:

> According to the order of nature, on account of the combination of the forces of the soul in one essence, and of the soul and body in one composite being, the superior forces and also the body influence each other; and hence it is from the soul's apprehension that the body is transmuted, . . . and likewise conversely the transmutation of the body re-acts upon the soul. Similarly the higher powers act upon the lower powers, as when passion in the sensual appetite follows upon an intense movement of the will, or when close study restrains and hinders the animal powers from their acts; and

* *God and His Creatures*, p. 115.

> conversely when the lower powers act upon the higher powers, and from the vehemence of the passions in the sensual appetite the reason is darkened.*

Nay, he will even admit that the perfection of the lower functions is proportionate with the perfection of the higher functions.

> Man has a more delicate sense of touch than any other animal; and even amongst men themselves, those who have the finer sense of touch have the keener power of intellect. We see a sign of this in the fact that those who have soft flesh have able minds.†

This, whether in itself true or not, appositely exemplifies the doctrine of the saint. The same principle forms the basis of the theory of cognition. The exercise of the external senses is followed by that of the internal senses. The active intellect abstracts its universals from the particulars in the phantasm. The receptive intellect receives them and there they are for the purposes of scientific thought. The intellect may then act by intuition or by discursive reason. It must of necessity cling to first principles. The will too must of necessity tend toward well-being; for this is its final aim, and in this it has no choice. As regards its intermediate ends, however, it is free. Yet when it does act freely it must do so by the aid of intellectual light, so that when the actual choice is made, the act, although specifically of the will, represents the result of deliberation. A rational choice includes a whole series of acts of reason, will, and feeling, each acting according to its own nature, each intertwined with the others, all going to make up what we understand by a free judgment. Deliberate choice is not an act of the will alone nor of the reason alone. It is rather the result of one power with a double virtue. Hence St. Thomas defines it as the *facultas voluntatis et rationis*, the faculty of will and reason combined.

It is quite one thing, however, to possess faculties and quite another to employ them to the best advantage. The world has just been surprised by the invention of a working aeroplane. Man has at last learnt how to fly. Mr. Farman, using a machine

* *Quest. disp.* de Veritate qu. xxvi., a. 10.

† *Summa*, par. I., qu. lxxvi., a. 5 corp.

built on the Chanute principle, has started from a given point, raised himself to a height of about twenty-five feet, flown forward half a mile, described a semicircle, and flown back to the starting point. The important part of the discovery, however, is this, that success depends not so much on the flying-machine as the experience in flight of the man who mounts it. Even a bird requires much practice. A young vulture has been known to require three months to be able to fly from the time it made its first attempt. First it glides down hill, secondly it tries to jump up in the air, all the while flapping its wings. This is exactly what Mr. Farman did. For weeks he was content to glide down declivities. He needed a suitable machine, but he needed also to get into the habit of flying. So also is it with the flight of thought. If man is to soar to the highest peaks, where he can see the ultimate reasons of things, he can only do so by cultivating a special intellectual habit, and to that habit there has been given the name of wisdom.

Now just as there are three kinds of habits required for the proper working of a flying-machine, namely the easy gliding down hill, the rising forward movement into the air, and the turning round and round at leisure, so there are three kinds of habits required for the flight of speculation. First, the intellect must be disposed to see those truths which to the average mind are evident in themselves. It must be able to see, for instance, that parallel lines will not meet and that a whole is greater than its part. This habit is called understanding (*intellectus*) or common sense. Secondly, the intellect must be disposed to work out those truths which are not evident in themselves, but which may become evident by arguing from the known to the unknown. The habit, when duly formed, enables the intellect to see easily conclusions which, without the habit, would require laborious working out. It is called *scientia* or the scientific habit. It does for the scientist what common sense does for every individual. It turns his study and acquired knowledge into common sense. By its virtue he sees at once and without effort the truth of such propositions as: "an angle inscribed in a semicircle is a right-angle," or "water is a combination of oxygen and hydrogen." Thirdly, the intellect must not only be disposed to see principles easily and to see conclusions easily, but it must also be disposed to handle and arrange its principles and conclusions easily. It must be

able to turn itself here and there, deftly comparing principles and conclusions with other principles and conclusions, following them back to their ultimate causes, and ordaining them to man's highest interests. The disposition to do all this is the habit of wisdom.

Some habits exist in man by nature. The habit of understanding or common sense is one of these. As soon as a man knows what a "whole" and what a "part" is, he sees immediately that a whole is greater than its part. But there are other habits which must be acquired. Since the intellect is passive as well as active, it retains the impression made upon it. Many impressions will eventually produce a new quality. The latent capabilities of the intellect must be painfully conquered by a repetition of acts before it is ready for its work of deep and serious thought. Thus is the *habit* of wisdom generated. Thus also is it improved. And as all acquired habits may be lost or spoiled by neglect or misuse, so too is it with the habit of wisdom. If we are satisfied with the knowledge which we learnt at school, if we are not ever seeking to assimilate more knowledge and to adjust our lives accordingly, then assuredly is our habit of wisdom losing its virtue.

Again, a habit may be trained in different directions. In this does its value consist. The habit of science, for instance, may be trained along the various lines of mathematics, chemistry, moral philosophy, and political economy. But although it enables its faculties to act along different lines and concerning different objects, yet it ordains the knowledge acquired to one end and thus demonstrates its unity. I am inclined, therefore, to disagree with Newman where he speaks of there being as many kinds of *phronesis* as there are virtues. He speaks with hesitation, however, and I think if he had had St. Thomas' distinction before him, of a habit being multiple in its operation but simple in its essence, he would have agreed. Once again, however, we must remember that his aim was to analyze phenomena, not to make up a theory.

The transformation of the Aristotelian theory in the hands of St. Thomas is twofold. The habit of wisdom is enriched by a special gift enabling it to deal with supernatural truths as well as with natural, and its range is extended enabling it to deal with practical truths as well as with speculative. Aristotle has said that "it pertains to a wise man to consider the

ultimate cause through which he can most surely judge concerning other causes, and according to which he ought to order all things." St. Thomas then adopts this idea. He says:

> The power of intellect, first of all, simply apprehends something, and this act is called "understanding"; secondly, however, it takes that which it apprehends and orders it towards knowing *or doing* something else, and this is called "intention"; whilst, however, it is engaged in the inquiry of that which it intends, it is called "excogitation"; but when it examines that which it has thought out with other certain truths, it is said to know or to be wise. And this is the function of *phronesis* or *sapientia;* for it is the function of wisdom to judge.*

Further, an ultimate cause may be conceived in two ways. First it may be conceived in any given particular line of thought. He who knows the ultimate cause of things in one special subject, say that of medicine or that of architecture, is able to judge and arrange things in that subject and so is said to be wise in it. But he who knows the First Cause of all things, which is God, is said to be wise *par excellence;* for he is able to judge and arrange things according to divine rules. A wisdom of this kind, however, can only be given by the Holy Spirit. "For the Spirit searcheth all things, even the deep things of God." The merely psychic man, that is, he who, however clever and cultured, is without faith, cannot understand the things of God, but the spiritual man judgeth all things.

Wisdom, therefore, in its highest perfection is something over and above the acquired intellectual habit. The latter is obtained by human effort; the former comes down from above. The one may concern itself with merely worldly affairs, the other concerns itself with the things above, or with things below in so far as they are related to their First Cause and their final end which is above. Aristotle indeed seems to have had some dim glimmer of this gift. He says that it is not good for those who are moved by divine instinct to take counsel from human reason, but that they should follow the internal instinct, for they are moved by a better principle than human reason. St. Thomas makes this vague suggestion explicit by reference to the revealed word of God. In order to distinguish gifts from vir-

* *Summa*, p. I. qu. lxxix. a. 10. ad. 3m.

tues we ought to follow the fashion of speaking in Holy Scripture. There the question is treated, not however under the name of "gifts," but under the name of "spirits." Isaias xi. 2, says: "And there shall rest upon him the spirit of wisdom and understanding." From these words it is manifest that the seven things there enumerated are in us by divine inspiration. These perfections are called gifts, not only because they are infused by God, but also because by means of them man is disposed to become promptly mobile by divine inspiration. Thus Isaias again can say, l. 4–5: "The Lord hath given me a learned tongue, that I should know how to uphold by word him that is weary: He wakeneth in the morning, in the morning He wakeneth my ear, that I may hear Him as a Master. The Lord God hath opened my ear, and I do not resist."

Wisdom, considered as an inspiration, implies, from its very nature, action as well as contemplation. Hence we find St. Thomas drawing the broad distinction between the Christian and the pagan concepts. He says:

> Since, however, wisdom is a knowledge of divine things, it is considered in one way by us and in another way by the philosophers. For, because our life is ordained to enjoy God, and is directed according to a certain participation in the divine nature, namely through grace, wisdom according to us is not only considered as a means of knowing God, as with the philosophers, but also as a means of directing human life, which is ruled not merely by human reasons but by divine reasons also.*

Wisdom then, in the Christian sense, is different from the Aristotelian wisdom in its origin, in its character, and in its effect. The intellectual virtue arises from a repetition of acts of the intellect. The gift operates from a divine instinct.† This does not mean, however, that because this higher wisdom inclines a man to act spontaneously and, as it were, to take in a difficult situation rapidly, that therefore it is a sort of blind force working without the concurrence of man's reason. Wisdom of every kind sits enthroned in the reason. Folly is an aberration of the intellect, and if wisdom is the opposite of folly it must dwell in the intellect. Still, in so far as it is the gift of the Holy Spirit, the will is the instrumental cause in its

* *Summa*, 2a 2ae qu. xix. a. 7. corp. † *Summa*, 1a 2ae, qu. lxviii. a. 1. ad. 4m.

use. He who is possessed of it has a certain sympathy *(connaturalitas)* with those things about which he judges. One man, for instance, may make a sound judgment in a question of chastity through his knowledge of moral theology, whilst another may make an equally sound, if not a better judgment on account of his chaste habits and of his intense interest in and sympathy with chastity. This latter judgment is an implicit act of the intellect, but it is the fruit of the action of the will, for it is the effect of charity which has its seat in the will. Charity is the virtue by which the soul is most closely united to God. Hence the most perfect wisdom, although it is an intellectual quality, is said to be a certain *taste* for divine things, for it is a habitual inclination to divine truth due to the influence of a grace-informed will.

And if, on the one hand, wisdom is to a large extent the effect of holy living, on the other hand it is also a cause of holy living. As a gift and as distinguished from the acquired habit, it is concerned with practical life as well as with speculative truth. "Walk with wisdom towards them that are without," says St. Paul. In this respect, then, it is a disposition of the practical as well as of the speculative intellect. In this respect, too, then, it will take under its control the habits of the practical intellect, namely prudence, art, and synderesis. Synderesis is the habit of seeing evident moral principles just as understanding sees mental principles. It sees without argument, for instance, that good must be done, that evil must be avoided, that it is wrong to blaspheme and sinful to tell lies. Art is the habit by which the conclusions of science are applied to life; and the most difficult branch of art is that in which revealed truth is applied to the making of a saint.

Prudence is, in a sense, a species of wisdom. It is that wisdom which, left to itself, prescinds from divine considerations and deals only with human affairs. Manifestly, therefore, if the highest wisdom is that which directs the soul in doing as well as thinking divine things, it must have under its control the habits of the practical reason. And, since it is the effect of charity, it is incompatible with mortal sin. Indeed a state of grace necessarily connotes the presence in some degree of the gift of wisdom. Nay more, the gift of wisdom would seem to be proportioned to the degree of one's charity. Charity is the effect of God's love acting on the human will,

and "God loveth none but him that dwelleth with wisdom." Hence those who live merely by the rule of the commandments see just enough of divine things, and of divine rules for human things, as is necessary for salvation. Those who take the standard of the counsels of perfection have a still deeper insight into the spiritual world. The saints are those who excel. Thus is it that the Blessed Margaret Mary can see deeply into the truths of revelation; and thus is it that the Blessed Curé d'Ars can see the bearing of divine truths on human conduct. But all these things one and the same Spirit worketh, dividing to every one according as He will.

Wisdom then, in its Christian sense, looks two ways: it looks backwards to the First Cause of things and it looks forward to the Final Cause of things. It is both speculative and practical. The combined habit and gift may now be regarded as one disposition of the intellect. And the function of this one disposition is to enable the mind to pass easily from immediate causes to more remote causes, and again, from the more remote causes to the one Ultimate Cause. How does it do this? Well, first of all, it enables the mind to manipulate its elementary habits of understanding and synderesis. In this way the various first principles of the intellectual and moral order are marshaled in array and put in a way so as to be at the ready service of the higher habits of science and art. The science of chemistry could not be built up unless we could be sure of the principles of twice two being four, and of the whole being greater than its part; nor could rules be laid down for the guidance of the spiritual life unless we could be sure of the first principles that good must be done and evil avoided. Secondly, it enables the mind to manipulate the speculative habit of science and the practical habit of art. This ready manipulation consists in being able to reduce syllogisms to enthymemes and summarize reasoning processes.

In speaking of the enthymeme, I use it in the modern sense of a syllogism with one of the premises suppressed and implied. Thus, in virtue of the scientific habit, I say: "This angle is inscribed in a semicircle and therefore it is a right angle." The habit saves me from the necessity of making the major of the syllogism explicit. Or again, my rector comes into my room and tells me that a certain priest in the diocese is dead. I say I am sorry, take out my ordo and register an

intention for the next day's Mass. I do not begin to argue and reflect that I have known my rector all these years, that he has given many evidences of his trustworthiness, and therefore I will exercise my will and incline my intellect to consent to the proposition that he is speaking the truth. The habit of wisdom dispenses me from all that. Thus it is seen to have another function, namely, that of conserving all those previous acts of the will which have been exercised in the search for and consent to truth; of conserving all those past experiences in virtue of which the will consented to such truths; and of thus leaving the mind free and yet well-equipped to choose out deeper truths and to utilize them in gaining richer experience.

In the light of this doctrine of wisdom one can see the shortsightedness of the methods of Professor James and Dr. Schiller. The one by his Pragmatism and the other by his Humanism have been making ineffective attempts to return by a short cut to the *sapientia* which had been lost by Protestant Rationalism. In the all-absorbing occupation of tasting the fruits of the tree of knowledge they have forgotten to cultivate the roots. Consequently the fruits which they have gathered are represented by a shrunken and deformed philosophy. Pragmatism and Humanism give us only the morphology of experience, a purely static or anatomical analysis. Nay, since they have had for their subject-matter such an infinitesimal portion of experience, and that, at least in the case of Professor James, drawn from the observance of diseased specimens, the morphology set up is, and must of necessity be, woefully untrue to real healthy life.

The *sapientia* of St. Thomas, however, deals with the result of man's whole experience. By the doctrine of the soul's simplicity and unity all the functions of man are seen to participate in the work of the formation of wisdom. By the doctrine of taking into account the supernatural as well as the natural, that is by utilizing the gift as well as the habit of wisdom, huge tracts of experience are dealt with which the rationalist and the pragmatist could never dream of. By the doctrine of Catholicity, the experience of the whole Church, nay of the whole race, can be brought into requisition. By the doctrine of a Final Cause as well as a First Cause, a motive is provided which urges the mind on through all the vastnesses of both its intel-

lectual and practical spheres of operation. By the doctrine of a First Cause as well as a Final Cause, the key is forged which unlocks the knowledge to be used for future experience. Thus is this *sapientia* at once a morphology, a physiology, a pathology, and a therapeutic of experience. It is not static, but dynamic. True it is illumined and informed by a revealed truth which never changes. But the degree in which the mind enters into the apprehension of that truth is ever changing.

It is not static, but dynamic. This remark leads me to speak of the relationship between the *sapientia* of St. Thomas and the Illative Sense of Cardinal Newman. The *sapientia*, considered under the combined aspect of habit and gift, has a more extensive object-matter than the Illative Sense. The former concerns both speculative and practical truth, whilst the latter concerns speculative truth only. Again, if we limit the *sapientia* to its bearing on speculative truth, and then compare it with the Illative Sense, we find a further difference. It is not an essential difference but only one of aspect. It is precisely in this difference, however, that the originality of Newman consists. St. Thomas analyzes the origin and nature of the mind in abstraction; Newman does the same in the concrete. It is the question of universals. Now universals exist formally in the mind and fundamentally in the thing. Consequently there are two ways of looking at them. Considered as they exist in the mind they are called logical universals; considered as they exist in the thing they are called fundamental universals. Each, however, connotes the other. St. Thomas, in his scientific account of wisdom, uses logical universals; Newman, in his account of the Illative Sense, uses fundamental universals. "*Scientia est de universalibus*," says the one. "In this essay," says the other, "I treat of propositions only in their bearing on concrete matter." Nevertheless, the whole of St. Thomas' doctrine of moderate realism implies that his logical universals have their counterparts in things, whilst Newman's doctrine of the Illative Sense dealing with concretes implies corresponding universals in the mind. St. Thomas shows us the nature and origin of the habit and gift of wisdom; Newman shows us the concrete working of it in the living human mind. And because it is ordained for the enlarging and deepening of human experience; because it enables the mind to find out the ultimate reasons of things; because it carries down to the present active

moment all the mind's past experience, even though only a part of that experience may present itself to explicit consciousness; and because it issues in an illation as to what truth must be here and now embraced; for all these reasons it is, therefore, dynamic and not static.

I have said that one of the functions of wisdom is to reduce syllogisms to enthymemes and to summarize reasoning processes. In this function the Illative Sense is identical with wisdom. In enables the thinker to pass from the concrete to the concrete by the aid of an implicit middle term too subtle and too complex to admit of being rendered explicitly. Hence an enthymeme is also called a rhetorical syllogism. Hence the difference between Newman and St. Thomas and between Newman's illative sense and St. Thomas' *sapientia*. Newman was a rhetorician in the true meaning of the word, whilst St. Thomas was a logician in the true meaning of the word. A true rhetorician is a psychologist who knows how to appraise at their proper value the respective claims of intellect, will, and feeling. A true logician is one who, in applying his logic, pays due deference to psychology. Logic shows us how to express our thoughts rightly; rhetoric how to impress them rightly. And according as our chief aim is logic or rhetoric, so shall we be drawn to the concept of the *sapientia* of St. Thomas or to the Illative Sense of Newman.

Unusquisque in suo sensu abundet. Let him who cannot avail himself of the doctrine of the Illative Sense turn to the doctrine of the habit and gift of wisdom. Let him begin with the first question of the first part of the *Summa*. There in the sixth article he may read that although a man may judge in one way by cognition, as for instance when one instructed in moral science can judge concerning acts of virtue, yet in another way he may judge by inclination, as for instance when one who has the habit of a virtue can judge rightly of those things to be done according to that virtue; that the virtuous man is the measure and rule of human acts; that one can follow the Pseudo Denys in holding that "Hierotheus is taught not only by learning but also by suffering divine things." Then let him look up the word *sapientia* in the index and carefully study the various articles there indicated. He will eventually be led to recognize that the gift of wisdom is nothing less than the seventh beatitude. Peace is the tranquility of order, and tranquility of order in the spirit-

ual life is the object of religious inquiry. To harmonize the supposed conflict between faith and science, to justify God's ways to men, to adjust the psychic order to the spiritual, this is the office of the peacemaker, this is the function of wisdom. He then who by contemplation cultivates this habit, and by action strives to obtain an abundant measure of the gift, renders himself fit to deal with the religious problem. Not until he has made some progress in this twofold growth can he hope to enter upon the consideration of the fundamental issues of life and religion with the faintest hope of fruitful effort. Conversely, he who does adopt this method is in a sure way of obtaining his due measure of satisfaction. "Blessed are the peacemakers." Thus are they made sharers in the likeness of the begotten Wisdom of the Father, for "They shall be called the sons of God." The acquired habit will enable them to see ever more and more clearly the truths which God has revealed; the infused gift will tone up that habit to enable them not only to see those truths still more clearly, but also to see their bearing on the manifold intricacies of the spiritual life. But since the gift is an effect as well as a cause of spiritual life—for it is the fruit of charity and is kept in existence by the action of a divinely moved will—then contemplation and action are mutually dependent. He who will know of the doctrine must do the Will. He who will come to the light must do the truth.

The way of Holy Wisdom then is a hard way. It were indeed a hopeless quest did we not remember that our share in it, in addition to being an acquired habit, is also a divine gift. Thus then will Holy Wisdom deal with the elect soul. "She will bring upon him fear, and dread, and trial; and She will torture him with the tribulation of Her discipline, till She try him by Her laws, and trust his soul. Then She will strengthen him, and make Her way straight to him, and give him joy."

THE NEAREST PLACE TO HEAVEN.

BY ALFRED YOUNG, C.S.P.

THE following article is reprinted from THE CATHOLIC WORLD of April, 1866, at the formal request of the Bishops and Priests of the Alumni Association of St. Sulpice Seminary, Paris. St. Sulpice, which has been the nursery of so many distinguished churchmen, is a sample of the institutions which the present atheistical French Government is endeavoring to destroy, or at least cripple, by confiscating their property. Unlike the Paris property, it has not as yet been "appropriated" by the government. Since the writing of the article some changes have taken place in the buildings, but the life described ever retains its happy charm of an earthly heaven. [EDITOR C. W.]

THERE are some places in this world nearer to heaven than others. I know of a place which I think is the nearest. Whether you may think so I do not know, but I would like you to see it and judge for yourself. Please to go to France, then to Paris; then take a walk a little distance outside of the Barrière de Vaugirard, and you will come to a small village called Issy. When you have walked about five minutes along its narrow and straggling street, which is the continuation of the Rue de Vaugirard, you will see on your left a high, ugly stone wall, and if I did not ask you to pull the jangling bell at the porter's lodge and enter, you might pass by and think there was nothing worthy of your notice about the place.

You say you have not time to stop now, that you have an appointment to dine at the Hôtel des Princes, in Paris, but that some other time you will be most happy, etc. Wait a moment, perhaps I may be able to show you something quite as good as a dinner, even at the Hôtel des Princes. Ring the bell. The sturdy oaken door seems to open itself with a click. That is the way with French doors; but it is the porter's doing. When he hears the bell, he pulls at a rope hanging in his lodge, which communicates with the lock of the door. You are free to enter. Go in. But you cannot pass beyond the porter's lodge without giving an account of yourself. You cannot get into this heavenly place without passing through the porter's review, any more than you can get into the real

heaven without passing the scrutiny of St. Peter. I hope you are able to satisfy the "Eh! b'en M'sieu'?" of good old Père Hanicq, who is porter here. He is a *père*, you understand, by the title of affection and respect, and not by virtue of ordination. You may not think it worth your while to be over humble and deferential in your deportment towards porters as a general rule; but I think you may be so now; for, if I do not mistake, you are speaking to a venerable old man who will die in the odor of sanctity. Père Hanicq is not paid for his services, troublesome and arduous as you would very soon find his to be if you were porter even here. He is porter for the love of God. You see he does not stop making the rosary, which is yet unfinished in his hand, while he talks to you. He does not recompense himself by that business either, as shoemaker porters, tailor porters, and the like eke out their scanty salaries; but it enables him to find some well-earned sous to give away to others poorer than himself. You say this lodge is not a very comfortable place, with its cold brick floor. It is not. Neither is that narrow roost up the step-ladder a very luxurious bed. Right again, it is not. But the Père Hanicq is not over particular about these things. Besides, he is not worse off in this respect than the hundred other people who live in this place nearest to heaven. Indeed, most of them have a much narrower and drearier apartment than his.

Now that you have said a pleasant word to the good old soul (for he dearly loves a kindly salutation, and it is the only imperfection I think he has), you may pass the inner door, and you observe that you are in a square courtyard, a three-story, irregularly shaped building occupying two sides of it; stables and outhouses a third; and the street wall the fourth. Before you go further, I would advise you to look into one of those tumble-down looking outhouses. It looks something like a rag and bottle shop. It is a shop, and the Almoner of the poor keeps it. Here the residents of these buildings may find bargains in old odds and ends of second-hand, and it may be seventy times seventh-hand furniture, either left or cast off by former occupants. Here the Almoner—that voluble and sweet-tempered young man in a long black cassock—disposes of these articles of trade, enhancing their value by all the superlatives he can remember, for the benefit of certain old crones and hobbling cripples, whom perhaps you saw on the right of the courtyard receiving soup and other food from another young man in a long black cassock, who is the Almoner's assistant. You don't know it, perhaps, but I can tell you that the Almoner's assistant, as he ladles out the soup and divides the bread and meat, is mentally going down on his knees and kissing the ragged and worn-out clothes of these old bodies whom he helps, for the sake of Him whom they represent, and

who will one day say to him: "Because you did it unto the least of these My brethren, you did it unto Me."

Now you may go into the house, after you have been struck with the fact how completely that high stone wall shuts out the noise of the street. You say, however, that you hear a band playing. Yes; that comes from an "Angel Guardian" house over the way, like Father Haskin's house in Roxbury, Massachusetts (there ought to be angels, you know, not far off from the nearest place to heaven), where the "gamins," as the Parisians call them—the "mudlarks," or "dock rats," as we call them—are taken care of, fed, clothed, instructed, and taught an honest trade, also for the love of Him who will one day say to the Père Bervanger and to Father Haskins what I have before said about the Almoner's assistant.

Well, here is the house. This is the first story, half underground on one side, and consequently a little damp and dingy. Here to the right is the Prayer Hall. This has a wooden floor (a rare exception), wooden seats fixed to the wainscoting, and here and there a few benches made of plain oak slabs which look as if they had lately come out of one of our backwoods saw-mills. A large crucifix hangs on the wall, and a table is near the door, at which the one who reads prayers kneels. The ninety-nine others kneel down anywhere on the bare floor, without choosing the softest spot, if there be any such.

Those portraits hanging around the walls represent the superiors of a community of men who are entrusted with the guardianship of this place nearest to heaven. The most of those faces, as you see, are not very handsome, as the world reckons handsome, but I assure you they make up for that by the beauty of their souls. The morning prayers are said here at half-past five the year round, followed by a half-hour's meditation, and the evening prayers at half-past eight. The hundred residents come here too just before dinner, to read a chapter of the New Testament on their knees, devoutly kissing the Word of God before and after reading it; and then each one silently reviews the last twenty-four hours, and enters into account with himself to see how much he has advanced in that particular Christian virtue of which his soul stands the most in need. It is a good preparation for dinner, and I would advise you to try it, even if you cannot do it on your knees. It is a perfect toilette for the soul. Here also you will find the afore-mentioned hundred people at half-past six o'clock, just before supper, listening to a short reading on some spiritual subject, followed by a sort of conference given by the Superior, or head of the house, so full of unction and sweet counsel that it fairly lifts the heart above all earthly things, and seems to hallow the very place where it is spoken.

Turn now to the left. That door in the corner opens into a chapel dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi. Here the Père Hanicq and the few servants of the house hear Mass every morning, and begin the day with the best thought I know of, the thought of God. Keeping still to the left you pass into the Recreation Hall; and if this be recreation day, you will see congregated here the liveliest and happiest set of faces that it has ever been your good fortune to meet in this world. Billiards, backgammon, chess, checkers, and other games more simple and amusing in their character, are here; and I can tell you that they are like a group of merry children playing and amusing themselves before their heavenly Father. You might pass the recreation days here for many a year before you would hear an angry word, or a cutting retort, or witness a jealous frown or a sad countenance. Notice that smiling old gentleman with a bald head capped by the black calotte. That is the Père T——. He is very fond of a game of billiards, and I know he loves to be on the winning side; the principal reason of which, however, you may not divine, but I know; it gives him a chance to pass his cue to some one who has been beaten, and obliged to retire. And many learn by that good old father's example to do the same kind and charitable act; and, take it all in all, I am inclined to think this room is not much further off from heaven than many other places about this dear old house.

Of course everybody is talking here, except the chess-players, and at such a rate, that it is quite a din; but, hark! a bell rings: all is instantly silent, the games are stopped, the very half-finished sentence is clipped in two, and each one departs to some assigned duty. They are taught that the bell which regulates their daily exercises is the voice of God, and that when He calls there is nothing else worthy of attention. I have no doubt they are right; have you?

There is one other place to visit on this ground floor, the Refectory. A long stone-floored hall with two rows of tables on either side, and one at the upper end where sits the head of the house, a high old-fashioned pulpit on one side, the large crucifix on the wall, and that is the Refectory. It looks dark and cold, and so it is; dark, because the windows are small and high; and cold, because there is no stove or other heating apparatus—a want which may also be felt in the other rooms you have visited; and as the windows are left open for air some time before these rooms are occupied, it must be confessed there is a rarity and keenness about the atmosphere, and a degree of temperature about the cold stones in mid-winter, which are not pleasant to delicately nourished constitutions. No conversation ever takes place in the Refectory except

on recreation days, or on the occasion of a visit from the Archbishop of Paris. At all other times there is reading going on from the pulpit, either from the Holy Scripture or some religious book, which enables the listeners to free their minds from too engrossing an attention to the more sensual business of eating and drinking; not that their plain and frugal table ever presents very strong temptations to gourmandize!

As you are American, and accustomed to your hot coffee or strong English black tea, with toast, eggs, and beefsteak for breakfast, I fear the meal which these hundred young men are making off a little cold *vin ordinaire*, well tempered with colder water, and dry bread, during the short space of twelve minutes (except during Lent and on other fast days, when they do not go to the Refectory at all before twelve o'clock), will appear exceedingly frugal, not to say hasty. You observe, doubtless, that, short as is the time allotted to breakfast, nearly every one is reading in a book while he is eating. Do you wish to know the reason? I will tell you. It is not to pass away time, but to make use of every moment of time that passes. None in the world are more alive to the shortness and the value of time than the hundred young men before you. Every moment of the day has its own allotted duty; and when there is an extra moment, like this one at breakfast, when two things can be done at once, they do not fail to make use of it. They take turns with each other in the duty of waiting on the tables, except on Good Friday, when the venerable Superior, and no less venerable fathers, who are the teachers of these young men, don the apron, and serve out the food proper in quantity and quality for that day.

Now that you have seen the first story, you may "mount," as the French say, to the second. If you have not been here before, I warn you to obtain a guide, or amidst the odd stairways and rambling corridors you may lose your way. This is the chapel for the daily Mass. It is both plain and clean, and you will possibly notice nothing particular in it save the painted beams of the ceiling, the only specimen of such ornament, I think, in the whole house. It is there a long time, for this is a very ancient building, having once been the country-seat of Queen Margaret of Anjou; and this little chapel may have been one of her royal reception-rooms for all you or I know.

Hither, as I have said, come the young levites to assist at the daily sacrifice. I believe I have not told you before that this is a house of retreat from the world—of prayer and of study for youthful aspirants to the priesthood of the Holy Church. I do not know what impression it makes upon you, but the sight of that kneeling crowd of young men in their cassocks and winged surplices, ab-

sorbed in prayer before the altar at the early dawn of day, when the ray of the rising sun is just tinging the tops of the trees with a golden light, and the open windows of the little chapel admit the sound of warbled music of birds, and the sweet perfumes from the garden just below, enameled with flowers, is to me a scene higher than earth often reveals to us of heaven's peace and rapt devotion in God. Mass is over now, and you may go, leaving only those to pray another half-hour who have this morning received the Holy Communion.

All these rooms which you see here and there, to the right and to the left, are the cells of the seminarians, about eight by fifteen feet in size, and large enough for their purposes, though certainly not equal to your cozy study at home in America, or to the grand *salon* you have engaged at the Hôtel des Princes. As you are a visitor, perhaps you may go in and look at one. There is no visiting each other's rooms among the young men themselves at any time, save for charity's sake when one is ill. An iron bedstead, with a straw bed, a table, a chair, a crucifix, a vexing old clothes-press, whose drawers won't open except by herculean efforts, and when open have an equally stubborn fashion of refusing to be closed; a broom, a few books, paper, pen, and ink, a pious picture or statue, and you have the full inventory of any of these rooms. As they need no more, they have no more; a rule of life that might make many a one of us far happier than we are, tortured by the care of a thousand and one things which consume our time, worry the mind, and are not of the slightest possible utility to ourselves, and the cause, it may be, of others' envy and discomfort.

I am aware that, as you pass along the corridors, you think it is vacation time, or that every one is absent just now from their rooms, all is so silent. But wait a moment. Ah! the bell again. Presto! Every door flies open, and the corridor is alive with numbers of the young men going off to a class or to prayers. Now that they are gone, suppose you peep into one of the rooms again; that is, if some newcomer, not yet having learned the rule to the contrary, has left the key in his door. Ah! he was just writing as the bell rang; the pen is yet wet with ink. Pardon! I do not intend that you shall read what he has written, but you may see that he has actually left his paper not only with an unfinished sentence, but even at a half-formed letter. That is obedience, my friend, to the voice of God, which I have already told you is recognized in the first stroke of that bell. I suppose you may read the inscription he has placed at the foot of his crucifix, since it is in plain sight. "I sat down under the shadow of my Well-Beloved, whom I desired, and His fruit was sweet to my palate" (Cant. ii. 3). Yes, you are

right. It *is* a good motto, for one who has sacrificed every worldly enjoyment for the sake of that higher and purer joy, the love of Jesus crucified. You are noticing, I perceive, that everything looks very neat and clean, that the bed is nicely made, and what there is, is in order. They have tidy housekeepers, you say, here. So they have, and a large number of them, too—one to each room—the seminarian himself.

I think you may "mount" another stairway now—when you find it—to the third story. I just wish you to step into that door on the right. It is the Chapel of St. Joseph; and if you happen to enter here after night prayers you will see a few of the young men kneeling before the altar, over which is a charming little painting representing the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph holding the Child Jesus by the hand. They come to pay a short visit in spirit to the Holy Family before retiring to rest. "Beautiful thought!" I believe you. I see your eyes are a little dimmed by tears. What is the matter? "Oh! nothing; only I was thinking that by coming up a few more steps in this house, one has mounted a good many steps nearer heaven." Not ready to go? Oh! I understand, you wish to pay a little visit yourself to the Holy Family. Good. Now, along this corridor, around this corner, down that stairway which seems to lead nowhere—take care of your head!—through those doors, and you are in a much larger chapel. All finished in polished oak, as you see, with a bright waxed floor. The seminarians sit in those stalls which run along the whole length of either side of the chapel. Here, on Sundays and festivals, they come to celebrate the divine offices of the Church. I wish you could hear them responding to each other in the solemn Gregorian chant. Listen; they are singing, and only to and for the praise of God, for no strangers are admitted, so there is no chance for the applause of men. Possibly you may be sharp-eyed enough to note those mantling cheeks and detect the thrill of emotion in their voices as the swelling chorus fills the whole building with melody.

Truly, I wonder not that you are moved, for the song of praise rises amid the clouds of grateful incense from chaste lips, and from pure hearts given in the flower and springtime of life to God alone. I can tell you, that whether their voices are singing the mournful cadence of the Kyrie, the exultant sentences of the Gloria, the imposing chant of the Credo, the awe-struck exclamations of the Sanctus, or the plaintive refrain of the Agnus Dei; or whether they respond in cheerful notes to the salutations of the sacrificing priest at the altar, one other song their hearts are always singing here: "*Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi, in domum Domini ibimus*" —I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of

the Lord. A heavenly joy is filling their ardent souls, moved by the grace of the Holy Ghost, and is reflected from their countenances as the sunlight sparkles on the ripples of a quiet, shaded lake, when its waters are gently stirred by a passing zephyr wafted from the wings of God's unseen angel of the winds.

Now you may go out into the garden. A charming esplanade directly behind the house you have visited. Well-kept graveled walks stretch here and there through a glittering parterre of flowers of every hue and perfume. A pretty fountain sends its sparkling drops into the air in the center of a basin stocked with goldfish, which are very fond of being fed with breadcrumbs from the hand of saintly old Father C——. You do not know the Père C——, you say? Then you may envy me. I know him. Shall I tell you what he said to me one day?

"*Tenez, mon cher, on doit prier le Bon Dieu toujours selon le premier mot de l'office de None, 'Mirabilia,' et non pas selon le premier mot de Tierce, 'Legem pone.'*" God bless his dear old white head! it makes my heart leap in my bosom to think of him. Where were you? Oh! yes, beside the fountain. On each side of the garden is an avenue of trees, and in one corner a little maze, hiding a pretty statue of the Blessed Virgin, at whose feet that Almoner of the poor has placed a little charity-box, thinking doubtless, and not without reason, that here, hidden by the trees and close shrubbery, some one, you for instance, might like to do something with a holy secrecy which shall one day find its reward from the Heavenly Father of the poor, openly. So I will just turn my head while you put in a donation fitting for an American who has a suite of rooms at the Hôtel des Princes. I know you are loth to leave this pretty spot. I have had equal difficulty in dragging you away from the other places to which I directed your steps; but you have not seen all. Come along. Cross the garden. Here, behind the large chapel, is a curious grotto all inlaid with shells—floor, walls, and roof. This is the place where Bossuet, Fénelon, and Mr. Tronson held some conferences about a theological subject which need not take up your time now. Turn up that winding walk to the left, and you see a little shrine dedicated to our Lady, to which the young men go to celebrate the month of May; and it is a quiet little nook where one may drop in a moment and forget the world. The world is not worth remembering all the time, you know. As you pass to the middle of the garden again you notice a long archway, built under a high wall. Before you enter it please first notice that fine terra-cotta statue of the Virgin and Child near it, and take off your hat in passing, as all do here. This archway passes under a road, which is screened from view by high walls on either side, which also pre-

vent the grounds you are in from being seen from the road. I have often thought about that high-walled road running through the middle of this place nearest to heaven. How many of us pass along our way of life, stony, toilsome, dry, and dusty, like this road, and are often nearer heaven and heavenly company than we think; and how many others there are we know and love, whose road runs close beside, if not at times directly through the Paradise of the Church of God on earth, and know it not. Oh! if they did but once suspect it, how quickly would they leap over the wall!

Now you are through the archway. Directly before you is a magnificent avenue of trees, all trimmed and clipped as it pleases this methodical people, and here is a fine place for a walk in recreation. The seminarians recreate themselves, as they do all other acts, as a duty and by rule. One hour and a quarter after dinner, ten minutes at half-past four, and an hour and a half after supper appears to suffice, although I am afraid it is rather a short allowance. Silence is the rule during the other twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four, and broken only by duty or necessity. How do you like it? Be assured it is profitable to those who are desirous of living near to God. Recollect what Thomas à Kempis says in his *Imitation of Christ*: "*In silentio et quiete proficit anima devota*"—In silence and quiet the devout soul makes great progress. You observe also that the reverend teachers of these young men are taking recreation with them. Yes; and in this as in every other duty of this life of prayer and of study they subject themselves to the same rule that they impose on others. Example, example, my friend, is the master teacher, and succeeds where words cannot. They have learned beforehand in their own school the lessons of chastity, obedience, poverty, patience, meekness, humility, and charity, of silence, and every other Christian mortification of our wayward senses which they are called upon to teach here. They have a novitiate adjoining this house, called the "Solitude," and their motto is inscribed over the little portal in the stone wall which separates the two enclosures. This is it: "*O beata Solitudo! O sola Beatitudo!*" There is a short sentence, my friend, which will serve as a subject of meditation for you for a longer time than you imagine.

Look at the Père M——, the reverend superior. What gentleness of soul beams from that kindly countenance! It makes one think of St. Philip Neri. Ah! and there is the Père P——, with a face like St. Vincent of Paul, and a body like nobody's but his own, all deformed as it is by rheumatism. I don't ask you to kiss the hem of his cassock for reverence sake, for that might wound his humility, and he might moreover knock you down with his crooked

elbow; but if you could see what place the angels are getting ready for him up in heaven, I think you would wish to do so. And all the others, old or young—bowed with age or strong of arm and firm in step—you will find but little difference in them. They are all cast in about the same mold, of a shape which only a life, and a purpose of life such as theirs could form. You would like to know what that young man is about, would you, running from one knot of talkers and walkers to another, saluting them, and saying something to each? Listen: he is repeating the password of the house. The password? Even so. And is it secret? Yes, and a secret, too. It is the secret of a holy life, the holy life to be led here, and not to be forgotten, where it is the most likely to be, in the dissipation of recreation. Lay it up to heart, for it will do you good: "*Messieurs, Sursum corda!*"

This building on your right as you come out of the archway is a ball-court. If you will step into the "cuisine," as a sort of wire cage is called, in which you can see without being in the way, and the irregular roof of which serves admirably to cause the ball to come down crooked, and "hard to take," you may see some good ball-playing; and if you know anything about the game, I am sure all will offer at once to vacate their places and give up the pleasure of playing to please you. Somehow, these seminarians are always seeking to please some one else. Fraternal charity, which prefers the happiness of others to its own, is cultivated here to such a degree, that I tell you again you will not find a place nearer heaven, where charity is made perfect and consummated in God.

Turn down now to the left for a few steps, and look to the right. Another beautiful avenue. The trees branching from the ground rise up and mingle together on all sides so as to form a complete arch. A building at the end. Yes; that is the place of all places in this lovely enclosure the most venerated by all who come to pass a part of their lives in dear old Issy. It is the Chapel of Loreto. Walk up the avenue and examine it. It has a façade, as you see, of strict architectural taste. I know that you, being an American, would very soon scrape the weather-beaten stones, paint up the wood-work, and put a new and more elegant window in front, if you were in charge. Perhaps it might improve it, perhaps not. Standing as it does alone, out there in the midst of extensive grounds, it makes you think of the Holy House of Loreto in Italy, of which you know something, I suppose, and of which, indeed, the little chapel inside is an exact copy, and hence has obtained its name. Let me say a word about it before you go in, for no one is expected to break the religious silence which the young levites here are taught should reign about the tabernacle where reposes the sacred

and hidden presence of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist. It is this chapel, especially dedicated to His own dear and blessed Mother, that they have chosen for His dwelling-place among them, as her home at Nazareth was also His. It is what you might expect. The Mother and the Son go together. A childlike and tender devotion to her whom He chose for the human source of His incarnate life, through which we are elevated and born anew unto God, cannot be separated from the profound act of adoration which humanity, nay, all creation, must pay to Him who is her Son, the first-born of all creatures. His mysterious incarnate presence is with us always in the Holy Eucharist, and will be, as He promised, unto the consummation of the world; and the priest, by the power of His own divine word, is its human source. You remember the saying of St. Augustine: "O venerable dignity of the priest, in whose hands, as in the womb of the Virgin, the Son of God is incarnate every day!"

Enter. On the wall to your left, just inside the outer door, you see this inscription:

"Hic Verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis." *

On the wall, directly opposite, this:

"Sta venerabundus,
Qui aliunde ut stares veneris,
Lauretanam Deiparæ domum admiraturus.
Angusta tota est.
Toto tamen Christiano orbe angusto,
FACTUS EST HOMO.
Abbreviatum igitur æterni patris verbum
Hocce in angulo, cum angelis adora;
Silet hic et loquaci silentio:
Beatæ quippe virginis matris sinus,
Cathedra docentis est.
Audi verbum absconditum, et quid sibi velit attende.
Venerare domum filii hominis,
Scholam Christi,
Cunabula Verbi." †

The door on the right leads into the sacristry, where the priest puts on his vestments. On the panel of this door you read:

"Sanctificamini omnes ministri altaris.
Munda sint omnia." ‡

* "Here the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us,"

† "Stand in awe, ye who have come hither from afar to admire the Loreto house of the Mother of God. The whole is but narrow and strait: however, the whole Christian world is but narrow in which the God made man suffered straitness. Wherefore, adore with the angels the straitened word of the Eternal Father. He is silent here, but with an eloquent silence. For the bosom of the Blessed Virgin Mother is the seat of Wisdom. Hear the Hidden Word, and listen attentively to what He wills of thee. Venerate the house of the Son of Man, the school of Christ, the cradle of the Word."

‡ "Be ye holy, all ye ministers of the altar. Let all things be pure and clean."

On the wall over the door is this inscription around a heart:

"Quid volo nisi ut ardeat?"—S. Luke xii. 49.*

Opposite the sacristy door is the door of the chapel, but I wish you to read the other inscriptions on these walls before you enter there. There are two more in this entry-way:

"Hic Maria, Patris Sponsa, de Spiritu Sancto concepit." †

"Sile;
Huc, enim, dum omnia
silerent,
Omnipotens sermo
de regalibus
sedibus advenit;
Vel æternum æterni
Patris Verbum
Siluit;
Vel otioso Deum adorat silentio."‡

In an adjoining room are several others, among which I think the following are worthy of your notice:

"Signum magnum apparuit in terrâ.
Amabile commercium, admirabile mysterium,
JESUS VIVENS IN MARIA.
VENITE, VIDETE, ADORATE.
VENITE
Ad templum Domini, ad incarnationis verbi-
cubiculum,
Ad sanctuarium in quo habitat Dominus.
Et de quo, ut sponsus, procedit de thalamo suo.
VIDETE
Ancillam, Patris sponsam, Virginem Dei matrem,
Adæ filiam, Spiritus Sancti sacellum,
Mariam totius Trinitatis domicilium,
Angelo nuntiante effectam.
ADORATE
Jesum habitantem in Matre,
Ut imperatorem in regno, ut pontificem in templo,
Ut sponsum in thalamo.
Hic requies, hic gloria, hic summa laus conditoris:
Hic habitabo quoniam elegi eam." §

* "What will I, but that it burn?"

† "Here Mary, the spouse of the Father, conceived of the Holy Ghost."

‡ "Keep silence; for hither, while all things were in silence, the Almighty Word leapt down from heaven from His royal throne. Here the Eternal Word of the Eternal Father became silent, and adores God in tranquil silence."

§ "A great sign appeared on the earth, a lovely union, a wondrous mystery, Jesus living in Mary. Come, see, adore. Come to the temple of the Lord, to the cradle of the Incarnate Word, to the sanctuary in which the Lord dwelleth. From which He goeth forth as a spouse from his bridal chamber. See, by the annunciation of the angel, a handmaiden made spouse of the Father, a virgin the Mother of God, a daughter of Adam the shrine of the Holy Ghost, Mary, the resting-place of the whole Trinity. Adore Jesus dwelling in His Mother, as an emperor on his throne, as a priest in the temple, as a spouse in his chamber. Here is the rest, here the glory, here the supreme praise of the Creator. Here will I dwell, because I have chosen her."

" Omnes
Famelici, accedite
ad escas;
Domus hæc abundat
Panibus." *

" Hic
Sapientia
Miscuit Vinum,
Posuit mensam,
Paravit omnia.
Qui bibunt,
Non sitient amplius;
Qui edunt,
Nunquam esurient;
Qui epulantur,
Vivent in æternum.
Bibite ergo et inebriamini,
Comedite et saturabimini;
Effundite cum gaudio animas vestras
In voce confessionis et epulationis
Sonus est epulantis." †

" Omnes
Sitentes, venite
ad aquas;
Locus iste scaturit
Fontibus." ‡

" Hic
Fons Fontium,
Et acervus tritici,
CHRISTUS,
Unde sumunt angeli,
Replentur sancti,
Satiantur universi.
Hic
Ager fertilis
Et congregatio aquarum,
MARIA,
Unde, velut de quodam
Divinitatis oceano,
Omnium emanant
Flumina gratiarum." §

" Si
Tu es Christi bonus odor,
Accede;
Caminus Mariæ
Altare thymiamatum est,
Caminus charitatis,
Cujus ostium
Hostes non excipit,
Sed hostias amoris.
Huc vota, huc corda, viatores,
Huc pectora." ‖

Before you look at the real chapel for which this building was erected, just step out of that door opposite to the one by which you entered. A little cemetery. Here repose, in simple, humble graves, the bodies of the deceased superiors and directors of the congregation of St. Sulpice, in whom and whose seminary you have shown so much interest during this visit under the guidance of your humble servant. Here, in this little cemetery, beneath the shadow of the sacred chapel they have loved so well, in the very home, as it were, where so many holy souls have lived, and learned the lessons of perfection, and where, God grant, many more such may yet live and learn the same, they have laid themselves down to rest from their labors, peacefully resigning themselves to the common fate;

* " O all ye of the family of God, draw near to the banquet. This house is full of bread."

† " Here the divine wisdom mingleth her wine, spreadeth her table, and maketh all things ready. They who drink shall not thirst any more. They who eat shall never hunger. They who feast shall live forever. Drink, therefore, and be inebriated. Eat and be filled. Pour forth your souls with joy in the songs of thanksgiving and rejoicing. There is a sound as of one feasting."

‡ " All ye who thirst, come ye to the waters. This place gushes with fountains."

§ " Here is the fount of fountains, and heap of wheat, Christ; of which the angels partake, the saints are replenished, and the whole universe is satiated. Here is the fruitful field and meeting of the waters, Mary; whence, as from a kind of ocean of divinity, flow out the streams of all graces."

‖ " If thou art the good odor of Christ, draw near. This chamber of Mary is the altar of incense, the home of charity, whose door receiveth not enemies, but the victims of love. Hither, ye wayfarers, bring your vows, your hearts, and your affections."

yet privileged in this, that their dust mingles with earth hallowed by the footsteps of saints. I should like to write an inscription for the door of that cemetery. It is this: "Et mors, et vita vestra absconditæ sunt cum Christo in Deo," for never in the history of Christianity, do I think, have men realized like them, in their lives and in their death, so fully those words of St. Paul.

Return now to the entry and pass within those gilded doors. This is the chapel. The walls are frescoed, as you see, and in imitation of the walls, now defaced, of the original chapel at Loreto. There is a pretty marble altar and tabernacle where reposes the Holy of Holies; and above the altar is a grating filling up the entire width of the chapel, on which are attached a large number of silver and gilt hearts, little remembrances left by the departing seminarians at their beloved shrine of Jesus and Mary. Behind the grate you can discern the statue made many hundred years ago, and sent to this chapel as a gift from the Holy House at Loreto in 1855. I know that your American taste will not be gratified by the appearance of either the statue or its decorations; but—America is not all the world. Keep that in mind, and it may save you a good deal of interior discomfort, whether you journey in other lands, or never stir from home.

Now I leave you, for I know you are tired of sight-seeing and want a moment of repose—and, may I not also add, a little time to pray here? The seminarians are coming in to make their daily visit, for it is a quarter to five o'clock. Oh! sweetest moments of the Issian's day! Here he comes and kneels at the feet of Jesus and Mary, and drinks in those silent lessons which reveal truths to the heart that no man can teach. Here the soul is ravished away for a while from earth and all its carking cares, anxieties, temptations, and afflictions, and reposes peacefully in the loving embrace of its God. "Here," indeed, "is the home of charity, whose door receiveth not enemies, but the victims of love. Hither you may bring your vows, your hearts, and your affections." Remain you, then, and pray awhile with them; for of a truth you are with the congregation of the just, and not far off from heaven.

New Books.

THE ST. NICHOLAS SERIES. Four new numbers of the St. Nicholas Series introduce to the young reader, in very attractive form, the stories of personages who, though the parts which they played and the stages on which they played them, were widely diverse, yet were united by one common trait—active devotion to the Church of Christ.

The first volume is a biography of Vittorino da Feltre,* a name which, though it belongs to the Middle Ages, is mentioned with respect by our modern students of pedagogy. Rather an unpromising subject for a book to entertain young people, you will, perhaps, say. True, but the biographer has something of the deftness of her hero, the Italian priest who could succeed in coaxing his little pupils of six and seven to begin the study of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics almost unawares.

Nevertheless, we doubt if this volume will become as great a favorite as some of the others, where the theme is more full of action and brilliant color; as, for instance, the life of St. Thomas of Canterbury.† Father Benson has spared no pains to put the scenes of the great Churchman's life vividly before us. He draws a lively picture of some phases of Norman London, and of the pomp and parade which surrounded the magnates of Church and State; and enlivens the narrative with picturesque details that will impress the reader with the feeling that he is witnessing real events and observing real men, in contrast with the dry abstractions of his historical text-book.

The Man's Hands‡ is a story of the Tower of London and Father Southwell. It, as well as the two others which make up the volume, are largely fanciful, with just a thread or two of historical fact running through them; and the author announces that they are offered as mere stories, and, in no sense, hagiography.

* *Vittorino da Feltre: A Prince of Teachers.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Holy Blissful Martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury.* By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *The Man's Hands; and Other Stories.* By R. P. Garrold, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The fourth volume * is both fact and hagiography; for the South American statesman, Garcia Moreno, lived the life of a saint and died a martyr to the cause of religion. It is incredible how little is known by Catholics of education, here in America as elsewhere, of this noble man who lived in our own times and whose life is perhaps the solitary instance in the nineteenth century of a popular leader and statesman who faithfully loved and served the Catholic Church, and made the interests of religion his paramount concern. His career is told somewhat briefly, as the scope of the series dictated; but Mrs. Maxwell-Scott has given a clear account of the complicated course of events in Ecuador during Garcia's public career, and of the great results he achieved in spite of the infidel opposition which finally compassed his death.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST IN GREAT BRITAIN.

A sumptuous edition of Father Bridgett's well-known history of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain has been issued as a monument of the recent Eucharistic Congress in London. This edition † is a large folio, in the same opulent type as was used in the printing of Father Ricaby's translation of St. Thomas' *Contra Gentiles.* Father Bridgett's work is deserving of association with the great historical reaffirmation on English soil of the doctrine of the Eucharist. It demonstrates with inevitable force that "for a thousand years the races that successively peopled the island regarded the celebration of this Sacrament as the central rite of their religion, the principal means of divine worship, the principal channel of divine grace." It is needless to recall the scope of Father Bridgett's task. It was to show, on the principle of "By their fruits ye shall know them," that the part played in English religious life, by the Holy Sacrifice, Holy Communion, and the Real Presence in the Tabernacle, proved the truth of the Catholic doctrine and the divine efficacy of the Blessed Sacrament. The editors have taken advantage of an avowal made by the author that "to become popular the book must be recast." There is a considerable rearrangement of the matter; and information which has come to

* *Gabriel Garcia Moreno, Regenerator of Ecuador.* By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain.* By T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. With Notes by H. Thurston, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

light since the book was first written has been utilized. This part of the editorial work has been done by Father Thurston, and is to be seen in copious notes throughout the volume. Apart from its apologetic worth the book is a fount of piety towards the Blessed Eucharist; and also, from the merely historical point of view, is highly interesting as a record of English religious life, in which prevailed many quaint customs that have disappeared forever.

ALABAMA.

A more correct title for this volume* would be a history of Catholicism in, etc. The work does not profess to be written along the lines of critical history. It is a compilation of materials taken from all sorts of sources, without discrimination or any attempt to weigh the quality of the evidence or the value and import of events; footnotes are rare and charmingly unsystematic; and one is surprised frequently on being told impressively about something or another quite irrelevant to the subject, or something that everybody knows. For instance, the fact that M. Joly's *Life of St. Teresa* bears the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Vaughan; that the present rector of the Irish College in Salamanca has been decorated with the highest marks of distinction that it is in the power of the Spanish sovereign to bestow; that the charter of Trinity College, Dublin, proves it to have been founded as an engine of proselytism; and many other equally irrelevant matters are not only introduced in the text, but also figure in the table of contents, which, by the way, occupies eighteen pages. Perhaps an idea of the desultory character of this book will be gained by indicating the nature of three of the chapters at the close. The last but two consists of a story related of the explorer De Luna, illustrating his lively faith; the second last relates the establishment of the Visitation Order in Mobile, and gives a list of their most conspicuous benefactors; while the last, after noting the grant of the indulgence of Portiuncula to the chapel of the Ursuline convent of New Orleans, furnishes a lengthy description of the crowns on two of the statues in the chapel, and winds up with a list of the author's works, including a second volume (in preparation) of the present history. It would be very easy, and a pleasanter task than that of point-

* *A Catholic History of Alabama and the Floridas.* By a Member of the Order of Mercy. Vol. I. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

ing out defects, to make this present notice a string of empty compliments to the amiable writer. It is a more kindly service to tell the truth, in the hope that she may profit by it to make the second volume more worthy of the name of history.

WOMEN IN SOCIAL WORK. One of the most active promoters of the movement to enlist Catholic women in the work of social service, Mrs. Virginia M. Crawford, publishes a little volume * of a thoroughly practical character, discussing some of the methods by which efficient work for the amelioration of the poor may be done. In England and France, at least, Catholic women are beginning to stir themselves to take away our reproach that in the cause of charitable work non-Catholics have left us far behind. It is no longer a sufficient answer to this charge to point out the great army of Catholic women, who in the various religious orders have devoted their lives to the service of the poor and the suffering. Their unmeasured generosity does not cover the shortcomings of their sisters in the world who, for want of initiative or for want of authoritative prompting, take no personal interest in the relief of those who are suffering from the injustices of our social system. This charge Mrs. Crawford acknowledges to be true.

> It is in the wider sphere of educational and social activity, in all that is conveniently summed up in the phrase social service, that the Catholic women have, as yet, failed to fill the place that should be ours by right. We have an undeveloped civic sense and a very partial realization of the responsibilities laid upon us by worldly advantages. Generous and warm-hearted women, who are ready to give themselves and their money for the relief of distress, still fail to realize the need for studying the problems of the day in the light of sound Catholic principles.

"These principles," she observes, "may be found in the Encyclicals of Leo XIII." Why do Catholic women fail to claim their birthright? The reasons for their apathy, as they appear to Mrs. Crawford, are that,

> filled with vague apprehension at the social changes in progress around us, they withdraw ostentatiously from all partici-

* *Ideals of Charity.* By Virginia M. Crawford. St. Louis: B. Herder.

pation in what appears to them as the dangerous tendencies of the times. Others, again, live so wholly in a little domestic world of their own contriving, and are so out of touch with the broader issues of life, that the struggle and temptations of women less happily circumstanced than themselves leaves them lamentably callous. In a word, we all have a great deal still to learn.

The latter reason would, probably, be offered by any one competent to appreciate the situation to account for the fact that in our own country, generally speaking, in social service Catholic women are nowhere. A perusal of Mrs. Crawford's little book could hardly fail to stir up in the heart of any Catholic woman, in a position to help her less fortunate sisters, a desire to be up and doing. Among the subjects discussed are: How and Where to Train; The Need for Co-operation; Co-operation with non-Catholics; Mothers' Meetings; Children's Holidays; Should Married Women Work? Girl Mothers; Retreats; Home Work; and one or two others relating to specially English conditions.

In France the Catholic feminist movement goes on apace. In all the great centers of the country the Catholic *mouvement feminist* is growing in extent and in the systematic character of its organization. Many brilliant writers have devoted their pens to its promotion. Among these is Paul Acker, who has a high reputation as a novelist. Some years ago the late M. Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, requested M. Acker to contribute to that periodical some articles on woman's work in social service. M. Acker complied, and wrote some brilliant papers that are now published in book form.* He reviews what has been done abroad, chiefly in England, to afford suggestion to his compatriots; and gives an account of the famous work done by Mlle. Gahéry and Mlle. Chaptal; and by the French and the Lyonese *Syndicats*. With the instinct of the novelist M. Acker runs into the psychological aspect of women's trials and burdens; and gives us some lively pages of description. He closes by relating how, some time ago, a stranger of note assisted at a brilliant reception in Paris. After watching the gorgeous display of dress and listening to the witty, frivolous conversation of the ladies, he smilingly insinu-

* *Œuvres Sociales des Femmes*. Par Paul Acker. Paris: Plon Nourret et Cie.

ated to his hostess that he saw here an example of the proverbial frivolity of the Parisienne. She replied by recounting to him how several of her guests had been employed in the forenoon. One had been superintending a dispensary for consumptives; another had been taking care of laborers' children; a third had been at a social settlement, answering to the various demands made for moral and material help. M. Acker says:

> This stranger had entertained about Frenchwomen, and particularly Parisians, the opinion which most strangers hold. It is, indeed, irritating that we are so imperfectly known beyond our own frontiers. The fault, doubtless, is with ourselves. We desire that others should praise the somewhat exterior qualities of our race, its wit, its grace, its elegance, its sprightliness, its easy scepticism, its politeness, qualities which have scarcely any result beyond making society agreeable; and we hide, as if we were a little ashamed of them, our more solid qualities, to which we owe our existence and endurance. To show oneself as one is is not vanity; it is only to have a just sense of one's worth, and to wish that others should have it also. Let the Frenchwoman be always the queen of the world; I would have her retain this lovable royalty; but she is something else besides, especially during the many years past when she has devoted herself to fruitful work in social amelioration; and this truth we must not permit to be ignored.

M. Acker does not neglect a very potent means of winning his countrywomen's sympathies in favor of the interest which he advocates.

CONCORDANCE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURE.

The contrast between the ignorance of the Bible displayed among the present generation of Protestants and the familiar acquaintance with it which their fathers possessed has been frequently a subject of piquant public comment. Is this change to be witnessed exclusively in Protestant circles? Do we find now-a-days the same knowledge of the Bible exhibited in our own pulpits as formerly? How many of our preachers display a preoccupation to strengthen their discourses by habitually clothing their thoughts in the language of Scripture, which, as Leo XIII.

says, "gives authority to the sacred orator, fills him with apostolic liberty of speech, and communicates force and power to his eloquence"? Without venturing to answer this ticklish question we may, instead, make the trite but indisputable remark that only the preacher who has a first-hand knowledge of the Bible itself can draw from it, in full measure, the matchless aids which it supplies for effective preaching. The best supplement for a deficiency of this first-hand knowledge is a good concordance; not of the type of Cruden's or Dutripon's, which are chiefly serviceable to locate some remembered or half-remembered text; but one to provide a wealth of texts under appropriate headings.

The Divine Armory, of Father Vaughan, has been the only English work of this kind that we possessed. And it, though in many respects admirable, is, in almost as many others, unsatisfactory and disappointing. The volume just produced by Father Williams* is destined, we believe, to prove a greater favorite. The titles are more numerous and better chosen; and the arrangement is more favorable to easy and rapid consultation. The texts under each heading, generally speaking, contain the leading word of the caption; so that the book serves, to a considerable extent, the purpose of the complete, systematic concordance. It is divided into two parts which are entitled, rather infelicitously, *Moral* and *Doctrinal*. This division implies that there exists an antithesis between the moral and the doctrinal. But is not the moral teaching of the Church also doctrine, just as well as is her teaching concerning the truths of faith? The first part is much the larger and more complete of the two, taking up over six hundred of the eight hundred odd pages in the book. The dogmatic section is somewhat meager, both in the number of topics, and, with a few exceptions, in the array of texts. There is also an appendix containing examples of just men, and of the punishment of the unjust; a synoptic arrangement of the several accounts of Christ's miracles, His parables, and His prophecies. Preachers have to thank the author for having provided them with an invaluable aid to the fruitful discharge of their office. The binding of the book is too flimsy for one of its size; and it will not long resist the wear and tear of constant use.

* *A Textual Concordance of Holy Scripture.* Arranged especially for the use of Preaching. By Rev. Thomas D. Williams. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

While many histories of the English martyrs under Queen Elizabeth have been issued in various other languages as well as English, now only is it possible to obtain a copy of the work which has been fitly called the germ of them all. This history is the one composed by Cardinal Allen, a contemporary of the martyrs. It was published shortly after its composition, but every copy has long since disappeared, with the exception of one which for generations has lain unnoticed and forgotten in the British Museum. From that copy a new edition is now issued under the editorship of Father Pollen, S.J.* It was widely known through a Latin translation which was published in 1583, and enlarged by additions from other pens. Until the publication of Cardinal Allen's letters, says the editor, no one knew that he had written it. "It was not ascribed to him by Simpson or Gillow, or the British Museum Catalogue, where it was practically buried under the heading, 'Catholic Faith.'" This story of the English champions of the faith will sustain comparison with any other version that is extant. The style is simple, but singularly forceful and warm. Allen allows his eyewitnesses to tell their own tale in conversational phrase of Tudor English. An eminent critic of two centuries ago, a period when it was not prudent to praise publicly in England anything Catholic, called the history "a princely, grave, and flourishing piece of exquisite natural English." As a specimen of it we may quote the brief account of Father Campion's execution:

> The morning that he was brought forth to dye, he met with M. Sherwin and M. Brian, expecting his coming in Coulharbar, where there passed much sweet speech and embrasing one of another; all which when M. Lieutenant sought for F. Campion's buffe ierkine, meaning if he could have found it, for the more disgrace of the man of God, to have executed him in it; so base is the despiteful malice of such, who with all the persecutors of God's sainctes shall be doonge and dirt, when these men shall be gloriouse in heaven and earth. When he was brought furthe among the people he said alowde, "God save you, God bless you all and make you Catholikes." And so was carried away to the ordinarie

**A Brief History of the Glorious Martyrdom of Twelve Reverend Priests, Father Edmund Campion and His Companions.* By William Cardinal Allen. Edited by Rev. J. H Pollen, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

place of execution, and was hanged upon the new gallowes, which is now called among Catholikes *The Gibbet of Martyrs*, because it was first set up and dedicated to the blood of an innocent Catholike Confessor (D. Storye), and afterwards, by this man's and divers Priests and others' Martyrdoms, made sacred.

The book contains six illustrations reproduced from engravings published in the first Italian edition of the work. They show the usual course of the persecution: Apprehension; The Road to Prison; Examination with Torment; The Rack; The Road to Tyburne; The Execution.

THE PATRON OF EUCHARISTIC ASSOCIATIONS.

The first edition of this biography was issued about three years ago in the United States. The present one* was brought out with a view to the recent Eucharistic Congress in London; as St. Paschal has been named by Rome the patron of Eucharistic associations. The English translator has wisely taken some latitude in his adaptation of the original to render it more to the taste of English readers. Three chapters are devoted to recounting the long list of miracles, especially, to use the expression of the author, "that collection of unheard-of prodigies known among Christian peoples as the 'Knocks of St. Paschal.'" On this point he observes that the original biographer of St. Paschal, Christopher of Arta, pauses when he comes to this matter, "as though appalled by the subject and doubtful of the effect which his narrative may produce. In order to encourage himself in the difficult task, and at the same time to reassure his readers, he recounts a series of similar facts, taken from the lives of the saints, and accepted by the best critics, and then, before plunging into his subject, he undertakes to show that the prodigies he is about to speak of are attested by thousands of trustworthy witnesses and invested with all the marks of unimpeachable authority." Some of the miracles are, indeed, of an extraordinary character; but, as the translator is careful to note in his Preface, "the accounts of the miraculous events which enter so largely into the story of Paschal's life are not a mere collection of legendary tales, but

**Life of St. Paschal of Baylon, the Saint of the Eucharist.* Adapted from the French of Father De Porrentruy. By Father Oswald Staniforth, O.S.F.C. New York: Benziger Brothers.

are based entirely on the testimony of witnesses cited by ecclesiastical authority to give evidence in the Processes of Beatification and Canonization."

MORAL THEOLOGY.

In the second volume* of Father Slater's compendium of moral theology, he treats of the sacraments, censures, irregularities, and indulgences. An appendix is added which comprises the Constitution of Leo XIII. on prohibited books; the Decree *Ne Temere;* and the document of Pius X. instituting a reform of the Roman Curia. The treatment of topics is clear and concise; every important detail is at least touched upon; while main issues are exposed as fully as in the ordinary text-book. The common doctrine is adhered to; and controverted points of little practical importance are not raised at all. The notes appended by Father Martin on American legislation refer chiefly to questions of matrimony. The work will be of interest and service to any of the laity who have a turn for theological inquiry.

MORAL INSTRUCTION AND TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.

This very valuable contribution of information,† throwing light upon the urgent problem of moral education in the school, has been the fruit of a private conference held in London about two years ago. The individuals present discussed the question of the value of systematic moral training for the young, and the best methods of carrying it out. Of course the fundamental point at issue was whether or not a religious sanction was an indispensable part of any serious moral training; and, on this point, the members were divided. They all found that they stood in need of further information than they possessed in order to discuss the matter satisfactorily. So they formed a Provisional Committee for the purpose of prosecuting investigation; many persons of eminence in public life joined the body in England, either as members of the executive or advisory board. An affiliated committee was soon established in the United States, the roll of which includes, among many other conspicuous names, those of Nicholas Murray Butler, C. W. Barnes, Arthur

* *A Manual of Moral Theology for English-Speaking Countries.* By Rev. Thomas Slater, S.J. With Notes on American Legislation by Rev. Michael Martin, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Moral Instruction and Training in Schools.* Report of an International Inquiry. In two volumes. Edited by M. E. Sadlier. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

T. Hadley, Charles J. Bonaparte, Morgan J. O'Brien, William H. Maxwell, William H. Taft, D. O. Mills, and Richard Watson Gilder. In the aggregate, the persons who associated themselves to the enterprise reached several hundred.

The plan pursued was (1) To invite communications from members of the advisory council; (2) To receive oral evidence from selected witnesses; (3) To commisssion investigators to prepare reports upon the methods of moral instructions and training in the schools of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Japan. Besides the reports from those countries, there are several essays and papers on various aspects of the general problem. A few of the contributions are rather superficial; but most of them show a thorough acquaintance with their particular subjects. The accounts given of the continental and the Japanese schools are the result of close inspection by competent observers. The appreciations made upon what they have observed is frequently, of course, colored by the personal prepossessions of the writer. There are a few Catholic contributors.

The question of the necessity of a religious sanction, as well as the various attempts to provide a substitute for it where it has been discarded, receives due attention. The reports from France occupy over a hundred pages. The writer of one, Mr. Harrold Johnson, though disposed to approve, if possible, the laicization of moral training, and though he speaks favorably of methods and manuals which are purely and aggressively secular, yet admits that the elimination of religion from the schools has reduced the moral ideals to narrow, mean dimensions.

> We touch here what is the main defect of the French moral instruction; it has no vista, no escape into the ideal and the infinite. It is too clear, too intelligible, too obvious, too familiar; often too commonplace, too trivial. It is lacking in the subtler delicacies, the more solemn sanctities, and in appeals to the deeper needs of self-devotion. It does not open up the large horizons which alone make possible profound transformations of character. The more solemn chords of the human soul are not struck. It does not at all adequately appeal to the poetry of the child-soul, around which the Catholic Church has known how to weave such spells of romance.

He continues, a little further on:

> The heart, especially the child-heart, still hankers after something—something of beauty, something wistful which the old Church may still supply. . . . One would have expected that the school would have learned some great lessons from the Church in the way of art, for example in the direction of festivals. But between Church and school there is a great gulf fixed; and to many art too appears a siren luring back again to the old delusions. *L'au-dela* has gone the way of the fairies and the soul of the nation seems to have sped with it.

The evils of the present system in France, which are touched upon so euphemistically by Mr. Johnson, are set forth in clearer and darker colors by the Rev. Edward Myers, who reports from the Catholic point of view. He temperately but uncompromisingly describes the failure of the governmental system as it is writ large in the temper and character of the generation which has grown up under it since 1882, when the Catechism was ousted from the schoolroom and its place taken by moral and civic instruction of M. Payot, whose books seem to Mr. Johnson admirable teaching manuals; he says:

> M. Payot's works are standard works in French training colleges, most of them are more than mere text-books—they are the books to which Normalists are referred for such complementary information as their overcrowded time-table leaves them leisure to seek. His position is definite and clear; he is a Spencerian agnostic, and doubtless the schoolmasters of the future who have come under his influence will preach the religion of the Unknowable.

The American contributors have nothing to report with which we are not all already familiar. One of the most interesting papers is that on Japanese education by Baron Kieuchi, for two years Minister of Education in his own country. The Japanese system is set forth in detail; and in it there is not a trace of a religious idea or sentiment: "We have had direct moral teaching, entirely free from any form of religion, for a long time; indeed that was always taken to be the principal aim of education. It must, however, be repeated that the reverence of the Japanese people for the Imperial House is something almost religious." This the editor, perhaps correctly, calls something akin to a religious sanction.

Irish education is represented by a very desultory but interesting paper from Mr. Stephen Gwynn. The analysis of Irish character occupies as much of his attention as do the Irish methods of teaching. He remarks that: "It may be said broadly that no ordinary person in Ireland contemplates the possibility of teaching morality apart from religion; and by religion is meant emphatically this or that particular creed"; and he adds, as a corrollary, that: "It is hardly necessary to point out that in many respects the standard of Irish morality is so high that the example of Ireland may be quoted with confidence in support of the view which makes moral teaching necessarily a part of religion."

The editor contributes a paper attempting a summary of the facts and views embodied in the reports. He finds that, regarding the necessary connection between moral and religious teaching, there are four contrasted views. These are, briefly: Religious and moral teaching are inseparable; they are wholly separable, and ought to be separated in schools maintained by public funds; the religious sanction is necessary to the efficient teaching of morals, but the religious side of moral teaching ought to be left to the family and the religious organizations; moral and religious training are in some points separable (manners and many matters of civic obligation), in others they are interdependent, yet as both are necessary for true education, so an educational system should find place for denominational schools. It is, the editor affirms, to the latter view that the great majority of the English witnesses lean.

He brings out the fact that there is a sharp divergence of opinions as to what is the ideal of education. One which may, roughly speaking, be called the European, is that the teacher's business is to stimulate the intelligence of the pupils who sit before him under a system of rigid discipline. The other, whose advocates are American, is that the school "is a more or less self-governing community, occupied with vital movements of all kinds; full of freedom and initiative in a great variety of tasks; getting experience of the labors and relationships which lie at the foundation of all society; dynamic, self-expressive, educatively practical, busy with the effort to accomplish (under due but unobtrusive guidance) certain things which its individual members wish to accomplish, and in which, therefore, they find a strong motive for effort."

To American Catholics the papers on Belgium and Switzerland will prove especially suggestive, as the problem arising from mixed populations is acute in both countries; and in the former there exists a fierce but not victorious opposition to the presence of religion in the schoolroom. Pedagogists, theoretical and practical, will find these two volumes well deserving of serious study.

IDEALS OF THE REPUBLIC.

Dr. Schouler closed his long standing connection with the historical department of Johns Hopkins University with a series of lectures delivered in the past two years on the fundamental ideas, social and political, to which America owes her progress and prosperity. The lectures are now published together in a book consisting of nine chapters.* The idea which Dr. Schouler treats as the fundamental one of American political life is "government by consent," and the next peculiarly American one is that of written constitutions. He next discusses the conception of the Union; the necessity for limiting liberty by law; the play of party spirit; the principle that public officials and servants are answerable to their masters, the people. These ideas are examined not merely historically, but also in their application to present conditions; hence Dr. Schouler treats of many actual questions—the characteristics of party management as it exists to-day; competition for civil service; government ownership or regulation of railways; the function of the primaries; recent municipal experiments in simplified rule. In his closing chapter the author traces, with keen analysis, the influence, in American life past and present, of the two great and not easily reconciled forces, the desire for social equality and the desire to surpass, both of which, he shows, have resolved themselves into a relentless race for wealth, and this race has been the fruitful mother of many evils that are particularly out of place in a republican nation. To remedy these ills he recommends strong legislative control over the trusts and other great aggregations of wealth; though he confesses that "it is difficult to surmise what will be the final outcome of the present development of monopolies; and amazingly difficult to devise any practical means of stifling or extinguishing what many regard as a natural and inevitable outcome of our highly organized industrial life." In the grow-

* *Ideals of the Republic.* By James Schouler, LL.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

ing antagonism between capital and organized labor he sees portentous danger; and he protests, as an American, against any affiliation of American labor with "those destroyers of all property, all government, all stability of social life and order, whose schemes and dogmas are propagated in foreign countries as friends of the laborer." On the other hand, he roundly denounces the extravagant display of riches indulged in by the wealthy; and singles out the automobile as a specially pernicious factor of strife-breeding between classes.

> Of all recent inventions for the pleasure of the rich, nothing, it seems to me, widens so impressively class jealousies among us as the automobile. This costly toy, which only a few can afford to keep and own, is the symbol and epitome of obtrusive arrogance towards the multitude, offset only by the danger it brings to those themselves who use it. The gorgeous coach and six which scattered the dust as it bowled along, harmed little, after all, and took only its own side of the road. Of turnouts with a horse there are still all sorts and kinds for the people. Our monstrous electric cars are for the multitude, and if we keep clear of iron tracks we are safe. But an automobile appropriates the whole road and right of way; with tooting horn and malodorous breath it speeds like a dragon, death-dealing, ravaging roads which others are taxed to maintain, exposing to sure danger those who ride by old-fashioned modes, and sending pedestrians at street-crossings in flight for their lives.

Though he does not disguise the evils, the Doctor, trusting to the vitality of the nation, is optimistic about the future, trusting that Americans will again come to understand that there are better things in life than the satisfaction of an unbounded thirst for accumulation.

NIZRA.

The reverend author of the novel *Gan-Sar*, founded on the story of Mary Magdalen, gives us another of the same type based on the Gospel history of the visit of the Wise Men to the Savior's crib.* Nizra, the daughter of Caspar, accompanies her father. The journey from their country to Judea, their adventures in the city and around it, the visit to Bethlehem, and their subsequent return, are described

* *Nizra, the Flower of the Parsa. The Visit of the Wise Men.* By Andrew Klarman. St. Louis: B. Herder.

with considerable play of fancy, which creates several non-historical characters to vary and enliven the narrative. On her return Nizra is sought in marriage by the prince of the country, but she has promised to be a Sister to the newborn King of the Jews, and refuses to participate in the pagan rite of marriage, which refusal costs her her life. The style is pleasing, though somewhat stilted; and the characters are drawn with some animation. The author has interspersed his pages with some archæological information on names of persons and places. The book should be a favorite with young girls.

THE BOOK OF PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.

At first sight of this elegantly bound and illustrated volume,* uniform with the Fairy Book Series, one rashly exclaims: "Another set of fairies and folk-lore from Mr. Lang; will the founts of his inspiration or invention never run dry?" But the assumption would be almost the antithesis of the fact. The book is not concerned with fairies or any other imaginary beings, but with people, little people indeed, yet people of real flesh and blood; and the author is not Mr. Lang but Mrs. Lang. The subjects of the stories, taken from English and French history, deal with the early lives of young persons, some of whom died young, while others grew up to be famous personages. Though the stories are strictly historical in the main, Mrs. Lang has embellished the cold data with lively conversations, and parenthetical comment to suit the story to juvenile taste. The book has the advantage over fairy tales—that it cannot fail to implant the germ of a taste for historical reading in the minds of at least some of its readers.

FATE'S A FIDDLER.

This whimsical title† introduces a very readable novel with a distinct flavor of Dickens in it. The hero, who tells his own story, makes his bow to us from a dingy basement in a dingy Boston street, where his father keeps a second-hand bookstore. The father and mother are variations of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber. A rich relative's will furnishes the staple of the plot. The hero, Master Bibbus, gets

* *The Book of Princes and Princesses.* By Mrs. Lang. Edited by Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Fate's a Fiddler.* By Edwin George Pinkham. Illustrated by Lester Ralph. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

nothing from it, for all goes to a young cousin, whose guardian, however, takes Bibbus to live with him and the cousin. The youngsters become fast friends and emulate the day-dreams of Barrie's Tommy down along the Swampscott coast. Soon, however, just as the guardian is ruined by speculation, to which he is tempted by the wicked person of the story, a new light is cast on the will—Bibbus, not Thomas, is the true heir. Then in a fit of noble rivalry each runs away in order that the other may enjoy the property. But they meet again as, in Oliver Twist fashion, they tramp out West, where the elder Bibbus has already established himself, as something at last turned up. Of course there is a girl, and many other complications, for which we must refer the curious to the novel itself, which will satisfy those whose taste does not need to be provoked by high seasoning.

THE LONG ARM OF MANNISTER.

Like most other leading characters of Mr. Oppenheim, Mannister* is a person of surpassing coolness, infinite resource, and great magnetic force. His home has been ruined and his fortune ravaged by a gang of London adventurers; the story tells how he revenged himself on each one of them. The revenge took the form of financial or social ruin. Mr. Mannister's methods are too simple to greatly absorb a generation of readers that has known Sherlock Holmes.

IN THE TROPICS.

A story bearing the provocative sub-title of *A Novel of Church and State in South America*, gives a vivid picture of the relations between the half-breeds and their white masters in some parts of South America; and of the methods by which peon labor is exploited, in the rubber gathering industry, by the ruling classes.† The writer has thrown into a narrative form a number of stories which he listened to around the forest camp-fires. Those which impressed him most were told by a half-breed guide, who related his own varied history, beginning in the hut of an Indian village, passing from that to a clerical school, and then cul-

* *The Long Arm of Mannister.* By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† *The Power Supreme.* By Francis C. Nicholas. Boston: R. E. Lee Company.

minating in an unsuccessful attempt at revolution. The story is strong and realistic, unmistakably the work of one who has been personally familiar with the country in which the scene is cast, and the manners and character of the people who fill his stage. A prominent note of the narrative is the abuses which have frequently arisen through the greed of individuals from the very close association of Church and State in some parts of Spanish America.

Another writer conducts us among the rubber hunters in the other hemisphere. *Long Odds* * is the story of a lone Englishman who for some unnamed reason has, without deserving it, been sent to Coventry by his fellow-countrymen. He comes to West Africa, and through a feeling of Quixotic loyalty to a worthless Portuguese trader, deceased, undertakes to rescue a native woman from slavery. The book is full of situations of danger for the hero, from natives, traders, and Portuguese officials. The vagueness of the descriptions and the want of individuality in the characters betray the writer, who depends upon his reading and his imagination to furnish forth his material. These two books might be usefully compared with each other by a student of the novel who would seek to discover the secret of power in works of fiction.

GREECE AND THE ÆGEAN ISLANDS.

While the travelers who have "done" Greece have written for the benefit of their stay-at-home brethern countless volumes full of archæological and philological lore, very few have condescended to the humbler service of giving us any information of the country as it is to-day; or any counsel that would help a prospective tourist to compute his possible expenses and conjecture what kind of comfort and convenience of transportation he might expect to-day in Argos. This task Mr. Marden has taken up † and fulfilled in a fascinating volume which contains an account of his trip through the Grecian mainland and the adjoining islands. He describes the country as it exists at present, with the customs and manners of the people as they

* *Long Odds.* By Harold Blindloss. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

† *Greece and the Ægean Islands.* By Philip Sandford Marden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

fell under his notice; and the ruins of the past are noticed with just as much archæological comment as would amply satisfy the ordinary American tourist or reader; whose peace of mind and self-satisfaction Mr. Marden has so far tenderly consulted that he has nobly resisted the temptation to embellish his pages with any Greek quotations. The book is handsomely bound and illustrated.

THE CATHEDRAL SERIES.

The latest number of the "Cathedral Series"* contains a detailed professional, critical description of, not alone the cathedrals strictly so-called, but also of all the other great historic churches of Northern Italy. An introductory chapter consists of an able sketch of Italian ecclesiastical architecture, in which Mr. Bumpus describes the development of church building in Italy from the earliest Christian times; and traces the formation and distinguishing characteristics of the different schools. A brief historical account of each of the churches visited is prefixed to the description of the building as it stands to-day. Sticking strictly to his proper subject, Mr. Bumpus neglects the statues and paintings in the churches; but some stroke of remorse for this seeming indignity to the great masters must have touched him and induced him to add, as an appendix, a full list of the most remarkable pictures and wall paintings alluded to in the work. The book is copiously illustrated with finely executed photogravures.

RELIGIOUS AND MONASTIC LIFE.

A little work on the training of novices for the religious state, published in France more than twenty years ago by the Benedictine Order, was compiled from the notes of the great Abbot Dom Guéranger by Dom Couturier, Abbot of Solesmes. It is now presented in English for the first time.† The book is small, but compact, with a thorough analysis of the religious idea. Extreme simplicity of exposition, in which the rhetorical has no place, is the conspicuous quality of the treatise. There

* *The Cathedrals of Northern Italy.* By T. Francis Bumpus. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

† *Religious and Monastic Life Explained.* Authorized version from the French of Dom Guéranger, O.S.B. By Rev. Jerome Veth, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder.

is no doubt but that it will be highly appreciated as a manual for novices of religious congregations of both sexes in English-speaking countries.

BOOKS OF MEDITATIONS. The second volume of the translation of Branchereau's meditations,* like the first, has been adapted to the temperament of English-American readers by the translator. He has curtailed many of the meditations; and has used his blue pencil very freely on many pages that, in the original, abound in what to colder temperaments seems an excess of emotionalism.

A book of short meditations on the Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary, prepared by a Jesuit Father, will be found a very serviceable one for either the clergy or the laity.† Each meditation consists of three points, which are intended to occupy about a quarter of an hour each. The author's purpose is rather to supply pregnant suggestion than a fully developed meditation. The matter is quite practical, and may easily be developed into plain, substantial sermons; all the more because under each point there is to be found a judicious selection of the most striking Scriptural texts which bear on the subject in hand.

A Cistercian monk, some time ago, translated from the Latin a work written two hundred years ago by one of his fellow-religious, Morozzo, Cistercian abbot and bishop of Bobbio, on the spiritual life.‡ It follows the traditional plan, being divided into three parts. The Purgative Way; The Illuminative Way; The Unitive Way. The instructions are pointed, and without those amplifications of illustrative anecdote and counsels drawn from the saints of the desert which figure so largely in Rodriguez and Scaramelli. That the book has in a short time reached a second edition is a proof that its excellence is appreciated.

* *Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests.* By Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S. Translated and Adapted. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary.* By Stephen Beissel, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

‡ *A Treatise of Spiritual Life.* Translated from the Latin. By Rev. D. A. Donovan, O.Cist. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (17 Oct.): "Archbishop Morton and St. Albans," by Abbot Gasquet, is a vindication of the Abbey from the charges brought against it by the Archbishop.——"Unionist Policy." A constructive manifesto of the Unionist party has been published. It includes, among other things, Tariff Reform; Increase of the Navy; Wages Boards; Opposition to Sectarian Intolerance in the Matter of Education.——"An Object Lesson from France" shows the fallacy of the neutral system of education and how in the long run it is distinctly hostile to religion.——"Comparative Religion" draws attention to the fact that this department, from a Catholic standpoint, has been sadly overlooked, and that there is a real need of popular manuals on the subject.——"Congress Papers" of this week reports in full "The Orthodox Church and the Holy Eucharist," by the Rev. A. Fortescue, D.D.

(24 Oct.): "Is the Bishop of Bristol an Anglican?" This startling question is the outcome of an address recently delivered by the Right Rev. gentleman, in which he stated that the English people before the Reformation were not Catholics.——"The Persistence of Religious Prejudice" is shown in Fr. Thurston's review of a book recently published, called *Wycliffe and the Lollards*, in which many of the time-worn and oft-disproved fables are retold for the benefit of Protestant admirers.——"Retreats for Workingmen" is the subject-matter of an article in *The Spectator*, describing the recent retreat for Catholic workingmen at Marple. Why, the editor asks, cannot such opportunities be afforded to Protestant workingmen?——"Chalices for the Pope." Three hundred and sixty-one chalices are to be presented to his Holiness, subscribed for by the women of Great Britain and Ireland.——"Unemployment and Unused Town Lots" proposes to extend the American system of permitting the unemployed to cultivate vacant lots in proximity to cities.

The Month (Oct.): Fr. Sydney Smith, in "The Eucharistic Congress," gathers up the impressions received and the convictions formed. It was a magnificent demonstration

of the vitality and growth of Catholicism as well as an object lesson and a stimulus to devotion.——"The Blessed Sacrament and the Consecration of Altars." Fr. Thurston draws attention to the provision made in some of the old English Pontificals for the laying away in the altar of a part of the Sacred Host, together with three grains of incense, while the confession or sepulchre was to be anointed with chrism, the idea evidently being that of assisting at a solemn Burial Service.——"Mendel and Mendelism" gives an account of the work performed by Mendel, an unknown Augustinian monk, in the department of biology. His theory of hybridism has yet to be proved, but his method has changed biology from a descriptive to an experimental science.——"The Religion of Mithra," by C. C. Martindale, treats of that cult when, for the first time, it came face to face with Christianity. Mithra held the position of *Logos;* he struggles against the evil principle and overcomes him. This struggle has a counterpart in the heart of man.

The Expository Times (Nov.): Gives the *raison d'etre* for "The Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," the first volume of which has recently issued from the press. The relation between Ethics and Religion is so vital and so essential that it is difficult to separate them even in thought. ——"The Relation of the Fourth Gospel to the Synoptics," answers the question, was the writer of the Fourth Gospel acquainted with the other three narratives? in the affirmative.——"Recent Biblical and Oriental Archæology," by Professor Sayce, pays a tribute to the part the United States is playing in Oriental research. Among authorities mentioned is a book by Dr. Olmstead, published in New York, on Assyrian history.——Under "Contributions and Comments" several difficulties are discussed, one being Joseph's "Coat of Many Colors," another "The Name 'Jahweh.'"——Continued articles are: "Modern Positive Theology."——And "The Jesus-Paul Controversy."

The National Review (Nov.): "Episodes of the Month" devotes considerable space to the recent disturbance in the Near East.——"On the Eve," by H. W. Wilson, sounds a note of warning. The writer declares that the passing

of a British Naval Defence Act is England's only salvation, if she would retain her command of the sea.—— In "Votes for Women" the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Maxse takes up the arguments framed by the supporters of woman suffrage, and shows how inadequate and unsatisfactory they are.——The Editor, L. J. Maxse, in his article, "A Crisis and a Moral," predicts that unless the statesmen of London, St. Petersburg, and Paris organize a counter *entente*, for purely defensive purposes, Europe will become involved in a war by the vanity of Vienna and the restlessness of Berlin.——"Some Aspects of the Reform Movement in Turkey," by George Lloyd.—— "The Government and Education," by C. A. Cripps, K. C., condemns the Educational Bill of Mr. Birrell as an attack against the National Church, and urges the claim of religious education in secular schools.——"Hungarian Nationalities" is a chapter from *The Political Evolution of the Hungarian Nation*, by Knatchbull Hugessen.

The Church Quarterly Review (Oct.): "The Lambeth Conference" attracted, the writer says, a larger amount of attention than any of the previous ones, though at the same time disappointment was evinced at the lack of any definite or decisive opinion.——"Eucharistic Doctrine and the Canon of the Roman Mass," by Darwin Stone, points out that the early history of the Canon is unknown. The sacrificial idea is present throughout, and it neither implies nor asserts any doctrines which English Church people need repudiate.——"The Higher Education of Women" shows how the sphere of woman's activities has become enlarged, and how necessary it is to fit her for entering upon the wider field of duties opening before her.——"The Doctrine of Divine Immanence in the New Testament Theology." The tendency of present-day theology is to lay stress upon the immanence of God. This is to say that Christianity is a philosophical religion. The Synoptics contribute less than any other New Testament writers to this doctrine; it is in the Pauline epistles that the thought of God's immanence finds its fullest and most varied expression.

The International (Oct.): Alfred Holt Stone, of Washington,

D. C., in "The Future of the Race Problem in America," offers three solutions of the difficulty: Deportation, Absorbtion, Race War.——"German Social Insurance" is dealt with as a necessary corollary of the Factory Laws; nearly one-fourth of the entire population is under a scheme of insurance against sickness, accident, disablement, and old age.——"The South African Native Question" is, the writer claims, the most pressing problem with which the African statesman stands face to face. Here, as elsewhere, the cause of discontent underlying all others, is the difficulty of obtaining land.——"The Economic System of Canada" shows that the Dominion, in adopting the Australian system rather than that of the United States, has taken a step towards Socialism.——"Future Prospect of Japanese Christianity" asks the question: What form will it take? Certainly, the writer says, neither English nor American, but purely national, suited to the needs and temperament of the people.

The Monist (Oct.): "A History of Early Chinese Philosophy," by Mr. Suzuki, discusses it from a religious point of view, dealing with the conception of God, and showing the line of demarcation between the classical and philosophical treatises.——"That Than Which a Greater Cannot Be" is a scholastic essay by Gerald Cator, in which he proves that Theistic reality is not merely an empirical but a necessary truth.——"The Jonah Legend in India." The fact that such a story has been incorporated into the history of Buddhism, shows that it was probably carried into India by the Arabs, for the incident is narrated in several passages of the Koran.——"The Classification of Religions," by Daren Ward, makes them fall under four headings based on: I. Theological Dogma; II. Objective Characteristics; III. Subjective Characteristics; IV. Racial Distinctions.

The Dublin Review (Oct.): "The Ushaw Centenary and English Catholicism," by Wilfrid Ward, is a retrospect of the Catholic Church in England from the fateful days of Elizabeth. The writer points out the prominent place occupied by such colleges as Ushaw and the part they played in the work of restoration.——F. Y. Eccles reviews the works of "Maurice Barrés" who, he says, is

a recognized influence for good in his own country.—— "Revising the Vulgate," by Abbot Gasquet, gives a rapid sketch of the aim and object of the Biblical Commission, its *personnel*, and what it has already accomplished in a work which may well take generations to complete.—— "The Epistles of Erasmus" show him as one of those men who develop but do not change radically. He had a fatal love of epigram, and even upon the gravest matters, he could not exclude his wit.——"The Neronian Persecution." Quoting from St. Clement and others, the writer, F. J. Bacchus, points out that the charge of incendiarism was not the cause of the persecution, but that it was brought about by envy and jealousy on the part of the Jews.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Oct.): "The Doctrine of the Mass in the Infant Church," by Rev. G. Pierse, of Maynooth College, treats of the doctrinal development regarding the Eucharist in the period embracing the last half of the second century and the first half of the third. That the Mass was regarded as a sacrificial function is shown from the writings of both Eastern and Western Fathers.——"Evolution and Morality," by Rev. R. Fullerton, is the continuation of a question already dealt with at some length. One thing history makes clear, that whenever ethics have not been prompted by religious motives, self-interest has reigned supreme.—— "The Origin of the Cultus of the Saints" is a refutation of Harnack's theory that the worship of the saints may be traced to Hellenistic influences upon the early Church. The writer shows that the cultus originated with the worship paid to Christian martyrs.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (Oct.): Dr. McDonald, in his article "Pan-Anglicanism," points out that, while recognizing the sincerity of those who took part in the discussions, Catholics cannot but disagree profoundly with nearly all of what they wrote and said.——"The Temple of Onias at Leontopolis," by Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P., tells of the flight to Egypt, from Jesusalem, of Onias IV. While there he made a request of Ptolemy that he be permitted to build a temple, as Isaias the prophet had foretold some six hundred years before that time that a

temple would be built to the Lord in Egypt.——"St. Anselm's Definition of Original Sin," by Rev. P. J. Toner, traces the history of this discussion. It began with St. Anselm, who refuted the Augustinian theory, but it took many years for the recognition of the truth that the privation of original justice, which constitutes original sin, is nothing else than the privation of grace. ——"The Historical Character of the Fourth Gospel" is defended by the Rev. J. MacRory; while recognizing many difficulties, he claims that they admit of explanation.——Other articles are: "Clandestinity and Mixed Marriages in Ireland," by Rev. Dr. Harty.——And "The History of the Vatican Council," by Rev. J. MacCaffrey, Ph.D.

Le Correspondant (10 Oct.): "Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie," their representative *rôles* in the war of 1870, by M. H. Welschinger. It cannot be denied that the Empress exerted great influence in causing war to be declared. She foresaw that victory would consolidate the throne, and guarantee the succession to her son. The Emperor was doubtful from the first and feared the results of internal dissension.——"Letters to Maupertuis," ten letters of Madame du Deffand to M. de Maupertuis, show the charm and talent of the great woman rather than her philosophy.——M. George Goyau contributes "Twenty Years of Bavarian History." It covers the period from 1848–1870; the tactics of Hohenlohe against the Jesuits and Ultramontanists receive due attention.——M. A. Bechaux: "Economic Life and the Social Movement"; a general study of existing conditions. Among the topics discussed are: The Congress of Nuremberg; Power and Weakness of Syndicates; the Psychology of Syndicates; Emigration, etc.

(25 Oct.): "The America of the Future," the third installment of an article by Abbé Klein, relating his impressions of America. Peoria and Bishop Spalding; St. Paul and Archbishop Ireland, are the headings of sections delineating the personal charms of the two great prelates and the work done in their respective dioceses. Creighton University receives its share of appreciation; under the able direction of its then President, Rev. M.

Dowling, S.J., it set a standard which the Catholic Universities of France might well emulate.——"The French Institute," is a short historical sketch apropos of the celebration of the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the Institute. Its organization marks an epoch in the history of civilization.——In "Neo Classicism and the Autumn Exhibition," M. Gabriel Mourey, intimates that the French artists of to-day would do well not to sin against the eternal standards of beauty; without ceasing to be men of their day, they could cast a glance at the ideals of the past, for "a thing of beauty is an eternal source of joy."

Études (5 Oct.): The recent pastoral of "The French Hierarchy on the School Question" is given in full.——J. de la Servière continues his criticism of "The Pan-Anglican and Lambeth Conferences." The resolutions of the latter, as well as the encyclical it issued, are given.——"The Tercentenary Celebrations at Quebec" are highly praised by M. Tamisier.——Joseph Brucker's views on theology and biblical criticism, on historical truth in the Bible, and upon the authenticity of the Pentateuch, as exposed in his work, *The Church and Biblical Criticism*, are highly commended.——"The Criticism of M. Turmel." F. Dubois complains that M. Portalie was unjust towards him in criticizing his defence of M. Turmel. M. Portalie replies trenchantly, justifying the tone of his article.——"How to Teach Theology in Seminaries" is the caption of an article by Jean Bainvel.

(20 Oct.): J. de la Servière records some of the impressions made upon him during "The Eucharistic Congress in London." He speaks in terms of praise of the music rendered in the Westminster Cathedral, and also of the great faith of the English Catholics.——A psychological study of "Martin Luther," based upon unedited documents recently discovered, is contributed by Paul Bernard.——In "Voyages of Missionaries" is described the sufferings, discomforts, and inconveniences that a sixteenth-century missionary underwent in going from Lisbon to Goa.——"British Science" gives us an interesting account of a visit to the Franco-British Exhibition in London.——"The Mystical Life." Jean de

Seguier joins issue with M. Sandreau upon three points; namely, that contemplation does not require a special vocation; that perfection requires the graces of a mystic; and that contemplation, in its lower stages, is a knowledge of an intelligible nature, more perfect than, but of the same order as, human intelligence.

Annales de Philosophie Chretienne (Oct.): "Dogma and Theology," by M. Laberthonniere, is a comparison of the theories put forward by M. Le Roy and M. Lebreton. The pragmatism of the one is an agnosticism which he avows, while the intellectualism of the other is an agnosticism which he does not avow. To the one dogma is unknowable; to the other it is knowable, but cannot be attained to by the natural intelligence. This, after all, is but a play upon words.——"Two Methods of Treating the History of Religion," by M. Louis, is suggested by a recent work. The one method is very erudite, involving itself in controversy; the other less learned, but more philosophical. This latter is the plan advocated by the writer, as adopted by specialists.—— F. Lehardy, in "The Moral of Lafontaine's Fables," says that his work is truly a reflection and expression of his life. He wrote his fables as a bird sang, without more reflection. He played with life, and yet life is something more than a game.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (8 Oct.): "Social and Economic Science" is a summary of the social doctrines of Baron Charles de Vogelsang. According to this eminent Austrian sociology is ethical; it is also philosophical, in that it considers the origin, the end, and nature of society.——"The Popular Institute of Hellenes" is a report read September 20, 1908. It treats of three difficulties attending the reunion of the institute. The organization committee, the difficulty of obtaining professors, and the need of greater financial support.—— "The Catholic Congress at Düsseldorf" is made the subject of some reflections by the Abbé G——, who deplores the fact that no French delegate was present. ——"Social Papers" deal with the International Conferences at Zurich and Geneva, also the Departmental Congress of the diocese of Versailles.

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 Oct.): P. Camillus concludes his account of the Eucharistic Congress.——Ch. Beaurredon continues his criticism of Modernism. He concludes with "A Last Word," in which he points to M. Loisy as an example of the practical action of Modernism.——M. Sicard begins a history of "The French Clergy in the Past and Since the Concordat of 1801." This number sketches the period from St. Irenæus to Gregory the Great. In his preface the author promises "to compose no panegyrics, to speak plainly, to call things by their name, to give to events and to persons what is coming to them.——Xavier Lévrier writes of "The True Chronology of our Lord Jesus Christ," and criticises the position taken by M. Rene des Chesnais that our Lord was born on the 25th of December, in the Roman year 748, and that his death took place in the year 783, being the fourth Pasch of his public life, which is altogether contrary to received tradition.

Revue Pratique d'Apologetique (15 Oct.): "The Prophetical Argument." This installment of J. Touzard's series dwells upon the importance of the Prophets in Old Testament times. The texts in Isaias, Jeremias, and Ezechiel regarding the future of Israel are treated at great length. The conclusion reached is that the fulfilment of these prophecies can be found only in the person and work of Jesus. ——"Buddhism and Apologetics." After stating the problem that is signified by this title, M. de la Vallée Poussin gives his solution for the apologist's use. He says that the many resemblances between Buddhism and Christianity serve but to reveal the historical value to be adduced for the teachings of Christianity in contrast with the legendary foundation upon which Buddhism is built,

La Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques et la Science Catholique (Sept.): "The Fourth Gospel," by l'Abbé Roupain. The subject is divided under two headings: 1st. "Are We Justified in Attributing this Gospel to St. John?" 2d. "Can We Hold With Certainty to the Historicity of the Book?" These questions are answered affirmatively. The argument for the former is based on Tradition. And, again, that this Gospel dates from the end of the first century and was written entirely by St. John.——"The Subliminal Consciousness," by Chanoine Gombault.

Lourdes and its Cures regarded from a scientific point of view. That cures have taken place there is unquestionably admitted. Explanations offered for them are in no way satisfactory. Subliminal consciousness, as urged by Dr. Mangin, is insufficient.——"The Theology of William of Champeaux," by E. Hurault, proves that he was orthodox on the doctrine of Original Sin, although somewhat careless in his terminology.——"Historical Bulletin," by l'Abbé Lourdeau. Subjects treated: "The Great Abbeys of the West"; "The Beginning of the Anglican Schism"; "The Pilgrimages of Louis XI."

La Scuola Cattolica (Sept.): "Assyrian Demonology," by E. De Giovanni. The Assyrians, ignorant of the causes of evil, attributed disease and suffering to spirits; this is one of the reasons why we find in the magical literature of Assyria a veritable army of wicked spirits. The genesis, growth, knowledge, nature, and power of these demons is considered by the aid of the magical incantations of the Assyrians.——D. Bergamaschi concludes "The Life of Fra Buono, Hermit, Institutor of the Forty Hours' Devotion."——Other articles: "Discernibility of Miracles," by G. Mattuissi, S.J.——"The Incidental Proposition in Traditional Logic," by G. Cevolani.

La Civiltà Cattolica (3 Oct.): "The Jubilee of Pius X. and the Voice of the Pope." The touching spectacle which took place on the 18th day of September last, has passed; in less than one hour it was over, but in the mind and on the heart of one who assisted, it has been so indelibly written as never to be forgotten.——"The Human Element in Sacred Eloquence." This excellent article is again continued at length, embodying much practical knowledge.——"The Divinity of Christ and the Primacy of St. Peter." A defence of these two truths, so connected one with the other. One the foundation of all Christianity; the other the foundation of the true and genuine Christianity—a refutation of Loisy and his followers.

(17 Oct.): "The Eucharistic Congress in London" contained in this number.——As is also the article on the "First Centenary of Saverio Betinelli.——"New Studies

on the Question of Pope Liberius" continues to give much valuable information on a vexed question.——Other articles are: "The Encyclical on Modernism," in view of some recent writings.——"The Symbolism of the Three Beasts as Used by Dante."——"Justice," a eulogy on its value to the commonwealth, rightly spoken of in philosophy as the morning and evening star.

España y América (1 Oct.): "The Exhortation of Pius X." to the clergy on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood is concluded.——P. E. Negrete continues his examination of "The Æsthetic Ideas of St. Augustine."——"Biblical Exegesis and Modern Criticism" is again discussed by P. Miguel Coco. He opposes to the destructive theories of Loisy the Pauline arguments for the Resurrection of Christ, and shows that denial of the resurrection of the dead leads to a frightful naturalism. (15 Oct.): Alberto Blanco discusses "The Theological Meaning and the Poetical Structure of Psalm CX."——P. L. Alvarez investigates how "Modernism" destroys faith. This to the modernist is an assent operating independently of the will and of the understanding; to the Catholic it is a free intellectual act. The author denies that such assent to the teachings of the Church is against one's reasonable liberty.——P. M. Lorenzo concludes his historical sketch, "The Sisters of Fabiola."

Razón y Fe (Oct.): R. Ruiz Amado contributes an article on "Education Not a Political but a Social Function."——L. Murillo treats of "The Cosmogonies of Primitive Pagan Peoples" as compared with that of the Hebrews.——"Joseph Bonaparte and the Spanish ex-Jesuits" is treated by D. de Valbuena. The king's demands upon them seem to have been unjust; his manner precipitate and violent; his punishment of them by exile and imprisonment sanctioned by no law; and their constancy entire and generous.——"The New Organization of the Curia," with advices relative to religious and to the decree *Ne Temere* is treated by J. B. Ferreres, and will be continued in the next issue.

Current Events.

The Near East.

No settlement of any one of the many questions raised by the action of Austria-Hungary and of Bulgaria has so far been made. It is, however, generally recognized that the manner in which both governments acted was iniquitous and unjustifiable. Nevertheless, it is looked upon as impossible to undo what has been done. To this extent wrong-doing has triumphed. The triumph is, however, of a somewhat sorry character, for it has involved the destruction of the credit of one of the Great Powers, hitherto looked upon as a support of the established order. Confidence is no longer placed in the fulfilment by her of obligations solemnly accepted. Mr. Gladstone's declaration that nowhere has Austria ever done any good, and that it is impossible for her ever to learn—a declaration thought at the time it was made to be exaggerated—is now being recalled to remembrance and is meeting with the approbation which was then refused. It is a fine thing to have a long history to which to look back; but when that long history is, to a large extent, a record of deeds of violence, injustice, and oppression, which form precedents for a further series of such deeds, then it is a matter for congratulation that we in this country do not inherit so pernicious a burden from the past.

It may seem strange to reckon the annexation of the two Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina as part of the long list of the misdoings of Austria. For the Austrian rule over the provinces has proved much better than the Turkish. It is generally recognized that there has been a great increase of material prosperity in the two provinces, and that law and order now reign where formerly there was widespread anarchy. Moreover, to all intents and purposes the provinces had become the possession of Austria, and it was not expected by any one that they would ever be restored.

For all that, the time and manner of the annexation made what might have been accomplished in an orderly way in the highest degree lawless and unjust and worthy of the severest

condemnation. It was a distinct breach of the Berlin treaty, which forms the basis of the last European settlement. This treaty formed the sole justification of Austria's right to be in the provinces at all. The hopes which are being entertained by many, for the preservation of peace by means of arbitration-treaties, will prove to be baseless if no regard is to be paid to the binding character of a treaty after it has been made, and if what is supposed to be one of the Great Powers can set aside so solemn a treaty as that of Berlin at will, small reliance can be felt in any other treaty which may be made. Happily the condemnation passed upon Austria's conduct, almost universal as it is, has shown that other nations have higher standards of morality and of fidelity to their engagements.

Perhaps an even worse feature of the proceeding was the time chosen for the annexation. Very few Christians would be sorry if Turkish dominion over every part of the world were to come to an end. That, however, being unlikely, all right-minded men cannot help rejoicing that the evil features of Turkish rule, or some of them at least, should be abolished or mitigated, and that the yoke of the autocrat, and especially of so fiendish an autocrat as the Sultan, should be broken. Just when, to the surprise of all, there was a prospect of this, on account of the restoration of the Constitution, the action of Austria was best calculated to throw the subjects of Turkey, Christians and Ottomans alike, back under the complete domination of the Sultan; for nothing welds a nation so closely together as foreign opposition.

For the past half-dozen years Austria, along with Russia, has stood in the way of the other Powers of Europe, and has prevented them from interposing in Macedonian affairs, and thereby saving men, women, and children from being massacred by thousands. The action taken by Austria is seen now to have been a mere pretence in order to shield her own selfish plans; for the moment that all this had come to an end, and peace had been restored in Macedonia, was chosen by Austria for taking a step the most likely of all to bring about a reversion to the former state. Happily there exists at the present time a power to which the so-called great Powers and all kings and potentates must bow; that power is public opinion.

The approval of public opinion in this country, it has been stated in the papers, Baron von Aehrenthal has been very anxious to secure. He has, however, signally failed.

As a result of the annexation, the future holds out a worse prospect for the continuance of Hapsburg rule. Although the Hapsburgs are Germans, they have been cast out of the German Empire. Of the Germans left under their rule, a not inconsiderable number are anxious to throw off allegiance to the Emperor-King, Francis Joseph, and to become subjects of the Kaiser William II. The Magyars, the second main division of Francis Joseph's subjects, hate no people so much as their German fellow-subjects. The Slavs form the third of the principal races in the Empire, and they have for an ideal the formation of a great Slav Kingdom, independent and distinct, which is to have in Russia a protector. The annexed provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina, contain a large number of Slavs, and by the annexation of these provinces the number of those willing to disintegrate the Empire has been increased, and ground has been furnished for a conflict with Russia. And, so far from strengthening the Empire, the annexation has only added to the difficulties with which it has to meet.

These difficulties spring from the spirit of nationality which has for so long been the most potent force in the formation and disintegration of Empires. The Serbs are animated by this spirit in no slight degree, and have long been cherishing the desire to bring together under one rule and in one kingdom all of the same race. The principality of Montenegro is of the same blood. Both Servia, consequently, and Montenegro have been exasperated almost to the point—comparatively weak though they are—of declaring war against Austria; for the annexation has separated the large number of Serbs in the two provinces from their fellow-Serbs, and has placed an obstacle as permanent as the existence of the Austrian Empire itself in the way of the formation of a Greater Servia. The Russian people, too, have been moved to indignation by the wrong done to their fellow-Slavs, and it has required great determination on the part of the government of Russia to restrain the movement in favor of war. It is even yet uncertain whether it will succeed. The Russian people were able against the will of the government to bring about the last war with Turkey,

and they may possibly be able to force the government this time and bring about a war with Austria.

One of the strangest of the results of the action of Austria has been the bringing about of what may almost be called an *entente* between Russia and England, in which France is included, so that there is now a triple *entente* between England, France, and Russia. This is due to the efforts of M. Isvolsky, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who has made a series of visits to all the principal countries, and has entered into personal intercourse with the foreign ministers of Austria, Germany, Italy, France, and Great Britain. It is said that he is a man who inspires and deserves confidence, a somewhat rare thing among diplomatists. His efforts have been devoted to the summoning of a Conference for the readjustment of the European situation and the amendment of the Berlin Treaty. Success seems to be doubtful, for Austria will not submit to the discussion of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; consequently, no advantage from a Conference can be hoped for. She will, we hope, incur the penalty of non-recognition. This may not be of much importance to Austria, but for Bulgaria, the other violator of treaties, the consequences will be more serious, as the money which the new kingdom requires cannot be legally raised or secured until that recognition. It is said, however, that Bulgaria has entered upon direct negotiations with Turkey and that there are hopes that an amicable solution may be found. The points at issue are the payment of the tribute for Eastern Rumelia and the compensation for the seizure of that portion of the Orient Railway which passes through that district. The relations, however, between Turkey and Bulgaria were at one time so strained that war was on the point of breaking out; that it did not break out was due, it is said, to the intimation made by Russia to the Prince's government that Russian troops would enter Bulgaria the moment when an attack should be made on Turkey.

No Power has been so perplexed as to its course of action as Germany. On the one hand she is the ally of Austria, and indebted to her for the only support received at the Algeciras Conference. On the other, since Great Britain threw Turkey overboard, Germany has been the chief supporter of the Sultan. The Baghdad Railway is a German project, and in other

ways Germany looks for benefits from Turkey. So it became an exceedingly anxious question which side Germany should take—that of Austria or that of Turkey; and it is not yet clear what decision has been reached. So far, however, Austria seems to have carried the day. The conduct of Italy has been very ambiguous. At first Signor Tittoni intimated that Italy had full knowledge and gave full consent to Austria's action, but afterwards he retreated, or seemed to retreat, from that position.

Greece, too, has been placed in an embarrassing position. No sooner did Bulgaria declare independence, than Crete declared its own annexation to Greece. The latter kingdom, however, much as it hates the Turk, hates the Bulgar more; and appears to have been unwilling to give trouble to Turkey. At all events she has not yet accepted the offer of the Cretans. Perhaps the four Powers who have been protecting Crete may have had some influence in the matter.

The one Power whose conduct has met with general approbation is Turkey. This has been due not to love of Turkey, but to the strong hope which exists that a more reasonable form of government may be upon the point of being permanently established for the benefit of the many long-suffering peoples under the rule of the Sultan. This hope the wise and moderate conduct of the Young Turks, and of the government whom they advise and control, has done everything to strengthen. The advice given by friendly Powers has been listened to, and the natural desire to rush into a war has been resisted. All the Powers, therefore, have recognized that Turkey is entitled to compensation for the loss of *prestige* she has suffered; and all, even Russia, have renounced any purpose of securing for themselves advantages at the expense of Turkey.

The constitutional *régime* seems to be established, but it would be altogether premature to say that it really is established. No one imagines for a moment that the Sultan will assent to its continuance a moment longer than he is forced; but there is every reason for thinking that the only force that exists in Turkey, the army, is determined to defend the Constitution. Of this there seems to be good proof.

Germany.

Germany has been passing through an internal revolution, peaceful indeed, but effectual in bringing about a more reasonable form of government. It has been a matter of common knowledge that the Kaiser chafes under the control over his actions which is involved in the existence of a Constitution. More than once he has caused grave inconvenience by independent action; but his subjects were not aware, until he himself revealed the fact, how often this interference had been, and how near to the infliction of the gravest injury upon his own country and upon the world his indiscretion might have led. In the interview which recently appeared in an English paper he has, by the indiscreet revelation therein made of his own personal diplomacy and of that of France and Russia, succeeded in rendering it almost impossible for confidence to be placed in German action by other Powers. As to his own people, while they were led to think by the Kruger telegram that he was friendly to the Boers, as were the vast majority of his subjects, at the very time he had prepared for British use a plan of campaign for their defeat. In the words of a leading German paper, this self-revelation of the Kaiser's action has "more closely welded together the ties which unite our enemies and has diminished the number of our friends; it has depressed our prestige like a market quotation, and has lessened belief in the earnestness of our purpose and in the seriousness and trustworthiness of our policy. . . . It has increased the difficulties of conducting our foreign policy to such an extent that we by no means envy the task of the responsible statesman whose function it is to defend these utterances."

Prince Bülow felt the task to be so heavy that while he chivalrously took upon himself the responsibility for the publication of the interview, yet he felt himself compelled to offer his resignation. This was not accepted; but after the meeting of the Reichstag and the severe criticisms of the Kaiser's conduct, which were made at its first sessions, the Prince felt compelled to insist upon a clear understanding as to his position. Either the Kaiser was to be at liberty to act as an absolute ruler, in which case the Prince would resign, or the requirements of the Constitution should be observed in the letter and

in the spirit. According to the latest news the Kaiser has renounced all desire to carry out personal policies of his own, and has submitted to the will of the nation. He declared it to be the bitterest hour of his life. We hope he will live to look upon it as the happiest. Experience has shown the extremes of misery through which the world has passed through the dependence of millions upon the will of a single individual.

France.

Very little has to be said about France, the Near Eastern question having engrossed her energies to the exclusion of almost every other interest. The one event necessary to mention is the fall of the Minister for the Navy, M. Thomson. The long series of accidents which have taken place led the Chamber of Deputies to pass a resolution condemning in strong terms his administration of that department. He accordingly resigned and has been succeeded by M. Alfred Picard, a man of high distinction as an author and an engineer, but totally unconnected with politics.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

ALLAN ROBINSON, president of the Allied Real Estate Interests, has issued the following statement relative to the increase of over six million dollars asked for by the Board of Education.

Criticism of education appropriations is not popular. There are few taxpayers who would be found willing to stint the Board of Estimate and Apportionment when it comes to giving the youth of this city a good education or to paying our teachers properly. The increase, however, of $6,258,521 asked for this fall by the Board of Education is an enormous increase. The total appropriation asked for by the Board of Education is $33,031,484, or the equivalent of $7.23 for every man, woman, and child in Greater New York. United States census reports for 1905 show the following per capita appropriations for educational purposes in the seven largest cities in the country: Chicago, $3.78; Philadelphia, $3.57; St. Louis, $3.40; Boston, $6.69; Baltimore, $2.94; Cleveland, $4.67; Buffalo, $3.97.

It will be noted that, with the exception of Boston, where the rate is quite high, the educational appropriations of these cities are about one-half as much per capita as the proposed budget in New York would amount to.

In the year 1899—the first year of the consolidation of the various boroughs—the appropriation for educational purposes was $13,641,616.95, or $3.84 per capita. If the increase asked for by the Board of Education is granted, the appropriation for educational purposes will have increased 142 per cent in ten years, while the increase in population during the same period has been only 32.7 per cent.

The taxpayers want to know if this enormous increase is justified, and the forthcoming Budget Exhibit will be utilized to present to the people of New York the facts as to how this money is being spent.

* * *

A writer in *The Living Church* says:

Of course American conditions make it impossible for churchly education to be given in the public schools; neither do churchmen find it practicable on financial grounds, to introduce a parochial school system generally, though Roman Catholics and Lutherans, who are not commonly believed to average greater wealth than do churchmen, find a way to do it. We are considering now only the problem of the boarding school. There the Church is strong in the opportunity to educate, if churchmen will use the opportunity. Efficient church schools are here; churchmen may make use of them if they will, but for the most part they do not. The problem of expense must often enter into the consideration. It is truly said that most of our church schools are expensive. That arises from the fact that efficient education is always expensive, and church schools have not been sufficiently endowed to enable them to supplement tuition fees from income thus obtained. If some of the wealth of churchmen might be devoted to the purpose of such endowment, with a view of cheapening tuition, it would be

most helpful to parents of moderate means. In the meantime, however, plenty of churchmen are sending their sons and their daughters to equally expensive schools in which the environment is not churchly, often unchurchly, sometimes irreligious, so that the problem of expense is not the whole difficulty. The real fact appears to be, the more expensive schools are better supported than the less.

* * *

While contending that all attempts have failed to attach Shakespeare to any particular denomination, a recent writer in *The Contemporary Review* admits much in favor of the Catholic claim. He declares that it was not Shakespeare's business, we may even say it was not his policy—for policy in religion was a matter of some importance in the reign of Elizabeth—to declare his religious beliefs. In so far as he was a private individual his faith was his own business, while in so far as he was a dramatist his declarations of faith were part of his art. However, it is true enough to say that the form and fashion of the old faith fascinated his nature in a way that was impossible with the reformed religion. When we read the plays it is impossible to believe that the age of the Reformation has come and gone. The faith of the Middle Ages inspires and pervades the plays to an extent and in a fashion that is due to deliberate preference. The formulas of Holy Church, oaths and phrases drawn from the creeds and gospels, are ever on the lips of his people. He shows a minute and intimate knowledge of the highly technical precepts of the old faith. No detail is wanting of Church life, from the carrying of the chrisom child to the bringing home of bell and burial. Holy Church environed the creations of Shakespeare from the cradle to the grave. The Catholic position was, in fact, his position, though there is evidence that he did not recognize the Papal authority.

The introductory paragraph of Shakespeare's will seems to give us a direct statement of his belief: I commend my soul unto the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Savior, to be made partaker of life everlasting. How does this noble commendation tally with the faith that peers through the plays as we watch Shakespeare's great creatures live and move and have their wondrous being? The plays taken as a whole give the reader certain definite impressions. We notice, for instance, a profound reticence on great religious issues that are perfectly consistent with, indeed follow directly from, his Catholic position, and are not betrayed by the lavish use of religious material. The use of religious forms, he realized, is a fundamental fact in the lives of men and women. Therefore the formalism of religion permeates play after play. It is a part of the life of his age, and is, therefore, part of the world that he creates. But the fundamental issues, of which religion in fact treats, are not brought into the foreground. One instance of Shakespeare's reticence and his reverence for the old Church is the fact that he never attacks the clergy or religious of that Church, while he is always ready to smile at the Puritans. The stage, moreover, is not the place either for religious polemics or for the treatment of sacred themes. Neither the Mystery Plays nor the Moral Plays come within Shakespeare's vast range of creation, and this must have been the result of deliberate choice. M. C. M.

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The Cure of Consumption, Coughs and Colds. By F. G. Kaessmann. Pp. 31. Paper. Price 10 cents.

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GERARD HOPKINS.

AN EPITAPH AND AN APPRECIATION.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

IN the Jesuit church of St. Aloysius, Oxford, is a holy water font of vari-colored marbles bearing this simple inscription: *In memory of Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J., who died June 8th, 1889. R. I. P. Sometime Priest on this Mission. Formerly of Balliol College.* It was erected by two devoted friends (the Baron and Baroness de Paravicini) and stands to-day as one of the very few objective memorials of a fine and glowing spirit—a poet who, when he shall come into his just inheritance of human praise, may well be known as the Crashaw of the Oxford Movement. Very early the imperious obediences of the religious life took him from a purely literary career; and early, too, came the great Silencer. Yet to examine his few and scattered poems is to be convinced that the divine fire burned upon his brow, once and until the end, albeit in curious and unwonted arabesques.

Gerard Manley Hopkins was born at Stratford, near London, the 28th of July, 1844. It was a year of pregnant significance for English-speaking men and women. The Tracts

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had done their work; the face of religion was changed; and art and literature were destined to take on the rainbow coloring. That tremendous rediscovery of the Christian past—that vision which included the mystic communion of all saints, the Real and sacrificial Presence of the Living God, the brooding empire of the Holy Ghost over an undivided Church—must needs have stretched the horizon upon every side. Such ideas are fountain-heads of art as well as of faith, in the second harvesting. But meanwhile it was an interval of great spiritual struggle. A few months more and John Henry Newman was to break at last from that hopeless Via Media, blazing the pathway for so many souls "*ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.*" All through Gerard's childhood, and during his preliminary education at the Cholmondeley School, Highgate, this august exodus continued: Faber and the Oratorians were followed by Manning, Aubrey and Stephen de Vere, the poet Patmore, Mother Frances Raphael (Drane), Orby Shipley—only the angels of God can number them all, but we do our best! And if to-day we bow down in spirit before that mighty crusade of half a century ago, what must have been the moral effect upon a highly sensitized contemporary spirit? It was an effect which found expression less in words than in the complete fusing and fashioning of the spiritual energies; to those who could receive, it provided both motive-power and motive for existence.

We own no surprise, then, in discovering that the wood of Gerard Hopkins' cross lay just beyond his doorsill. But in the wise and sweet economy of life the cross for most of us is pilgrim-staff as well. Our poet's pathway was not destined to lead beside the pleasant ways of garden or hearthstone; it was to know conflict from without and from within; but his consolations, more especially in youth, were notable. By nature —that is to say God—he had been rarely dowered. His intellect was keen and scholarly, his imagination peculiarly quick, subtle, and original; he was gifted musically and artistically, and possessed, in the words of his poet-friend, Robert Bridges, "humor, great personal charm, and the most attractive virtues of a tender and sympathetic nature." Above and beyond all this, his was the awakened soul; and something of his absorbtion in spiritual things may be guessed from the opening stanzas of a little undated Hymn:

Thee, God, I come from, to Thee go;
All day long I like fountain flow
From Thy hand out, swayed about
Mote-like in Thy mighty glow.

It was in October, 1866, his twenty-third year, that our poet was received into the fold of the Catholic Church, finding there the one unchanging haven of a life in which—to a degree mercifully unknown by mediocre souls—God willed to cast not peace but a sword.

One reckons among Gerard's lesser privileges his youthful intercourse with that rare and cultured spirit, Walter Pater. It was through the latter's preparation that he entered in 1867 upon his classical first course at Balliol College, Oxford. But to those fair, scholastic precincts the young undergraduate had brought a yet fairer vision—a burden of unrest, indeed, until that vision should be wrought into reality. Just how early the ascetic and sacerdotal ideal had taken possession of the convert's heart one perceives from a poem of great beauty, "The Habit of Perfection," written the year of his reception. All through its stanzas rings the cry of that great renunciation which was soon to be:

Elected Silence, sing to me
  And beat upon my whorle'd ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
  The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb;
  It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
  Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark
  And find the uncreated light:
This ruck and reel which you remark
  Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.
. . . . . .
O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
  That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street,
  And you unhouse and house the Lord.

After those lines, we are prepared to find the fiery dawn of a religious vocation hastening the expectant soul upon her way. Gerard left Oxford: he made a brief—perhaps too brief, but one feels safe in adding inspirational—sojourn with Cardinal Newman at Birmingham; and then, in 1868, he offered his life to the Society of Jesus.

Father Hopkins proved true in all things to his elected obligations; but on the bare objective side his priestly career is quickly told. For awhile, and until the delicate, harassed spirit almost broke beneath the strain, he labored in the wretched slums of Liverpool. Later he was "select preacher" in London; and then we find him back at Oxford, in St. Aloysius' Church. The one available portrait of Father Gerard pictures him during this latter mission; it shows a face of most delicate and chastened beauty, with noble forehead and chin of extraordinary determination—the face of a youthful, high-born Englishman, whose eyes might have known Gethsemane. In 1844, having been elected Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, he was appointed to the post of classical examiner at Dublin; where, five years later, he succumbed to a contagious fever and died. It was a bloodless martyrdom—we know that now: a story of tragic consecration to duty and of a heart predestined to suffering. And the poetic life was but the silent, passionate undercurrent to this all-absorbing ministry—a life too ruthlessly mortified at first, then cultivated sedulously, intricately, but more and more as a refuge from actual things.

Gerard Hopkins had written poetry as a boy; in fact (like Milton and Crashaw and some others never destined to a like eminence!) his verses won him distinction at school. But in the first fervor of his novitiate, and doubtless as a costly exercise of detachment, he burned nearly all of these youthful poems. One fragment survived, a "Vision of Mermaids," written back in 1862. Its lyric sweetness has a momentary suggestion of Tennyson—but in its sensuous love of beauty there is an abiding affinity to the poet of "Endymion." Here is a picture of early summer, charming in its blithe and sunny abandonment:

> Soon—as when Summer of her sister Spring
> Crushes and tears the rare enjewelling,
> And boasting "I have fairer things than these,"
> Plashes amid the billowy apple-trees

His lusty hands, in gusts of scented wind
Swirling out bloom till all the air is blind
With rosy foam and pelting blossom and mists
Of driving vermeil rain; and, as he lists,
The dainty onyx-coronals deflowers,
A glorious wanton;—all the wrecks in showers
Crowd down upon a stream, and jostling thick
With bubbles bugle-eyed, struggle and stick
On tangled shoals that bar the brook—a crowd
Of filmy globes and rosy floating cloud.

The prodigal melodiousness, the simplicity of meter, and the colorful word-painting of this early poem are all notable; but still, it is manifestly an *early* poem! One feels that it lacks distinction, individuality—that the poet whose touch was most indubitably here had yet to "find himself."

"The Habit of Perfection," quoted above rather as a page of character-revelation than as a piece of art, was written four years later. It is in all ways more significant. For, while, retaining that delicate and exquisite sweetness, it bears distinct prophecy of those characteristics which were to mark our poet's maturer work; the subjectivity and intensity of feeling, the eccentricity of expression and preoccupation with spiritual ideas, are all here foreshadowed. It is, indeed, one of the most interesting and revealing of his poems—the *Abrenuntio* of a pure and cloistral spirit. But it came perilously near being a valedictory as well. For almost ten years after entering the Jesuit novitiate, Gerard Hopkins' poetic labors ceased, and his lips seem literally to have "shaped nothing" but the mighty offices of his calling. When the young levite turned once more to the world, her immemorial face held manifold and mysterious meanings for him. With the poet's sensuous appreciation of the outer life was to mingle henceforth a vein of ethical and divine interpretation. *Omnia creata*—had he not weighed and sounded this world of shadow and symbol and enigma? But two realities abode steadfast: God and the struggling soul of man!

We will admit that all this is emphatically Ignatian—but it is also emphatically catholic: it is the story of every illumined soul. Nature is first a pageant to us, and then a process; and at last we perceive it to be, in Carlyle's words, the "garment

of God"—and, withal, the enveloping mantle of man. This deepening of vision is noticeable throughout Father Hopkins' work, as it has been in the work of many another authentic poet. And always the world was fresh to him, as it is fresh to children and to the very mature. At every turn, and by sheer force of his own vivid individuality, he was finding that "something of the unexplored," that "grain of the unknown," which Flaubert so sagely counselled de Maupassant to seek in all things; but which none of us may ever hope to find until we cease looking upon life through the traditional lenses of other eyes. Therefore was Father Hopkins Ignatian in his own very personal way. Few men have loved nature more rapturously than he; fewer still with such a youthful and perennial curiosity. There is a tender excitement in his attitude toward natural beauty (whether treated incidentally or as a parable) that is very contagious, and the exultation of that early and earthly *Vision* clung to the young monk almost with life itself. Nature, indeed, was his one secular inspiration; and that even she was not wholly secular is evinced by the characteristic music of his spring song:

> Nothing is so beautiful as spring—
> When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush:
> Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush
> Through the echoing timber does so rinse and ring
> The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;
> The glassy pear-tree leaves and blooms, they brush
> The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush
> With richness; the racing lambs, too, have fair their fling.
> What is all this juice and all this joy?
> A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning
> In Eden garden.—Have, get before it cloy,
> Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,
> Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,
> Most, O Maid's Child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

Here at last, in one of the most hackneyed of poetic subjects, we are come upon an original vein of poetry; a spiritual motivation, a vigor of word-painting, and a metrical proficiency of very real distinction. It was written in 1877, and its existence argues for Father Hopkins more than a mere dilettante use of the poetic faculty.

Another sonnet of the same year, "The Starlight Night," is almost equally striking in music and in metaphor. But it must be acknowledged that both of these poems bear traces of that eccentricity and occasional ambiguity which point forward to Father Hopkins' eventual excesses. Lucidity was the chief grace he sacrificed as years wore on; and his fondness for uncommon words—at one moment academic and literate, at another provincial—did not help matters. "Inversnaid" (written in 1881) is an extreme instance of his later manner: there is a certain bounding and prancing charm about it, but, in truth, the stream's highroad is sadly obstructed by Anglo-Saxon and other archaic undergrowth. *Wiry heathpacks—flitches of fern—* and the *groins of the braes that the brook treads through*, send the reader's mind back with some ruefulness to that lovely random line from the "Vision of Mermaids":

To know the dusk depths of the ponderous sea!

We are not born original in these latter days of literature, it would seem; we must achieve originality—and often at the cost of so much complexity! Not a few of us, indeed, would appear to have been born complex, with a congenital impulse toward entangling an existence already difficult enough. But there is one ineradicable simplicity about religious men—they are always coming back upon God. To Him they reach out, and peradventure attain, through the mysteries of nature, through the mazes of science and abstract speculation, even through the fundamental intricacies of their own temperament. His Spirit they perceive brooding above the patient earth, glorifying and illumining her travail. And so we find Father Hopkins' ultimate message, clarion-clear, in this very direct and characteristic sonnet upon "God's Grandeur":

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck His rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And bears man's smudge, and shares man's smell; the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel being shod.
And for all this, nature is never spent;

There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights from the black west went,
Oh, morning at the brown brink eastwards springs—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast, and with, ah, bright wings!

The vital and arresting quality of that little poem distinguishes all of Gerard Hopkins' religious poetry; and it is in his religious quality, after all, that he attained most unequivocally. There is an invariable quickness and reality in his work —although at moments it may also be a bit fantastic—at the very point where the tendency of so many other poets is to become a little cold or a little sweet. We may search for many a long day among the treasures of English Catholic verse before we shall find such a powerful and poetic meditation upon the Holy Eucharist as he has left us. We quote but two stanzas of "Barnfloor and Winepress," although the entire poem ought to have the recognition due to a devotional classic:

Thou who on Sin's wages starvest,
Behold, we have the Joy of Harvest:
For us was gathered the First-fruits,
For us was lifted from the roots,
Sheaved in cruel bands, bruised sore,
Scourged upon the threshing-floor,
Where the upper millstone roofed His Head,
At morn we found the Heavenly Bread;
And on a thousand altars laid,
Christ our Sacrifice is made.

Thou, whose dry plot for moisture gapes,
We shout with them that tread the grapes;
For us the Vine was fenced with thorn,
Five ways the precious branches torn.
Terrible fruit was on the tree
In the acre of Gethsemane:
For us by Calvary's distress
The Wine was rackèd from the press;
Now, in our altar-vessels stored,
Lo, the sweet vintage of the Lord!

In quite other vein, and of real lyric charm, is "Rosa Mystica." Father Hopkins has contrived to throw a glamor of sim-

plicity and ingenuousness over thoughts by no means simple; while the use of assonance and alliteration (frequent and nearly always felicitous throughout his work) and of the refrain, provide a very rhythmic vehicle. There was a rose-tree blooming once upon Nazareth Hill, he tells us—with the playful seriousness of some old ballad—but it passed from men's eyes into the secret place of God: and cannot the heart guess the name of this sweet mystery?

> Is Mary that Rose, then? Mary, the tree?
> But the Blossom, the Blossom there, who can it be?
> Who can her Rose be? It could be but One;
> Christ Jesus, our Lord—her God and her Son.
> In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
> Show me thy Son, Mother, Mother of mine.
>
> What was the colour of that blossom bright?
> White to begin with, immaculate white.
> But what a wild flush on the flakes of it stood,
> When the Rose ran in crimsonings down the Cross-wood.
> In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
> I shall worship the Wounds with thee, Mother of mine,

Our well-loved Francis Thompson was, in life and in death, often hailed as the successor of Crashaw. But the mantle of that mystic dreamer and songster fell far more truly upon the shoulders of Gerard Hopkins. *His* was not merely the exuberant fancy ever bursting into curious and striking analogies, but the intimate and childlike tenderness, the metrical cunning, and the almost impeccable ear for lyric music which characterized the older poet. His was the same wistful pathos and resolute detachment from life's more passional aspects. In both men was a similar tragic sensitiveness—an inevitable recoil from the inconsistency and ugliness and corruption which are a part of human existence. So it seems natural enough, despite the intervening centuries, that even the objective facts of their lives should bear a curious resemblance; and that both poets should pass, painfully but unreluctantly, into the larger life—wearied and forespent ere half their years!

But to return to the poetry: we have yet to consider an ode of extraordinary beauty, and of a sustained lyric ecstasy not unworthy of Shelley or Swinburne. The poem—which,

lacking a better title, I have ventured to call "Our Lady of the Air"—is the longest and perhaps the most ambitious poetic effort Father Hopkins has bequeathed us. It is built around a unique and powerful metaphor:

Wild Air, world-mothering Air,
Nestling me everywhere,
That each eyelash or hair
Girdles; goes home betwixt
The fleeciest, frailest fixed
Snowflake; that's fairly mixed
With riddles, and is rife
In every least thing's life;
This needful, never spent,
And nursing element;
My more than meat and drink,
My meal at every wink;
This Air which, by life's law,
My lung must draw and draw,
Now, but to breathe its praise—
Minds me in many ways
Of her, who not only
Gave God's Infinity
Dwindled to Infancy
Welcome in womb and breast,
Birth, milk and all the rest,
But mothers each new grace
That does now reach our race—
Mary Immaculate,
Merely a Woman, yet
Whose presence power is
Great as no goddess's
Was deemèd, dreamèd; who
This one work has to do—
Let all God's glory through,
God's glory which would go
Through her and from her flow
Off, and no way but so.

. . . . .

If I have understood,
She holds high Motherhood

Towards all our ghostly good,
And plays in grace her part
About man's beating heart,
Laying, like air's fine flood,
The death-dance in his blood;
Yet no part but what will
Be Christ our Saviour still.
Of her flesh He took Flesh:
He does take, fresh and fresh,
Though much the mystery how,
Not flesh but spirit now;
And makes, oh, marvellous,
New Nazareths in us,
Where she shall yet conceive
Him, morning, noon, and eve;
New Bethlems, and He born
There evening, noon, and morn—
Bethlem or Nazareth,
Men here may draw like breath
More Christ and baffle death;
Who born so comes to be
New self and nobler me
In each one, and each one
More makes, when all is done,
Both God and Mary's Son.

In a vivid passage commencing:

Again, look overhead
How air is azurèd;
Oh, how; nay, do but stand
Where you can lift your hand
Skywards—

the poet analyzes the essential mission of the atmosphere, and the blinding, staggering possibilities of a universe unslaked by this "bath of blue." And the simile is brought to a tender and beautiful conclusion:

So God was God of old:
A Mother came to mould
These limbs like ours which are
What must make our Day-star

Much dearer to mankind;
Whose glory bare would blind,
Or less would win man's mind.
Through her we may see Him
Made sweeter, not made dim;
And her hand leaves His light
Sifted, to suit our sight.

There exist but a few other poems bearing Father Hopkins' name. A short but characteristic piece, "Morning, Midday, and Evening Sacrifice," would be included among the devotional lyrics; also that direct and manly Hymn referred to early in this paper. And there is one white rose of a fragment, so brief and so exquisite that we give it entire:

"HEAVEN HAVEN."

(A Nun Takes the Veil.)

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

Thinking about heaven makes all of us wistful; but it is pondering on the tear-stains and blood-stains of earth that crushes out the joy of life. Father Gerard had, seemingly from boyhood, a dangerous realization of this omnipresent sorrow of living; his own experience did not tend to lighten the burden, and throughout his later years the weight was well-nigh intolerable. Sanely enough he gauged the cause of so much bitterness; it was the "blight man was born for" if he happened to be an idealist—it was the consciousness of his own too twisted nature! "It is Margaret you mourn for," he told one little Margaret when she was grieving over the falling glory of autumn: but, none the less, outer conditions will all along furnish the occasion of Margaret's grief. There cannot be any doubt that Father Hopkins' life in Dublin was a final crucifixion of spirit as well as body. It was not only the monotonous and consuming toil of his position as examiner in the University; it was not merely the political corruption by

which he was perforce surrounded; although we are told that these combined to plunge his final years into a state of utter dejection. One of the sonnets of this period (all of which are colored by an ominous and leaden gray!) reveals his sense of exile—"To seem the stranger lies my lot—my life among strangers"—and expresses his human and priestly sorrow that

Father and mother dear,
Brothers and sisters are in Christ not near.

But another indicates that the cause of Father Hopkins' darkness lay deeper down than loneliness (too familiar to the sons of St. Ignatius!) or than any normal weariness of the day's work. Few lines of such haunting sadness have come to us from the hand of any Christian poet:

Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend
With Thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just,
Why do sinners' ways prosper? and why must
Disappointment all I endeavour end?
Wert Thou my enemy, O Thou my Friend,
How couldst thou worse, I wonder, than Thou dost
Defeat, thwart me? . . .

We must surmise a great part of this last struggle; but it would seem to illustrate that spiritual phenomenon of *desolation* which has immersed so many a chosen soul. For full thirty years was St. Theresa in this desert land, where frustration reigns in all visible things, and to lose the life *without finding it again* seems the guerdon of superhuman effort. Of course it is impossible to write healthy poetry in the depths of this tragic experience: and Father Hopkins was too true a poet not to realize the fact. He submitted, the very year of his death, his noble and highly masterful *apologia:*

To ——, 1889.

The fine delight that fathers thought; the strong
Spur, live and lancing like the blowpipe flame,
Breathes once, and quenchèd faster it came,
Leaves yet the mind a mother of immortal song.
Nine months she then, nay years, nine years she long
Within her wears, bears, cares and moulds the same:
The widow of an insight lost she lives, with aim
Now known, and hand at work now never wrong.

Sweet fire, the sire of muse, my soul needs this;
I want the one rapture of an inspiration.
O then if in my lagging lines you miss
The roll, the rise, the carol, the creation,
My winter world, that scarcely breathes that bliss
Now, yields you, with some sighs, our explanation.

His winter world! It was destined sooner than he dreamed to give place to the unwaning spring. Dr. Bridges (to whose words we turn once again, because the knowledge of a physician as well as the wisdom of a friend went into them) declares that our poet made no struggle for life when the fever of 1889 attacked him. He had fought his good fight and carried arms no longer: but the God of Battles knew. And on the 8th of June—the month he had loved so well!—Gerard Hopkins' soul marched quietly over the borderland to victory.

But little remains to be said. The poems have been permitted to speak for themselves, and if their faults are conspicuous enough, so too is their unique and magnetic attraction. No doubt this is in the nature of an acquired taste. They were not written for the public (during their maker's lifetime not one of them was put into print!) they were written for the consolation of the poet and a few chosen friends. And to such readers no concessions need be made. Father Hopkins' very delicate craftsmanship—and not less the singularity of his mental processes—might produce on some minds an impression of artificiality. Yet nothing could be further from the fact, for in all the poems of his manhood there is a poignant, even a passionate sincerity. It is quite true that his elliptical and involved expression mars more than one poem of rare and vital imagining. It is true also, and of the nature of the case, that our poet was to a certain degree self-centered in his dream of life. He was not an egoist; but it must be obvious that from first to last he was an individualist. And in our human reckonings the individualist pays, and then he pays again; and after that, in Wilde's phrase, he keeps on paying! Yet in the final count his chances of survival are excellent. Outside of the poets, Father Hopkins' work has had no recognition and no understanding; but his somewhat exotic influence might easily be pointed out in one or two of the foremost Catholic songsters of to-day. And for all its aloofness,

the young priest's work struck root in the poetic past. Its subtle and complex fancifulness and its white heat of spirituality go back in direct line to that earlier Jesuit, Father Southwell; while one would wager that Hopkins knew and loved other seventeenth-century lyrists beside the very manifest Crashaw. It is by no means without significance, moreover, to note that Coventry Patmore's Odes "To the Unknown Eros," and Browning's masterpiece "The Ring and the Book," both appeared in that memorable 1868 when Gerard entered upon his novitiate. Those were the days when a young poet might, almost without public comment, fling out to the world his daring and beautiful gift.

After all there is nothing sadder in the world of letters than a fragment—unless it be a fragmentary genius! And always in proportion to the magic of the fragment, and to its promise, is the depth of this sadness. We can nowise escape such a shadow of incompleteness in treating Father Hopkins' work. We cannot, as yet, gather the fundamental materials for more than a tentative criticism. His poems are scattered in a few precious anthologies, still awaiting the zeal of collector and editor. It seems probable, unless he himself destroyed them during the last years, that a number of them are still—somewhere—in manuscript form; for of those already published, about one-third have been given in this article. Merely great poetry is, of course, seldom popular; although the greatest of all poetry—that of Homer and Dante and Shakespeare—strikes a universal echo in the hearts of men. It is inclusive, and it is written not as an escape from life but as the inevitable and impassioned expression of life itself. Gerard Hopkins' artistry was not of this supreme sort. He was essentially a minor poet: he wrote incredibly little and he interpreted few phases of human experience. But, with the minor poet's distinctive merit, he worked his narrow field with completeness and intensity. And who can deny that the very quality which seemed, at worst, an eccentric and literate mannerism, proved itself in the finer passages a strikingly original and authentic inspiration?

NOTE.—Father Hopkins' published verses can be found in the following volumes: Orby Shipley's *Carmina Mariana*, Canon Beeching's *Lyra Sacra*, and Miles' *Poets and Poetry of the Century*, Vol. VIII.; which last contains also Robert Bridges' critique.

The author desires to acknowledge her indebtedness to Miss Louise Imogen Guiney for many otherwise inaccessible details of our poet's history.

IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

V.

"SHE is a noble-hearted creature," a man of much penetration had once said of Eleanor Dering, "but, like all the rest of us, she has the defects of her qualities. What are they? Well, chiefly perhaps an ardent idealism which leads her to feel a strong desire to play Providence to her fellow-creatures, to lift them up to certain heights, and to set their feet in paths where she thinks they should go." He paused a moment. "It's rather a dangerous business," he added meditatively, "and some day she may come to grief over it."

Granting the accuracy of this forecast, it was at least certain that the day prophesied had not yet dawned when Miss Dering felt herself moved so strongly to play Providence to the social derelict whom she met in the wilds of the Sierra. The idea of holding out a hand of possible rescue to him had, as we know, occurred to her as soon as she heard his story; but when he entered her path in such strangely opportune fashion, it seized her with the force of fascination. That a charm in the man himself had anything to do with this she would not have acknowledged, yet there could be no doubt that Trescott possessed a singular attraction for women, the more powerful because unconsciously exercised; and this charm was not lessened, but rather—for a woman of Eleanor Dering's temperament—increased by the shadow which now lay over him, which had worn the lines on his face and put the haunted look in his eyes. The ardent heart within her went out to help—to help; and to this end she exerted all her own charm to influence the man whom she felt instinctively would be peculiarly susceptible to such influence from his long exile.

It was indeed like stepping back into another half-forgotten world to Trescott that evening at Las Joyas—"The Jewels," as the little ranch in the far heights was poetically called.

In order to obtain food for the large number of animals in the train, it was necessary to gain, if possible, one of these widely separated ranches for the night's halt. But the camp was made quite away from the rude house or patch of cultivated land. It was in an open space under a group of noble, soaring pines that the great blazing fire of resinous boughs threw its rich radiance over the white canvas of the tent erected near-by; over the moving forms of men and animals; over the piles of pack-saddles and other equipment for the road; over the table improvised on the top of the camp chest, from which the materials to set it forth in such strangely civilized fashion were drawn; on the handsome, typically worldly face of Mr. Dering, who spent half his time promoting great mining ventures in the chief capitals of Europe, and the other half looking after them in the remote wilds where nature buries her treasures; and on Eleanor Dering as she sat with her hat thrown aside, the brilliant firelight playing over her fair hair and showing the frank delight of her lovely face.

And this delight was not only in the picturesqueness of her surroundings, in the cool, aromatic breath of the night at this high elevation, and in the sense of the great, trackless Sierra, with its mystery and its awe, its mighty heights, its chasms, torrents, and forests which encompassed them; but in the fact that, for the present at least, Trescott was, so to speak, safely under her hand, the guest of her father, and apparently not ill pleased to come once more in touch with the world he had forsaken.

Perhaps Mr. Dering himself felt this, as he talked to the man who had been his subordinate long enough for him to know something of his fine skill as engineer and draughtsman; for presently, as they sat by the fire smoking, he remarked carelessly:

"Isn't it about time for you to go back to civilization, Trescott? It strikes me that you've been in the Sierra as long as it's well to remain."

In the pause which followed this speech, Trescott was aware that Eleanor, who had been accompanying their conversation by lightly touching the strings of a mandolin which one of the music-loving Mexicans had brought along, suddenly held her hand motionless on the last chord, and he knew that she was listening for his answer. It came a little constrainedly.

"Civilization does not offer anything very tempting to me," he said; "while, as it chances, the Sierra offers a good deal of solid value."

"As for example—?"

"An extremely good gold prospect out in the Sierra beyond Urbeleja, for one thing."

"Indeed!" The seasoned promoter pricked up his ears. "If it's anything very good, you might let your friends into it. You know you can't handle a really paying prospect alone. If you had only let me know before I left the Santa Catalina, I'd have gone out there and looked at it, and perhaps have carried it to London with me, where I'm going to float some other properties. Even now—but, no"—regretfully—"it would mean several days, and I must make Durango by the fifteenth, so as to keep an appointment in New York on the twentieth."

Eleanor saw relief clearly stamped on the countenance over which the firelight played revealingly. "Either he hasn't any prospect," she thought, "or it is only an excuse to stay here."

"It isn't really in shape yet for such promoting as yours," Trescott was meanwhile saying. "You know you only care to handle big things. One couldn't ask a million or two for a prospect like this."

"There's no telling what it might become, however. Has it ever been worked before? How wide a vein have you? And how much ore in sight?"

The information was given without hesitation and with explicit directness; but also with a lack of interest which struck Eleanor, if not her father. "He cares nothing about it," she said to herself. "It *is* only an excuse."

"Hum!" Mr Dering pondered. "That may be something very large. If I could only have seen it! Tell you what, Trescott, you can surely join us for a few days in our ride through the Sierra. Not to speak of the pleasure of your society, your knowledge of the country will be invaluable—I don't believe any of these rascals of mine know much about the trails—and you can give me all the points about your mine, as well as about the other mineral resources of this region."

Trescott was so much surprised by the wild desire which leaped within him to agree to this proposal, that for a moment he did not reply. Then he said, almost sternly:

"Impossible. I am now on my way to attend to some business."

"It can't be pressing—nobody's business is in the Sierra," Mr. Dering urged, with incontrovertible knowledge of the country. "You'd better come with us. It'll do you good, and perhaps save Eleanor from breaking her neck over some precipice I'm certain it isn't every day that such a social opportunity is offered you."

"It may be that the social opportunity is a drawback rather than an inducement," said a soft voice.

Trescott looked quickly across at the girl leaning forward in the firelight, and what he read in the beautiful, eager eyes fell like a weight in the scale of his hesitation.

"On the contrary," he said, "the inducement is so great that I find myself unable to resist it. For a few days, then" —to Mr. Dering—"I shall be glad to accompany you. I am a better guide than Alejandro, at least; and, perhaps"—he looked again at Eleanor—"I may be able to show you some things in the Sierra which you might miss without me."

Once in every man's life, although generally for a very brief space of time, the gates of Paradise open, and entering he dwells within, breathing enchanted airs, wandering down flowery ways, over meadows starred with asphodel and under the shade of perfume-laden boughs. Like Adam he does not linger there alone, and, like Adam also, when he goes forth he never returns, however long the years of life may be. Nor is it in extreme youth that he is most likely to find his way within these gates. He must have wandered in the desert, and drank the bitter waters of life, before he can feel the divine loveliness of the green shades, or taste the sweetness of the sparkling fountains.

These gates opened for Trescott when he rode by Eleanor Dering's side out of the camp of Las Joyas the next morning. He had said to himself, with a certain recklessness, that for a few days—a few days only—he would enjoy the pleasure of an association such as he had never known before and was never likely to know again. But he had a sense of something more than this as the forest opened its arms to them and the trail led upward into yet higher regions. It was as if in following it, through the crystal beauty of the early day, he were leav-

ing the past and all that it contained behind and mounting into a new existence.

And never had existence, old or new, a more idyllic setting than the Sierra gave. When they had gained the summit up which they had climbed, and, freshened in every energy by the airs which awaited them, rode onward at a quickened pace, it was into a veritable region of enchantment that they entered, for again the trail led them over a vast plateau, where tall pines and evergreen oaks rose in columned stateliness to immense height, while the interlacing boughs formed overhead an expanse of foliage through which the faintest wandering breeze woke a murmur like the voice of the sea. And then it carried them through winding defiles between the hills, full of such enchanting loveliness of trees and interlacing vines and swiftly fleeting water, that nature, like a siren, seemed breathing on every side alluring invitations to linger. "Why do you hasten?" leafy depths and gleaming water murmured. "Life is long and sad, and its dusty plains are many. You may never again see anything to gladden your eyes so beautiful and fresh as this. Stay with us—stay!" "It required," Eleanor wistfully remarked, "more than the courage of Ulysses to resist these seductive invitations, and ride on."

For the noon rest they halted in a region of mighty rocks resembling castles, fortresses, and towers. Like tokens of some forgotten warfare of the gods, the stupendous masses lay in the verdurous forest, while the pigmy forms of men and animals wound among them like passing shadows, of as little account as the squirrels that played over their hoary battlements. What was it to them that some of these insignificant beings leveled impertinent cameras at their majesty of ages, or dashed their outlines down upon paper? It was Trescott who, by Miss Dering's request, sketched some of the splendid masses, with much fanciful talk and weaving of tales about them.

"Are those Aztec myths, or are they your own?" Eleanor presently asked.

"They are my own conception of what the primitive mind would have thought," he replied, smiling. "I am presumptuous enough to believe that I know something of the primitive mind, because the people of these mountains—who are not Aztec at all, by the way, but a pure Indian race of great antiquity—are wonderfully primitive in their ideas, traditions, and customs."

"You seem to know them very well."

"I have eaten their bread and salt for many days. I should know them well."

There was a pause. The sketch grew under his hand, while Miss Dering looked away to where Alejandro had lighted a small fire to boil water for tea. The pale blue smoke rose beautifully into the still, sunlit air, amid the gray, lichened rocks and the abounding foliage of the trees. Mr. Dering lay stretched out in the shade upon a gay-colored blanket, the *mozos* were loosening the pack-saddles, that the mules might feed in comfort on the rich grass—the whole scene was full of the charm of this outdoor life, with all its suggestions of gypsy-like freedom, its association with things wild and delightful.

"Just now," she said, "I can imagine the conditions of such lives as those better than any other. The world of what we call civilization seems so infinitely remote. What have we to do with cities, railroads, theaters, libraries, nay, even with houses and the lives of those who live in them? We have gone back to the primitive world, to the heart of nature. We, too, can sing:

"'Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.'"

Through the clear atmosphere her sweet, gay voice was borne to the ear of Mr. Dering. He turned his head and regarded her with a smile, in which was much satirical amusement, as well as pitying indulgence.

"You would soon find that 'winter and rough weather' were enemies enough, if you were exposed to them," he said. "Lying under the greenwood tree is all very well as we are at present, but a storm or two puts a different face on the Sierra. And you mustn't forget that there are occasionally some enemies here besides winter and rough weather—else we shouldn't see quite so many crosses along the road."

A quick cloud fell over the brightness of the girl's face.

"Mr. Trescott says that those were all put there a long time ago," she hastily answered. "He says that although there were once a great many bandits among these wild heights, everything of that kind is over, and the Sierra is now perfectly safe."

"He's quite right," Mr. Dering answered carelessly. "Under ordinary circumstances the Sierra is safe enough, the bandits have all been shot and travelers are not interferred with. But if I had an enemy, I shouldn't particularly care to meet him out on these trails. I've heard of a few crosses being put up, even in my time."

"Why should we talk of such things?" asked Eleanor impatiently. "They are very inappropriate to these beautiful scenes! I am sure that nobody is killed in the Sierra now; but—if such things did happen—we have no enemies to fear."

"Probably not," assented her father lazily—"*Oyé, hombre,*" he cried suddenly and angrily in Spanish, as he lifted himself on his elbow, "what is the meaning of this? Why don't you look after your mules better?"

"Pardon, señor"; answered a tall, dark-browed *arriero*, who had come dashing into the camp after several of his pack-mules, who, at sight of the feeding animals of the Santa Catalina party, had left the trail to join them. "The mules got away so suddenly that we had not time to stop them." Then his glance fell on Trescott, whom the commotion startled into looking up from his drawing, and a sudden expression of unmistakable surprise appeared on his face. "*Buenos dias*, Don Felipe," he said, with the air and manner of an old acquaintance.

Trescott nodded in reply, and then as the mules were driven off and quiet restored, Miss Dering said:

"It must be very pleasant to feel that all these people are your friends."

"I don't particularly care to include that man in my list of friends," Trescott answered. "He's rather a bad proposition."

"He seems to know you."

"Oh, yes, he knows me; his business is that of conducting pack-trains to and fro through the Sierra, and we have met—on the road and elsewhere."

"What is his name?"

It was a careless question; but Trescott paused for an instant before answering it.

"His name," he said, "is Cruz—and his appearance, considering that we were just talking of crosses, seems rather an odd coincidence."

"It is odd," she agreed. "And he looks—I don't want to do injustice to one who is probably an estimable citizen—but he looks as if he might, under other circumstances, have aided in putting up a cross or two himself."

Trescott laughed. "I don't think you do him injustice," he said. "I'm afraid there's no doubt that he has missed his vocation, owing to these dull times of law and order. A few decades ago he would have done a much better business putting up crosses along these trails than he now does in taking trains of merchandise over them."

"But it *is* a time of law and order—he wouldn't venture to do anything of the kind now?"

"Not without great provocation, and unless he fancied the chances for escaping detection good. Given those chances, however, I don't think he would hesitate a moment." Then he looked up with an air of relief. "Alejandro is announcing *la comida*," he said.

There followed a pleasant half-hour round the camp-chest, with its plentiful supply of solid food, together with claret and tea. Then another half-hour of smoking on the part of the men and of much gay talk on the part of all, while the *mozos*, with many shouts and adjurations, replaced their burdens on the backs of the mules. Then, all things being again in order, they put themselves once more in the saddle, and resumed their march through the fair green solitudes. As they rode away Eleanor turned and waved her hand in farewell to the sylvan loveliness of the spot where they had rested.

"It makes me sad to think that I may never see it again," she said, meeting Trescott's eyes. "There is something about this journey which seems singularly typical of life, although, of course, all journeys are that, in more or less degree. We linger for awhile in these enchanting places, and then, whether we wish it or not, we must pass on and leave them behind."

"As sooner or later we leave everything behind."

"Yes; but one doesn't often feel that, as I feel it here. For, you see, I am not coming back."

"You are not returning with your father?"

"No; papa thinks that the Santa Catalina is no place for me, and that I should go to my aunt in Paris. It will be— But what is he saying? Oh, he wants us to ride faster and pass this pack-train. *Andale*, Bonita! Show what you can do, my pretty *mula!* See, Mr. Trescott, it is the same pack-train that disturbed our camp. I remember the face of the tall *arriero*—and how he stares at us!"

VI.

At Los Charcos—which was the name of the Lopez ranch—there had been no change in the outward aspect of things since Trescott first rode up to the log house. The work on the mine, now safely "denounced," had as yet brought no money to any one concerned; and the simple life of the household went on in all its details just as it had before the advent of the stranger, whom its members now regarded as almost one of themselves.

Only to one of them had his coming made a difference so great that when he was gone, even for a short absence, it was as if the sun vanished out of heaven. With the intense passion of her race, Ramona had merged her very existence into that of the man who seemed to her to belong to a higher order of being, and yet had stooped from this order to her lowliness. That she was happy in the strange fact that he had found something in her to attract his regard and tenderness there could be no doubt; but this happiness was always shadowed by the fear she had once expressed. "You cannot stay in the Sierra always," she said, "and when you go away what will you do with poor Ramona, who knows nothing?" He had indeed assured her that she knew all he desired, and that, having no more part in the world "out yonder," the Sierra would always content him; but even then a deep instinct had kept her from really believing this; and as time went on the dread of inevitable change, of the time when he would feel a call summoning him back to his own people and his old life, lay always like a weight upon her heart.

This was especially the case when, as now frequently happened, Trescott left Los Charcos on one excuse or another—really impelled by a growing spirit of restlessness—and was

absent for several days together. She did not know that this restlessness was bringing about the psychological moment when an influence out of the past might find him prepared to yield to it; but she feared and distrusted all that foreboded change. It was with a sadly yearning heart, therefore, that she had seen him ride away on the fateful day when he met Eleanor Dering on the brink of the Quebrada Honda, and two days later she wandered out at twilight to the end of the *arroyo* opening into the valley, in the faint, hardly defined hope of meeting him on his possible return.

As she went, breathing the sweet, fresh odors of resinous trees and plants and listening to the voice of the stream, which rushed in wild tumult down the gorge, to fall, on issuing, into the pools *(los charcos)* which gave its name to the ranch, she had a sense of pleasure in these things which it would have been absolutely impossible for her to express. She was a true daughter of the Sierra, inasmuch as they thrilled to her inmost being, and when away she pined for them as a dumb animal pines for that to which it has been accustomed. But to analyze or describe her sensations with regard to them was far beyond her power. Dimly, but only dimly, conscious of her pleasure, she was standing by one of the pools, listening to the deep music of the stream, when she suddenly saw an unwelcome sight—a pack-train, emerging from the *arroyo*, the loaded animals coming in single file along the shelf-like trail, with the whistles and cries, the admonishing "*Macho!*" "*Mula!*" of the *arrieros* sounding behind them.

Her heart sank. There were many pack-trains crossing the Sierra beside that of Cruz Sanchez, but few of them ever came to Los Charcos, and she had an immediate instinct that this was his. He had not been at the ranch since he was dismissed as her suitor, and she had cherished the hope that he would not come again, but now she knew that the hope was vain; that he had come. That his coming tallied so exactly with the absence of Trescott seemed an ill omen. It could not have happened by calculation, she knew, unless—unless—Had the men met on the way, and was Cruz coming to tell her that the gringo to whom she had given her heart was lying dead in some dark pass with a knife thrust in his back? The extreme improbability that if this were so Cruz would come to tell her of it, thereby convicting himself of a crime for which

there is short, sharp shrift in Mexico, did not occur to her. A wild panic of fear and foreboding seized and rooted her to the spot where she stood. She hardly looked at the long train of laden animals as they went by, nor at the men accompanying them. She was waiting for the man who came last, and who proved to be, as instinct had forewarned her, no other than Cruz.

He halted in his surprise at meeting her, and as they stood for an instant regarding each other, he read the deadly fear and anxiety in her eyes. It gave him a distinct gratification, as any proof of power affords gratification to certain natures. He took off his hat with an air of exaggerated deference, for the Mexican peon has, when it pleases him, the manners of an hidalgo.

"*Buenas tardes*, Ramona," he said. "Many thanks for coming to meet me."

"You know well, Cruz Sanchez, that I did not come to meet you," Ramona answered, drawing up her stately figure. "I did not think we should see you again at Los Charcos."

"And you are not pleased to see me," he returned with bitterness. "You are afraid that I have come to make trouble with your gringo lover—for I knew he was *that* when he interfered between us! You were always glad enough to see me before he came."

"You lie!" said the girl tersely. "You know that I was never glad to see you, that I told you over and over again that I cared nothing for you. And as for whether Don Felipe is my lover or not, that is no affair of yours."

"I will make it my affair, for, say what you please, you would have listened to me at last but for him."

"I would never have listened to you—never!" she reiterated passionately. "And"—with a brave show of contempt—"I have no need to fear your making trouble with him. He would soon teach you your place. He is *un caballero*, and you are only an *arriero*."

"*Caballero* or no, he shall answer to me sooner or later for his interference between us," said the *arriero* with flashing eyes. "And you are a fool to believe that he will think of you a day longer than his business keeps him in the Sierra."

"That is no affair of yours," she repeated, "but I have faith in him—perfect faith."

"You have?" he sneered. "Then it is a pity that you could not have seen him as I saw him yesterday. The Gerente of the Santa Catalina is crossing the Sierra with his daughter, the Señorita *Americana*, and a great train of men and mules. I passed the *condúcta* at the noon rest, and with them—sitting apart with the señorita—who is beautiful as la Maria Santissima herself—was Don Felipe. From an old friend of mine in the train I learned that he had joined them the day before, and that he is traveling out of the country with them. So, doubting whether you knew this—for it would be like a gringo if he went away without even bidding you farewell—I have come out of my way to tell you."

"It is false!" Ramona said. "I do not believe it."

"False! *Dios de mi alma!* Shall I call Tobalito and Pépe to swear to it?"

She put out her hand with a detaining gesture, for he turned as if to summon the other *arrieros*. She was conscious of a sudden stricture about her heart, a feeling as though it were crushed in a strong and cruel grasp, but she struggled gallantly to show her scorn of the malice which was torturing her.

"There is no need to call Tobalito and Pépe," she said. "It may be true that you passed such a train on the road. Why should not the Gerente of the Santa Catalina go over the Sierra and the señorita, his daughter, accompany him? I have nothing to do with them. What is false is that Don Felipe has gone with them. He has gone to get supplies for the mine."

"No doubt he told you so," Cruz answered mockingly. "He is not the first man who has lied to a woman. But why should he have gone for supplies just when the señorita is in the Sierra, if not for the purpose of meeting her? Bah! thou art a fool, Ramona! I will wager my best mule that he will never return to you—unless, indeed, the gold in the mine brings him back!"

The confidence of his assertion, the triumph of his tone, were more than Ramona could bear. All the strength of her passionate love and faith rose up to meet him.

"And I," she said, "am so sure that he has not gone to meet her, and that he will return, that I am ready to wager more than a mule—I am ready to wager myself upon it. I am so sure of him, that I do not hesitate to declare that if he goes away with this woman I will marry you—for what difference would it make then what became of me? This will show

you how little I believe you, how certain I am that he will come back to me! And now I have not another word to say to you."

She turned, gathering her *rebozo* more closely around her, after the fashion of Mexican women, and passed so swiftly away that he had no opportunity to detain her, had he desired to do so. But in fact he felt no such desire. Her last words had overwhelmed him. She had meant them as the supreme expression of her faith in Trescott, but they contained another meaning, another possibility, and another hope for the man who heard them.

VII.

It was in a stream-fed glen between the hills that the Dering party made its halt the next night. These camps were a continual source of delight to Eleanor. All camping scenes are more or less picturesque, but, as she often remarked, there was no element of the picturesque lacking here. The fire of great pine logs, the tent which shielded her father and herself from the heavy frost or drenching dew of these high regions, the delicately formed mules, the Mexicans in their bright-colored *zarapes* and peaked hats, with the woodland surroundings, the solemn hills and flowing water—all made up a scene which she contemplated every evening with an ever-renewed sense of passionate pleasure.

This evening, as usual, she was seated at some little distance from the camp, taking in all the charm of the picture. The work of pitching the tent and making the fire was over. The mules had been watered and were now feeding. The men were bringing fuel to keep up the fire during the night. Alejandro was setting the table for the evening meal, while Mr. Dering, seated like Abraham at the door of his tent, gave now and then peremptory orders to the *mozos*. It had been broad daylight when they halted; but twilight is short in these latitudes, and dusk was now gathering, bringing out the rich radiance of the firelight, as the flames leaped upward from the resinous mass of burning wood, throwing their light on the escarpment of the rocky hillside overhanging the camp, on the surrounding masses of foliage, and on the moving figures of men and animals. Overhead a silver moon, cut sharply in half, was riding buoyantly through the violet sky, effacing the stars, that gleamed, however, in full golden luster, lower down

above the hill-crests. The stream was chanting the sweetest conceivable song as it hurried over its stones, and all the fragrant, pungent odors which night draws forth in the forest, and especially in the neighborhood of water, filled the air.

"Isn't it delightful?" said Eleanor, with a soft sigh of enjoyment. "How sorry I am that we are one day nearer to the end! I wish we could lose our way and wander in the Sierra for a month."

Trescott, who was stretched out on the ground beside her, looked up with a smile.

"That might be easily accomplished," he said. "But it is best not to wander here too long, or you might never find your way out. The Sierra has a fascination which is hard to break when one has dwelt in it long."

"As I have told you, I can imagine that," she said. "The world we know seems so far away, and so undesirable—"

"Very far away, and very undesirable," he echoed.

"And in these enchanted solitudes," she went on, "one understands the passion for nature and things wild and free, which now and again makes men break away from all restraints of civilization and, in some remote region like this, go back to the primitive life. It is the feeling which at this moment makes me sorry to see another camp-fire yonder."

Trescott started, and following the direction of her glance, saw at a distance of several hundred yards up the narrow valley what was indeed the unmistakable gleam of another fire. For the first time since they had been journeying in the Sierra, their place of rest was shared with other human beings. An annoyance which had a deeper root than Miss Dering's fanciful objection, made him frown a little. But he spoke carelessly enough:

"It is the camp of some pack-train. A day's march in the Sierra is so much the same for every one that the camping-places are often shared."

"I don't like it," Eleanor said. "I wish we could move on."

"I'm afraid it's too late for that now."

"Of course it's too late. Papa would never hear of anything so absurd. 'What possible harm can the camp do us?' he would say. I couldn't make him understand that it spoils the charm of our solitude."

"In order to feel that the charm of solitude is spoiled, one must first appreciate it. Mr. Dering, I think, hardly does that."

"I'm sure he doesn't. On the contrary, he is longing to get out of the Sierra, and find himself in a Pullman car. His only consolation for being here, is the enormity he is contemplating, of trying to bring a railroad into this heavenly region."

Trescott laughed. "You must have overheard some of our conversations."

"I have lain in the tent at night and heard you telling him as you smoked together before the fire, all about elevations and possible routes, and 'immense deposits of timber.' Fancy talking of these grand forests as 'deposits of timber!' The very expression is a sacrilege, for it implies such possibilities of destruction. I should like to have sovereign power here, so that these great heights should always remain 'the inviolate hills.'"

"And I," said he in a tone which was only half-jesting, "should like to have power to crown you queen of the Sierra. I would, however, make a condition that you should make your home here, like a true greenwood sovereign."

"At this moment I feel as if nothing could be more desirable. And yet"—her tone suddenly changed, as her eyes turned full on him—"even while we talk in this way, we know that we are deceiving ourselves, that it is all a play, that we are the children of civilization, and that we can never throw away our heritage, however much we may desire to do so."

Trescott met the gaze which challenged him.

"You have learned or divined a great deal," he said, "and nothing more truly than that. For you are right. We cannot throw away our heritage, however much we may desire to do so—and some of us desire it exceedingly. We may come close to nature and primitive lives; but between us and them there is a deep gulf set—a gulf of difference which nothing can bridge. And when we fancy we have accomplished what we desire, that we have forgotten our heritage, and that we are content, there comes a mysterious rebound toward all that we have forsaken, and we find ourselves drawn, by cords which we cannot resist, toward the thing we have cast off and renounced."

"Ah, you acknowledge it!" she cried—and now her eyes shone with something like triumph—"I knew that it must be so. It is strenuous, it is exhausting, it is even terrible in some of its aspects and revolting in others, that world out yonder: but it is there that our destiny is cast, and we dare not forsake it. We must go down to the dusty plain, though our

hearts may protest and yearn for the repose of the heights we leave."

It was with a glow of admiration in his own eyes that he looked at the face so brilliantly alive with thought and feeling.

"Yes"; he said, "*you* will go—and rightly. For it is where you belong. To such as you life shows only its nobler side, and you are made to put fresh courage into the hearts of those who are ready to despair."

"Let me, then, put it into your heart," she returned quickly. With an altogether charming and self-forgetful gesture, she laid her hand on his arm. "Come with us," she said. "Come down to the plain, to the dust, and to the conflict. It is where you also belong. Come."

Surely a man might have been pardoned had he walked through fire at the bidding of that voice, that glance! And yet it was no siren invitation, but the stronger for its loftiness, for its calling upon all the higher forces of his nature.

"You tempt me," he said hoarsely—"no, you do not tempt —you inspire me beyond my strength to resist. See now! we have only two more days of this idyllic life. Let us—let *me*—enjoy it, without thinking of what is to lie beyond. On the night we make our last camp I will tell you everything: what brought me to the Sierra, and what holds me here; and then you shall decide whether I stay, or whether I go with you."

Two or three hours later the camp was quiet. The flap of the tent was closed, the Mexicans, wrapped in their blankets, were stretched around the fire asleep, and even the mules were still. The music of the stream now had the silence all to itself, and was the only sound which broke it, except that now and then from the thick woods on the farther bank there rose, clear and iterative, the note of the whippoorwill.

To Trescott, as smoking he strolled slowly along the valley in the bright moonlight, the last sound brought many painful memories. It was so far unusual in Mexico, that in all his sojourn in the country he had never heard it before; and when Miss Dering—exclaiming: "Why, there are whipporwills!" —had asked the *mozos* the Mexican name for the bird, they had been unable to give it. For himself the plaintive, piercing call had far-reaching associations. It carried him back in memory to his childhood's home in the South, to the hedges and copses in the old garden where he had played, whence this same sound would issue in the fragrant summer twilight

and far into the summer night. He remembered how the negroes would whisper to him that: "Sump'en sho gwine to happen! Bad luck boun' to come when de whippo'wills cry roun' de house." That bad luck seldom followed the presage in those childish days did not lessen the superstitious thrill with which he had been trained to hear the sound. And it was this early impression, no doubt, which gave such depth to his last association with it. How the whippoorwills had cried around his open window the night before he met Paul Raynor in the encounter which ended his friend's life and ruined his own! All the long unnerving agony of pain and remorse came back to him as he listened to the ill-omened notes; he saw again the black heads shaken, he heard again the solemn tones of his nurses and attendants: "Bad luck gwine to come when yo' hear de whippo'wills!"

And yet he laughed to himself, not only at the old superstition, but also, somewhat grimly, at the thought that ill luck had surely spent itself upon him. What possible misfortune remained to come to him? But, even as he asked the question, he remembered the dark, faithful woman in the depths of the Sierra, who had given him her heart; and then, as was altogether natural, he remembered the man whose enmity towards himself he knew well, and who was now so near at hand.

For he had never doubted that the camp at the other end of the glade was that of Cruz; and for this reason he was not in the least surprised to see the *arriero* coming, as if by appointment, to meet him. In the moonlight the figures of the two men were clearly revealed to each other as they approached from opposite directions, while the stream by their side sang over its stones and the whippoorwills called with plaintive insistence from the thickets on the hillside.

"I wish to speak for a moment with you, señor," said Cruz, stopping short when they met.

"What do you want?" Trescott asked, pausing also.

"I wish to know if you are leaving the Sierra, señor."

"You are insolent to ask the question. What affair is it of yours?"

"You know well what affair it is of mine," the man answered, dropping the surface deference of his tone. "When you are gone, Ramona will be willing to marry me."

"That is a lie, and you know it."

"It is not a lie. I have been at Los Charcos since you

left there, and she has told me that if you go away she will marry me. Seeing you, therefore, as it appears, on your way out of the country, I ask you to tell me plainly if you are leaving the Sierra, because the knowledge will spare her much long waiting and suspense."

There was an instant's pause—a pause due to the fact that Trescott was so angry that he could not immediately trust himself to speak. Surely he had entangled his life in a frightful manner, when this peon had, in a certain sense, a right to approach him with questioning which touched the deepest points at issue within himself! If he had followed his inclination, he would have answered in a manner more forcible than speech. But to knock the man down would only have been to insure the certainty of his rising, armed with his knife; and a personal encounter with an *arriero* was an impossible thing, even if he had not been within sight of the Dering camp. When he spoke, however, his tone was the equivalent of the blow he felt bound to restrain.

"You are a liar," he said sternly. "I am certain that Ramona has not made any such promise; and if she had, it would give you no right to question me concerning my plans and intentions. It is no business of yours whether I go or whether I stay in the country, and if you venture to address me again, I shall punish your insolence as it deserves."

"There may be two words to that, señor," replied the Mexican, resuming the outward deference which only gave additional point to the real insolence of his speech and bearing. "But I have nothing more to say to you now, and with thanks always *(gracias siempre)* for your kind consideration, I promise that when I address you again you will be ready to answer me."

His tone made the last words an unmistakable menace; and with them he turned away. Trescott stood still, watching the tall figure as it strode along the valley toward the distant camp-fire. There was no possibility of doubting the man's sinister meaning; and to feel that one has an absolute and unscrupulous enemy is not an agreeable sensation even to the most courageous. He turned to retrace his own steps, and as he went back toward his camp the call of the whippoorwills seemed to fill all the listening stillness of the night.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE "PIONEER" TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN IRELAND.

THE report of the proceedings at the recent Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, held at New Haven, is calculated to fill Catholic Temperance advocates in England with a holy envy. For, not many months ago, a correspondent wrote to *The Catholic Times* asking if there was such a thing as a Catholic Temperance Association in England. He had consulted the "*Daily Mail*" *Year-Book of the Churches*, and found there what professed to be a practically complete list of National and International Temperance Societies; none of these, however, seemed to have any connection with the Church. Himself a priest, he then sought for information amongst his ecclesiastical brethren, but none could enlighten him on the point. So he came to the very natural conclusion that, if such a thing existed among Catholics in England, it was not much in the eye of the world. No doubt the occasion, shortly after, of the celebration of Cardinal Manning's centenary, both at the Westminster Cathedral and in Hyde Park, gave him the information he wanted, while it also justified his inference.

There *is*, it is clear, at least one Catholic Temperance Association in England—"The League of the Cross"—but, since the death of its founder, it has been, not dead, indeed, nor even sleeping, but still, let us say, in a somewhat drowsy state. However, advantage was very properly taken of the centenary of Cardinal Manning's birth to revive the enthusiasm which characterized the movement during his lifetime. On Sunday, July 12, there was a great gathering of original "Leaguers" in Westminster Cathedral, some three thousand in number, who were addressed by Canon Murnane, the late Cardinal's right-hand man, and his worthy successor at the head of the organization. On the following Sunday there was a demonstration in Hyde Park, where the numbers of the Leaguers were swelled by representatives of various organizations of workingmen, who have so much to gain by the spread of temperance. We earnestly hope that "The League of the Cross" will be

roused to new life by these honors paid to its founder. It is now thirty-five years old, and has a glorious record of good work done. May that be but the seed of a still more vigorous harvest in the near future, till in God's mercy what Cardinal Manning did not hesitate to call "Our National Vice" has ceased to characterize the English nation.

Cardinal Manning was prominent in all branches of social reform, but, in spite of his example, it is to be feared that English Catholics, as a body, have not yet taken the foremost position in the movement for the improvement of the condition of the workers which their faith and their ideals demand of them. Believing that society can be saved only by a return to the principles of Catholicity, we nevertheless at times allow others to surpass us in zeal in the external expression of the spirit of Christianity, as they understand it. Few in numbers, we lose still more in effectiveness through political disunion, for, under our party-system of government, though the evils to be remedied are national, the remedies themselves necessarily take a party color. Amongst the opponents of the present Licensing Bill, for instance, how many are animated by zeal for Toryism rather than zeal for Temperance? Happily, the transcendent importance of the Education question has been able to unite the warring factions, and has shown incidentally how powerful we are when united. Would that it were so in regard to all matters affecting the welfare of society, as, for instance, the great question of Temperance. Hitherto, alas! there has been no combination of effort to oppose "Our National Vice." Though the principles at stake are clear enough, the methods recommended are perhaps not so indisputable. In default, therefore, of concerted action, it is all the more important that the individual Catholic should have clear and correct notions on this vital problem, and should realize how greatly his personal attitude may affect its solution. It may be encouraging to call attention to a recent remarkable and very successful attempt at its solution in Ireland, in order both to show America that we are not totally devoid of initiative in these islands and to strengthen "The League of the Cross" in England by the spectacle of so energetic a movement on its borders.

If the compiler of the "*Daily Mail*" *Year-Book of the Churches* had extended his survey to Ireland, we venture to think that he would have found many additions to make to his

list of Temperance Societies under Catholic management. We do not mean to imply that the evil to be combatted is there more prevalent, though it may be more disastrous than elsewhere. We fear that no one of the three kingdoms can exalt itself above its neighbors in this regard; the abuse of strong drink is scandalously common in all, and none can safely afford to relax its efforts to control it. We must own, however, that the poverty of the country makes intemperance especially harmful in Ireland, just as the higher ideals of the people's religion make it more disgraceful. Hence, strenuous efforts are being put forth to restore the nation as a whole to self-control in this matter, by those who have her welfare most at heart.

We do not intend to enumerate the various Catholic organizations which are opposing the drink evil on Irish soil. Many may be seen detailed in the *Irish Catholic Directory*, their number and influence being largely due to a Joint Pastoral issued by the Irish Hierarchy in 1890. Foremost among the workers in this cause are the Capuchin Fathers, the brethren of the famous Father Mathew, whose marvelous success in his day remains as a standing stimulus and support to all temperance reformers. It is true that his movement collapsed after a time, but the failure is directly traceable to accidental and preventable causes, whilst the lessons of his experience are left for the guidance of those who are laboring so successfully to revive and rival his work. In addition to the "Father Mathew" Society, there is another organization, partial in its aim, but thorough in its methods, called "The Anti-Treating League," the object of which, as is implied in its name, is to put down the pernicious social custom of celebrating every event, from a business deal to a chance meeting, by drinking. This undertaking strengthens many against a very powerful form of temptation.

Both these associations are well-known; but there is a third, the knowledge of which, on account of its recent growth, is still confined mainly to Ireland. It is about this that we propose to say a few words, because it is in several respects unique in its methods, and because it has met with remarkable and growing success. Its official title is "The Total Abstinence League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," but it is generally known by the name of the "Pioneer Association"; not because it claims any priority in time, which would be absurd, or superiority over others, with which, indeed, it is in no sense in rivalry,

but because its members aim at being in the very first ranks of Temperance Reform, their engagement being of the most absolute character and based upon the highest motives. It is most important that this should be understood clearly, otherwise one of the chief features of the "Pioneer" movement will be ignored, and it will be exposed to the reproach of causing a division of forces and consequent loss of efficiency. This association, then, has as its object the training of strenuous temperance workers in every field and, incidentally, the supplying of recruits of the first quality to other bodies. There is nothing whatever to prevent "Pioneers" being members, for instance, of "The League of the Cross"; as a matter of fact, in Ireland, the great Capuchin organization includes many members of the younger body. As the number of "Pioneers," both priests and layfolk, in Great Britain, America, and the Colonies, is now not inconsiderable, doubtless branches of the organization will presently appear in those countries also.

The fact that the "Pioneers" are mainly recruited from the ranks of those who do not need, and in all probability never would need, a "pledge" to keep them from excess in drinking, may be reckoned a second characteristic of their association. It does not aim so much at the cure of the drunkard, as at the prevention of drunkenness. Its appeal is not primarily to personal motives, to the loss to character, family, health, or purse, resulting from the cultivation or continuance of a bad habit, but to motives of unselfishness, to the love of God and neighbor impelling to self-sacrifice. It is a practical recognition of the Christian duty of habitual mortification, of taking up the cross *daily* as a means of showing love of God and obedience to His law. Thus the motive is the same as that which prompts the practice of the Evangelical Counsels and every other sort of voluntary sacrifice of liberty in God's service. But the personal benefit to soul and body is, in a sense, an accidental result; the chief object of the "Pioneer" is to help to educate public opinion, by the persuasive influence of personal abstention, in regard to the folly, uselessness, and danger of habitual recourse to intoxicants. "Here is a practice," he says in effect, "which has done me little or no harm, but which has ruined and is ruining thousands of my race and nation. With God's grace, I will have nothing to do with it. It is the first thing, if not the least, that I can do."

In the third place, the pledge in this Association is absolutely for life. We are not likely to see for many generations to come such a diminution of excessive drinking as would make the advocacy of Total Abstinence unnecessary, so the motive will always endure. It is apparent that, under this aspect, the promise implies a certain degree of courage, which gives it a claim to be called an "Heroic Offering." There is something so final, so exceedingly definite, about a life-pledge, that a person has need of some strength of character, or some assured help from outside of himself, to take it deliberately. On the other hand, the prospect rouses a man's instincts of generosity, and, provided the motives are well grasped and kept alive, there is no fool-hardiness in such an undertaking.

We are thus brought to the fourth characteristic of the "Pioneer Association," which is designed precisely to prevent any rash or inconsiderate action in making the "Heroic Offering"; *viz.*, the preliminary probationship. Before candidates are allowed to take the pledge for life, they have to prove their strength and fitness by abstaining for two whole years from all spirituous liquor. During that interval they will have abundant opportunity of ascertaining whether their original design was born of a passing enthusiasm or a deep-seated purpose. As no one can become a "Pioneer" before the age of sixteen, it follows that Probationers must be at least fourteen years of age. This wise provision of a sort of temperance noviceship has probably done more to consolidate the "Pioneer" movement than any other feature of the organization. It is something to have withstood temptation from various quarters for twenty-four calendar months, and the Probationer can now face the "Heroic Offering" with a more assured confidence in the power of grace, as well as with the self-reliance that comes from experience. It remains to be said that any deliberate violation of the pledge, however slight, reduces, *ipso facto*, the "Pioneer" to the ranks; he must serve two years more before he again receives the privileges and assumes the insignia of full membership. And this second trial is granted only at the discretion of the Council of the branch to which he belonged.

A fifth distinctive note of this Association is the great stress laid upon the display of the tokens of membership. Other temperance societies, of course, have the like—the "Blue Ribbon" has become proverbial, and Father Mathew made great

use of the medals and crosses which he distributed. But in the Pioneer Association all members are obliged not merely to wear, but to display, their badge of membership, which is an emblem of the Sacred Heart arranged as a brooch, pin, or pendant. The badge of the Probationers has a red cross in place of the representation of the Sacred Heart. The advantages of this prescription are manifold. Once its meaning is known, the token is a silent sermon on temperance to the passer-by. Then, while reminding members of their obligations, it gives them a sense of solidarity, which is very helpful in an uphill fight. It is quite remarkable how much this badge is in evidence in Ireland, especially in the streets of Dublin. One cannot walk far without noticing the pretty little design on watch-chain, or scarf-pin, or brooch, adorning both sexes and all classes. If the sight of drink and its effects, and the too-abundant means of drink, in the streets of that fair city, depresses one who has the good of his Faith and his country at heart, the sight of these eloquent emblems comes to restore and invigorate.

In other respects as well, the rules of this remarkable organization are the outcome of many years experience and observation on the part of men who have made temperance subjects the study of their lives. The members are divided into groups of thirty-three, corresponding to the number of years of our Lord's life, each group with President, Secretary, and Treasurer, who, with one or two others, form a Council. These groups, again, are linked together in local "centers" and have fixed periodical meetings to determine the admission of candidates, and to discuss methods of promoting temperance, total abstinence, and rational recreation. For, not the least commendable characteristic of the "Pioneers" is their activity in furthering means of amusement which shall not depend on the bottle. The alcoholic public-house, they realize, will be most effectively discouraged by the provision of public-houses where people may meet for social converse and recreation, without being compelled or persuaded to endanger health or morals by imbibing intoxicants.

Another wise rule enjoins the laying aside of the badge, whenever, and as long as, a member is under medical orders to take alcohol. This is necessary to avoid scandalizing other members and to prevent the individual from unduly prolonging

the treatment. The present tendency of medical practice happily points to a time when alcohol will be very rarely used. Clearly, no one is allowed to prescribe for himself in these matters, nor to yield to the suggestions of unqualified friends. Affiliated to the "Pioneers" is another temperance society, the members of which take the pledge for a less period than life and have a separate badge and card of membership. We may mention, finally, that within the last year or so, at the instance of many experienced temperance workers, measures have been taken to admit a certain number of those who have been reclaimed from excessive drinking. These are, of course, subjected to a prolonged and severe test before they are accepted, even as probationers.

Such, in brief outline, is the Total Abstinince Association of the Sacred Heart, which took its rise at a meeting of four persons in St. Francis Xavier's Presbytery, Dublin, on December 28, 1898. These four fervent "Pioneers" have surely no reason to fear "to speak of '98," for, while still some months short of its first decade, the organization they then started numbers ninety thousand tried members, to say nothing of the large fringe of candidates, and upwards of seventy active centers. At each successive annual meeting in Dublin, the movement has received a new impetus, especially since about three years ago, when the Association was enriched with various Indulgences by the Holy Father. Everything that an enlightened prudence, well-read in the lessons of the past, can do to maintain the body in its first fervor and to render its progress independent of the zeal of one or more individuals, has been or is being done.

One exceedingly hopeful feature about the movement is the number of clergy and ecclesiastical students who belong to its ranks. The great College of Maynooth is one of the chief "centers," containing several hundred members. Similarly, in Dublin, the Colleges of Clonliffe and All Hallows, and, throughout the kingdom, many other schools and colleges have entered into the movement with enthusiasm and have become flourishing "centers." It may be said, on a moderate estimate, that one-third of the Irish clergy are already total abstainers. Nothing, it is plain, could contribute more effectually to the reformation of a people, exposed by custom and character and circumstance to the danger of excessive drink-

ing, than that their spiritual pastors should be teetotallers. For total abstinence, for many of their flock, is often the only prudent course, whilst in all cases, whether regarded from a religious, physical, social, or economic standpoint, it is eminently desirable. But who can preach total abstinence effectively save the total abstainer, one who can say to his people: "Come!" instead of "Go!"

This spread of total absinence amongst the young is of the brightest augury for Ireland's future. Upon the rising generation, both clergy and laity, the destiny of the country rests. Here is the seed-plot for the harvest to come. It is much easier to renounce, by anticipation as it were, habits not yet acquired and tastes not yet developed, than to oppose the practices of many years. If one realizes from youth that alcohol is one of the most potent instruments for the moral and physical destruction of man, he will be less inclined ever to indulge in it.

We have described, more or less fully, what the "Pioneers" are: let us cast now a glance at their *raison d'etre*, that we may better appreciate the good work they are doing. The task before them, as before all other temperance workers, is indeed an uphill one. Excess in drinking on the present gigantic scale is a comparatively modern portent, not because human nature has notably deteriorated, but because the facilities for obtaining intoxicating liquors have enormously increased. Still, temperance advocates have to aim at changing the views and practice of many generations. They have to remove from the minds of many, who have little desire, perhaps, to be undeceived, a widespread delusion as to the advantages of alcohol. They have to find other and less harmful expression for ingrained social habits. They have to inculcate restraint in a matter wherein excess is exceptionally easy. They have to change public opinion. Let those who are inclined to think the task hopeless reflect that public opinion is already changing. A century ago public opinion did not attach a social stigma to the sin of drunkenness; now, it is on the side of righteousness. A century ago the duellist was regarded in Ireland as a hero; now he would be known as a murderer. There are people alive still who remember, nay, who have shared, the common opinion in the southern States of North America about the lawfulness and desirability of the

slave trade. How many advocates are there now of that peculiar institution? And so the time may come when the frequent and unnecessary consumption of alcoholic poison, even in small doses, will be recognized as unworthy of a reasonable man, and when the moral and physical advantages of total abstinence from alcohol will be generally seen to outweigh the good derived from its use.

In medical circles the change of view regarding the benefit of alcohol has become very marked. If one is to believe Sir Victor Horsley,* the use of the drug even as a medicine is of the most doubtful advantage; its evil effects more than counterbalance its good, which latter, moreover, may be secured by means that are not harmful. His opinion, set forth in detail and with all scientific sobriety, is amply borne out by the testimony of other physicians of eminence and by the gradual disuse of alcohol in medical practice, as evinced by the expenditure-sheets of the great London hospitals. It is obvious how the knowledge of these facts must help temperance workers, for much of the misuse of alcohol results from ignorance of its real character. On the medical profession and on all educated people generally rests the responsibility of destroying so widespread an error. The need is so urgent, the disease so desperate, that every motive must be used to remedy it. The drink bill of the United Kingdom is £165,000,000 annually! If we add to this almost total waste the gigantic losses, caused in various more indirect ways by excessive drinking, *e. g.*, the cost of maintaining additional accommodation in prisons, reformatories, poorhouses, lunatic asylums, for those who are driven to crime, poverty, and madness by drink—a very large proportion of the whole total—we should reach, perhaps, as much again.

We speak of material loss, because that is the more tangible, but who shall estimate the vast amount of sin and moral misery which that huge expenditure represents, or the injury caused to the physical well-being of the nation, present and future? The annual statistics of the British Registrar General, published a few months ago, show once again what was already well known, that the most dangerous occupation, next to file-making, in the kingdom is that of inn-keepers and inn-servants. The

* See *Alcohol and the Human Body*, by Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Mary Sturge. Macmillan, 1907.

publican's chance of premature death is three times greater than that of the gardener. The fact is recognized by all insurance companies, some of which absolutely refuse to insure those in the drink-trade, whilst those who do, generally add fifty per cent to the premium. The number of deaths due directly to excess in drink has risen threefold in the last fifty years. It is not easy to calculate the total sum, but the late Dr. Norman Kerr put it at 60,000 annually; the mortality to which alcoholism is a contributory cause being of course much greater.

But it is with Ireland that the "Pioneers" are particularly concerned. It is the thought of the terrible ravages of drink in that unhappy land that gives these men much of their inspiration and their force. Here we have a country which, for one reason or another, has rarely, if ever, enjoyed material prosperity, whose trade has been crushed, whose resources have remained undeveloped, whose population, in spite of a prolific birth-rate, has been halved by famine and emigration during the last sixty years. If the nation is not to disappear altogether, clearly its strength should be husbanded in every way. Yet this country spends more than its whole annual rent-roll in drink! This poverty-stricken land raises some fourteen million pounds a year to spend on what is at best a mere luxury; and what is, in effect, a cancer eating away the substance of national life. Half of this immense sum goes in excise duty and half in actual expenditure. If the whole were thrown into Dublin Bay instead, the resulting national loss would be less; for, as we have seen already, the mere waste of money is not the worse side of the picture. We must add the ruin of health and character, the degradation of family life, the interruption of work, the injury to trade, the increased civil burdens, which in all cases follow excessive drinking.

But by itself the gigantic and wholly spontaneous tribute paid to the tyrant, Drink, both by the slaves to excess and the slaves to moderation, would, if turned into productive channels, remove nearly all the economic ills that oppress the land. A tithe of it would build and endow a National University second to none in the world. Elementary education could be much improved, industries developed, emigration checked in its causes, by a twentieth of this huge sum. As long as the waste goes on, the standard both of material and

intellectual development remains permanently injured. That religious ideals have not also suffered is due to the robust faith, which centuries of persecution have nurtured and strengthened. In the recognition of these facts by thousands of patriotic Irish folk to-day, we see one explanation of the success of the "Pioneer" movement. Here we have the true "Sein Feiners." Ireland is poor and crippled in every direction by its poverty, but, in view of the waste caused by unnecessary drinking, how can we deny that this poverty is, in part, self-created and self-imposed? Thirty-three years ago the Hierarchy of Ireland told the nation, in words which have lost none of their truth to day—

"Drunkenness has wrecked more homes, once happy, than ever fell beneath the crowbar in the worst days of eviction; it has filled more graves and made more widows and orphans than did the famine; it has broken more hearts, blighted more hopes, and rent asunder family ties more ruthlessly than the enforced exile to which their misery has condemned emigrants!"

Under these circumstances, one is tempted to gauge the sincerity of an Irishman's patriotism by his attitude towards temperance. He may be an enthusiastic Gaelic Leaguer, may wear his life out in Parliament, may face and conquer the difficulties of the Irish language, may foster in every way Irish industries, may even go clothed "in the garb of old Gael," but if he is indifferent to the spread of temperance, if he does not encourage total abstinence, if he fails to give the example of strict sobriety in his own person, then he is laboring in vain, for he has not touched the essence of the problem of how to regenerate his race. Until the ulcer of intemperance is cured, all other attempts to cure the body corporate will result in worse disaster. If advance in elementary self-control does not precede advance in material prosperity, we shall only increase the nation's drink bill. As we write, the publication of the balance sheet of Messrs. Guinness and Co., the famous Dublin brewers, announcing that they have made a profit of thirty-four millions sterling in twenty-two years, and that their highest annual profit, £2,306,700, was made this very year, comes as a striking commentary on the situation. The one thriving trade in Ireland is that which contributes, more largely than any other cause, to her ruin and degradation! We all know the saying "Ireland sober is Ireland free," but it has even a

deeper and truer meaning than the politician reads into it. It is for this and all its attendant blessings that the "Pioneer Association" is working.

Of all natural motives, this motive of patriotism is perhaps the strongest. A man often does for his country what he will not do for his family, or even for himself. But the "Pioneers," whilst neglecting no motives for self-control, rest as we have seen on the most inspiring and most permanent of all, *viz.*, the motive of religion. For no mere knowledge of evil consequences, more or less remote, has ever been effective in keeping mankind as a mass from harmful self-indulgence, else would the revelation of hell-fire have prevented the believer from sinning. And so, though the spread of knowledge about the harmful nature of alcohol, especially amongst the young, who have still open minds on the subject is to be welcomed, that alone will never make man sober. Medical science is now only formulating what people might have learnt ages ago from the teaching of experience, *viz.*, that alcohol, so far from being a stimulant and a source of strength, is a mere narcotic, harmful to the bodily functions even in small quantities. Fear of social consequences, a prudent self-regard, again, will often prevent open drunkenness, but not the hardly less pernicious custom of constant "nipping." Once more, considerations of health, family, and pocket appeal to the educated, the thrifty, and the refined. But the religious motive is at once the most universal and the most powerful. It is embodied in its purest form in the words of the "Heroic Offering," made by the "Pioneers":

"For Thy greater glory and consolation, O Sacred Heart of Jesu! to give good example, to practise self-denial, to make reparation for sins of intemperance, and for the conversion of excessive drinkers, I will abstain for life from all spirituous drinks. Amen."

He would be a poor Catholic, not to say a short-sighted social reformer, who should find anything to cavil at in the fact or the spirit of such an offering. Yet we have known a man so blind to the temporal and spiritual benefits of total abstinence as to declare publicly: "Let those who wish to put this millstone around their necks, come forward!" And we have known another to try, happily in vain, to persuade a club to introduce the sale of beer into its gatherings!

We will conclude this imperfect sketch of an organization, whose progress all lovers of Ireland should view with sympathetic interest, with some practical counsel tendered to the "Pioneers" by one of their original founders, but equally applicable to all temperance workers:

"Let Total Abstainers not be aggressive in asserting their principles or their practice. Aggressiveness does no good and much harm. Let them not exaggerate Total Abstinence as a passport into heaven, without anything else to recommend or entitle them to eternal reward. Let them not pride themselves on their slender self-denial, as being better than their neighbors who do not offend against temperance. Let them preach more by practice and example than by words. Let them be bright and cheerful in their relations with others at home and abroad. From the savings resulting from their total abstinence let them make competent provision for the future, and let them never forget to help the poor."*

We venture to think that the advice contained here is of incalculable value. Much injury has resulted to the cause of temperance through teetotalers affecting superior virtue and "giving themselves airs." Also from their practically denying to their neighbor his right to use his liberty. Total abstinence is a counsel, not a precept; under existing circumstances, it is emphatically the "better way," but men may reasonably use their freedom not to walk therein. Thus the teetotaller who should pride himself on not being as other men—"even as this Publican"—would only be exchanging one vice for a worse, and lamentably falling short of the spirit of his profession. On the other hand, some of the disrepute which seems to attach to the profession of total abstinence arises from the false idea that it is an *extreme*, and therefore to that extent irrational and unnatural. "Moderate drinking" is regarded as the virtue standing between the two extremes of drunkenness and teetotalism, and as therefore commendable, whereas the vice that stands opposed to drunkenness or abuse by excess is abuse by defect, *i. e.*, such abstention from alcohol as would produce evil effects, either to body or soul. Needless to say no such vice exists.

In England this year, during the present session of Parlia-

* See the useful little penny Temperance Catechism, written by Father James Cullen, S.J., which also contains full information about the "Pioneer Association."

ment, the Liberal Government are endeavoring to remedy the evil of drunkenness by the passage of a bill to reduce the number of public houses; accordingly much is heard on the temperance question at present. Apart from the merits or demerits of this attempt, with which we have here no concern, we may be permitted two remarks in conclusion. The first is that every scheme of temperance reform *must* tend, until prices are readjusted, to injure the interests of the drink trade, for the simple reason that it aims at diminishing the total consumption of drink. Temperance would be very little promoted if the amount consumed was not reduced, if, *i. e.*, both teetotallers and drunkards joined the ranks of "moderate drinkers" What is a "moderate drinker"? It is a very elastic term, made to cover all classes between those who drink only at mealtime, and then not much, and those who, short of actual intoxication, keep their blood in a constant ferment by constant indulgence. The latter class may easily injure health, purse, and soul more completely than the actual, if occasional, drunkard. But once grant that alcohol is not a food but a drug, once realize the immense injury, both to the individual and to the State, caused by its unnecessary consumption, and it becomes clear that drinkers must be abstemious indeed to have a just claim to the epithet.

Our second remark is that it is worse than foolish to discourage Temperance Reform by repeating, as some do, the parrot-cry, started originally, without doubt, by some public-house parrot: "Man cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament." Such a saying flies in the face of all preventive legislation, and would justify the removal of the law against disorderly houses, or the already-existing restrictions on the sale of spirituous liquor. The poet's exclamation: "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done!" shows a truer psychology.

FOUR CELEBRITIES—BROTHERS BY MARRIAGE.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

III.—GEORGE DUDLEY RYDER.

THE subject of this sketch belonged to a family so full of interest, and so intimately associated with the history of England at an eventful period, that a good deal of self-denial on the part of the writer is needed to restrain his narrative within reasonable limits. The family history of the Ryders would by itself supply ample material for a long and interesting article.

George Dudley Ryder, the son of the well-known Protestant Bishop of Gloucester and afterwards of Lichfield, was born on April 11, 1810.

Bishop Ryder was an Evangelical of the best type. There had been at that time a special revival of piety in the Protestant Church in England, headed by Simeon and others at Cambridge. Their distinguishing characteristic was a deep personal love and devotion to our Lord, coupled with strong efforts to imitate the examples of holiness which the Gospels reveal to us, and to give themselves to works of charity for the sake of Christ. There was no attempt to form any theological system. It was simply making the best of the meager, desolate, negative Protestantism into which they had been born. Still that it was in very truth making the best of it, no one can deny, and the result was that those families which thus acted up to the light that they had, produced the most beautiful examples of domestic virtue, and in many instances of heroic self-sacrifice as well, and it is worthy of note that a great many of the converts in the middle of the last century had gained their earliest notions of religion from the sincere, if undogmatic, creed of Evangelicalism.

It was from a father imbued with these religious sentiments, and from a mother equally devout,* that George Ryder received his early training. His health was not strong enough to permit of his being sent like his brothers to a public school, but

* His mother was a sister of Charles March Phillipps, father of Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, afterwards De Lisle.

at the usual age he went to Oxford and entered at Oriel College, where Newman and Hurrell Froude were tutors.

George Ryder had been brought up in the midst of surroundings which were holy and pure, and was thus in every way fit to be influenced by the teaching of Newman and Froude. He naturally became absorbed into the High Church party, and this without any opposition on his father's part. While at Oxford he became intimate with a number of men who afterwards became famous, among them Gladstone, Manning, Sydney Herbert, and the three Wilberforces. What was thought of Gladstone by his fellow-undergraduates is shown by a little incident which is worth recording. Gladstone entered Parliament when he was three and twenty. One day George Ryder, whose father and uncle were in the House of Lords, was walking in one of the corridors with Gladstone. They happened to meet Lord Harrowby, and Ryder stopped to talk to him while Gladstone passed on. "That is Gladstone," said Ryder, pointing to the disappearing figure. "We all say that he will one day be Prime Minister." This seems to have been Manning's opinion also, and Gladstone, on hearing it from his lips, replied: "If I am Prime Minister, I will appoint you to Canterbury."

Bishop Ryder numbered among his intimate friends the leaders of the Evangelical School, and this naturally brought him into frequent contact with William Wilberforce, the eminent philanthropist. Hence it came about that George Ryder, who had made the acquaintance of Henry Wilberforce at Oriel, paid more than one visit to old Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce. It was in their house that he met Mrs. Samuel Wilberforce, the eldest of the four Sargent sisters, and later on he met the youngest sister, Sophia, his future wife. It was not long before a strong attachment sprang up between them, and old Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce soon saw how matters stood and sincerely rejoiced at it. However, the consent of Sophia's parents had still to be asked, and this was delayed by the illness and death of her father, the Rev. John Sargent. When the sad news reached George Ryder, his loving sympathy with the bereaved family drew him irresistibly to the spot. He walked over the Sussex Downs and entered the beautiful wood or "hanger," overlooking the house and grounds. The little parish church, with the small graveyard, where all the members of the family have been buried, is actually in the garden attached to the Squire's house.

George Ryder was thus an unknown spectator of the funeral. His delicacy of feeling forbade his intruding upon so great a sorrow, while he felt that he was showing the highest act of respect in his power to one whom he had hoped so soon to look upon as his father-in-law. It was in the following year, 1834, that this hope was fulfilled, and Sophia Sargent became his wife.

Ryder, while still a youth at Oxford, had felt himself called by God to the life of a clergyman. In his eyes it was emphatically, not a career but a vocation, and it greatly shocked him to hear young men speak of adopting the clerical life simply as the choice of a profession, just as they might speak of entering the army or navy. His father, being a bishop, naturally had several livings in his gift, and he gave his son the choice among three. George and his young wife visited each in turn, and, as money at that time was not an object with him, he chose, not the one with the largest income, but the most beautiful—namely Hanbury, in Staffordshire. This he exchanged some three years later for Easton, near Winchester. The church here is very ancient, and the baptismal font is that which was used in Catholic times. The church still retains its old dedication and is known as "St. Mary's." At Easton he remained until he became a Catholic, and here were born four out of his seven children.

None who had known Ryder in his younger days were surprised at the whole-hearted devotion and energy with which he carried on his duties as a parish clergyman. His great object was to instill real piety into his parishioners. He began to have daily service in the church; he repaired, and otherwise decorated, the building, and as his own mind advanced, unconsciously to himself, towards the Catholic Church, he gradually introduced Catholic practices, and he came at last to have daily prayers for the union of the Roman and Anglican Churches. From the Protestant Prayer Book he gathered not merely the lawfulness of confession, but its necessity, and one day he made an expedition to the parish adjoining Easton, where Keble was vicar, and begged him to hear his confession. Keble had not advanced so far in those early days, and it was with great reluctance that he yielded to Ryder's request. The Vigils and Fasts of the Church too were most rigidly kept by the fervent Anglicans. Many of them ate nothing till sunset.

A very remarkable instance of Ryder's intense earnestness in the service of God may be mentioned here.

He had had a serious illness, and though his health gradually returned, he found that the languor and weakness of his malady had made early rising extremely difficult to him. For some days he yielded, and this made him fear that the habit of laziness was growing upon him. He thought over it very seriously. It occurred to him that such a habit, had he been a workingman, would have meant loss of money and perhaps the means of livelihood. He resolved to trample upon it once and for all. He determined that every time he remained in bed after seven o'clock he would throw half-a-guinea into a deep stream. It had at first occurred to him to give that sum to the poor, but such a resolve would have been inefficient, because he would be sure to comfort himself while lying in bed with the thought that some one would profit by his sloth. One morning he again remained in bed beyond seven o'clock. That day half-a-guinea was thrown into the stream, and so heartily was he ashamed of himself for having indulged in this expensive luxury that he never had reason to repeat it. In a very short time early rising became a second nature with him. One of his daughters, now a nun, writes: "He told me this to encourage me when I was at one time inclined not to get up for early Mass, though I was not ill, *only lazy*, with the ever ready excuse of *not strong*. It helped me then, and ever since."

It may be well here to mention an incident which, though of a delicate nature, is so extremely characteristic of George Ryder that I am loath to omit it. When he was well-advanced in years he was speaking to one of his sons, a priest, about a young man in whom he was much interested. He feared that this young man was being led astray by bad companions and he asked his son to try to save him. "You may tell him if you like," added George Ryder with much earnestness, "that when I was a young man, I was once severely tempted during the night against the Holy Virtue, but by God's grace I rose and flung myself on my knees on the floor, and begged God rather to cast me headlong into hell than allow me to give way to the temptation, and so I overcame it." One is reminded of what is related in the lives of St. Benedict and other saints when similarly tempted, and the violent remedies they used to gain the victory.

A curious incident occurred during George Ryder's incumbency of Easton. It happened that a poor woman came to the village. She was nominally a Catholic, but her character was bad and few would have anything to do with her. Mrs. Ryder, hearing that she was in great poverty, used to send her food. The poor thing, in hopes of getting more substantial assistance, affected to be converted to Protestantism, and sent word to that effect to the rectory. Mr. Ryder realized at once that she was merely trying to get further help, and he called at her cottage and told her his opinion. She however persisted, and to test her resolution, the rector said: "If you are sincere you must prepare for confession, for I shall not receive you without it." Her disgust and astonishment were great. "Sure, your honor," she said, "I have nothing to confess unless it be that I took a few broken victuals when I was a lass in service." But the rector stuck to his point and told her she had better examine her conscience. A few days later she was seized with illness and implored to see a real priest. The rector gladly sent for one and the poor woman made a good death.

George Ryder had been rector of Easton for about nine years when his wife's health made it advisable that she should go abroad for a couple of years. He invited his youngest sister, Sophy, to accompany them, and he left England in the autumn of 1845. Of the children, the three eldest went with their parents, while the two youngest, boys of three years and one year respectively, were left under the care of their aunt, Mrs. Henry Wilberforce, at East Farleigh. At this time, no doubt had ever crossed George Ryder's mind as to the Anglican Church being a part of the Church of God, and to turn the period of his absence to good account, he purposed to write a book to prove what to him was an undoubted truth. He had already been for some time in the habit of jotting down notes of everything that he came across in books or in practice that could strengthen or prove this contention. His leisure time abroad would, he thought, enable him to expand these notes into a book.

The travelers stayed for a few days in Paris. Here they were introduced to a French priest, who took a good deal of notice of the children and then fell into conversation with the parents. He was very kind and genial, and the Ryders hoped that they would see more of him. This, however, was their first

and last meeting. At parting from him George Ryder, according to his custom when saying good-bye to a priest or religious, said: "Pray for me and mine." The priest held Ryder's hand tightly in his, and said with great earnestness: "Yes, I will pray for you; and to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock, I will offer Mass for you."

It had been a busy day, and the whole party were very tired. Orders were given that they were to be called at eight o'clock instead of at seven, which was the usual time. George Ryder, however, woke of himself, and to his unspeakable surprise, found that his mind was full of arguments on the *Catholic* side. So strong and so clear were they that for the first time in his life a doubt as to the truth of the Protestant church came to him. He felt that, as an honest man, he was bound to make a note of these, just as he had long been accustomed to write down the arguments on the Protestant side. He, therefore, reached out for his notebook and pencil which, with his watch, he had placed on a little table near his bed. It was 7:15, and the thought came to him: "It is the exact time that that holy priest promised to offer Mass for me. This may be the effect of his prayers." He met this—his first doubt—by earnest prayers that God would guide him and enable him to do His Holy Will in all things.

In the hotel where the Ryders were then staying was Archdeacon Manning and his great friend Mr. Dodsworth.* Both were at this time very High Churchmen, eager to assist at every grand service they could, and to pick up everything they met with in the way of Catholic devotion.†

When George Ryder and his party were starting in the old-fashioned carriage which was to take them by short stages to Nice, Archdeacon Manning came to wish them good-bye. As he did so he slipped a small book into Sophy Ryder's hand. She put it into her pocket until she could examine it at leisure. She found later that it was a little book on devotion to our Blessed Lady, with prayers and hymns in her honor. She had been longing to pray to our Lady, but had not dared to

* His son Cyril became a Redemptorist, and one of his daughters entered the Good Shepherd Order, and died as Prioress of Colombo, Ceylon.

† In 1865, just after Manning's consecration as Archbishop of Westminster, he and George Ryder once more met in Paris. It was just twenty years since they had bid each other farewell when the family were on their way to Rome. They reminded each other of this. By God's goodness Manning was a Catholic priest and archbishop, Ryder a Catholic, his eldest son ordained, two other sons preparing to be priests, a daughter on the eve of becoming a nun, and his sister a religious of the Good Shepherd.

do so for fear it might be wrong. Now that Archdeacon Manning had given her this book, she felt that she need hesitate no longer. He must surely have meant her to use it, and use it she did from that day, invoking our Blessed Lady more and more fervently.

At Lyons Mrs. Ryder and her sister-in-law each bought a rosary, the first they ever possessed, and the little book told them how to use it. It was October when the travelers reached Naples. They found many friends already there. While they were still enjoying the sights of that lovely city they were shocked and grieved to learn that John Henry Newman had been received into the Catholic Church, or, as they then expressed it, had "gone over to Rome."

Christmas found them still at Naples and George Ryder and his sister attended Midnight Mass in the Cathedral. The sanctity and beauty of it made a very deep impression on them. On leaving the church Ryder said to his sister: "Now this is something really worthy to be called an act of adoration." This Mass was talked of for a long time afterwards and the brother and sister seemed to realize how it was that in old days Catholics in England had valued Mass, and how they had allowed no difficulties, however great, to prevent their hearing it.

In February, 1846, the party reached Rome. Here they met their old friends, Charles Monsell and his wife. Charles was the younger brother of William Monsell, a distinguished convert who adopted a political career and eventually became Lord Emly. It would seem that many hopes were entertained in Rome that Charles Monsell and his wife would become Catholics, and some thought them more likely to do so than the Ryders, especially as their reception would not have entailed the pecuniary sacrifices which George Ryder had to make. Unhappily the Monsells remained Protestants to the end. Charles died a few years later crying out for a priest, but in vain. His widow became the foundress of the Protestant Convent at Clewer, near Windsor, under the direction of Mr. Carter. She kept up an affectionate correspondence with Sophy Ryder when the latter had become a Good Shepherd nun. She was most anxious to obtain from her all possible information about the religious life, how to manage penitents, and the like. "We are all one," she would say, "you are Roman Catholics, we are English Catholics, but it is just the same." Sophy Ryder told her, kindly but with firmness, that

the whole secret of managing the penitents lay in the power of the Sacraments, and that these could be found only in the one true Church, the Church of Rome.

One great help to George Ryder in the process of his conversion was the testimony of the Catacombs. Here he saw clearly, unearthed before his eyes, the proofs of what Christians in the primitive times believed and practised; and the more he saw the more clearly he realized that these beliefs and these practices agreed with the Church of Rome, not with the Church of England. From the day of their arrival in the Eternal City the brother and sister found their doubts as to the truth of Anglicanism growing stronger and stronger. In a lesser degree this was the case with Mrs. Ryder also, but her health often prevented her joining in the expeditions and visits made by her husband and his sister. They frequently spoke of the wonderful sights they had seen; of the Early Church, of the martyrs; of the old frescoes in the Catacombs, and the light these frescoes shed upon devotion to our Lady and the saints, showing that it had been practised from the very beginning instead of being an innovation of the last few centuries.

Often as they spoke of these things, neither of them ever ventured at this time to refer to the possibility of their becoming Catholics. Only in prayer to God could a word be breathed about a step involving such terrible consequences.

Sophy Ryder was in the habit of hearing an early Mass at San Andrea, the church of the Jesuit novitiate. It was close to where the family were lodging, and it had the further attractions of cleanliness and quiet. One morning a lady came up to her and very kindly asked if she would like to hear Mass in the room in which St. Stanislaus died. With mingled fear and pleasure she agreed and followed the lady to the Oratory. The beautiful altar was prepared and Mass was just going to begin. Everything in the chapel was devotional and impressive; there was an atmosphere of sanctity about it which awed her, and as she gazed with reverence at the life-sized figure of the young saint on his marble bed, she felt that a heretic and a sinner such as she had no right to be in so holy a place. But she was destined very soon to feel even greater confusion. The lady who had led her to the chapel came up and reminded her by pointing to the altar that it was time to go up to receive Holy Communion. Of course Miss Ryder could not do this, and the mistake made her feel more of an intruder than

ever. She slipped out of the chapel as quickly as she could and went home.

It was some time in Lent that the Ryders made the acquaintance of one of the nuns in the Sacred Heart Convent of La Trinitá de Monte. The acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. A retreat for ladies was to be given in the convent about this time by a Jesuit Father, a brother of Madame B——, their nun friend, and it occurred to Miss Ryder to ask permission to join it. Leave was given, and Miss Ryder and another High Church lady, a friend of hers, went into retreat, resolving to attend all the exercises. An experience such as this could have but one effect upon a soul already so strongly attracted towards the Church. Sophy Ryder had indeed, before beginning the retreat, promised her brother that she would neither make her confession or take any other definite step without first telling him. But it must have been quite clear to the Jesuit who gave the retreat and to the nuns, that the conversion of this lady was only a matter of time. As she sat in the pleasant room assigned to her, musing over the words of the last meditation and revolving in her mind the arguments of the controversy between England and Rome, the physical beauty of Rome was before her eyes. From her window she could see the illustrious city spread out in all its majesty before her, while in the distance, against the deep blue of the Italian sky, the dome of St. Peter's was outlined. Madame B——'s frequent visits to her room helped to fix in her mind the truth and beauty of the one true Church which this material view symbolized. At the close of the retreat the truths of religion had taken a new hold upon her mind. True to her promise she had taken no step, but to remain for any length of time in her present state of mind was impossible. She happened to know an English-speaking Jesuit, and to him she went for advice. He received her with great kindness, assured her that she was on the right path, and begged her to persevere in prayer, assuring her, if she did so, that God would guide her. He ended by promising her a daily memento in his Mass.

On the Feast of the Annunciation the thirty ladies who had taken part in the retreat were invited to the altar rails after Mass to kiss the relic of the True Cross. Miss Ryder joined them only after an assurance by one of the nuns that she might lawfully do so.

The Ryders, during this critical time of their history, were

greatly helped by the prayers of a saintly nun who was then living in the Sacred Heart Convent—Mère Macrina. She belonged to the order of St. Basil and had been Superior of a convent in Poland which had been cruelly persecuted by the Russians. She herself had undergone imprisonment and barbarous treatment, and her escape from her persecutors was nothing short of miraculous.* This holy nun took a lively interest in the conversion of the Ryders, who felt afterwards that they had owed a great deal to her prayers. The evident leaning of the family towards the Church had caused much alarm among their Protestant friends in Rome, who tried hard to restrain them from taking what they called "the fatal step"; and even after their return to England, immediately after Easter, they sent books and papers to the Ryders to "counterbalance the influence of Rome."

This seems a fitting place to mention a curious experience which befell the husband, wife, and sister during their sojourn in Naples. They were being shown over an asylum near that city, when one of the unfortunate inmates, a woman, addressed Mrs. Ryder. She pointed upwards, and said: "Il cœlo"; then looking at Sophy Ryder, she pronounced the words: "La Madalena"; and to George Ryder she said: "Molto denáro." Within a very short time Mrs. Ryder died the death of a saint and Miss Ryder became a nun of the Good Shepherd. Mr. Ryder interpreted the soothsayer's words to himself to mean that he was to *sacrifice* much money; but in later years he came into such large sums, owing to various legacies from relations, that the prophecy, if such it was, may be said to have been fulfilled in this way. However this may be, the words addressed to the two ladies were perfectly appropriate to what afterwards occurred.

George Ryder's devotion to our Lady made it not surprising that on the very first day of the month dedicated to her honor he should receive a very signal and striking grace. It was the first Friday in May. The family were still in Rome. In the night George Ryder became very ill and it was feared that he had caught the Roman fever. As he lay sleepless through the watches of the night, he thought seriously of his position. "What should I do," he asked himself, "if I knew that I was about to die?" His conscience made answer clear and distinct: "I should send for a priest and ask him to re-

* For an account of her sufferings the reader is referred to *The Nuns of Minsk.*

ceive me into the Church of Rome." He felt quite convinced now that nothing was keeping him from taking this momentous step except the fear of the temporal consequences to his dear ones which such an act would involve, and then he fell to prayer—earnest and repeated—that he might have the necessary strength and courage. When morning came his mind was made up. He met his sister as she returned from Mass at San Andrea. "Well," he said abruptly, "are you ready to enter the Church of Rome, the Holy Catholic Church?" She was overjoyed at her brother's words, for she had been wondering how she could break to him the news that she longed to be a Catholic. "Yes, to-day if you like," she replied eagerly. He then told her what had happened during the night, adding that, with God's help, he meant to take the great step in spite of all consequences, as he felt it would be wrong to put it off any longer. George Ryder then explained his position to his wife. He told her that he was convinced that the Church of Rome was the one true Church founded by Christ and that his individual salvation depended upon his submitting to her. He asked his wife whether she was prepared to follow his example. Mrs. Ryder replied that her reason was not fully convinced, and that if she were then received she would be acting more from love of her husband and out of deference to his judgment than from her own conviction. On her own responsibility, she said, she could not become a Catholic, and if she did so it would be because she trusted to his guidance. Then again the thought of her children was a grievous trouble to her. How, if she were to become a Catholic, could she unsay what she had always taught them?

As if to relieve her of this great difficulty a curious and consoling incident took place on the evening of the very next day—May 2. Mrs. Ryder had gone as usual to visit the two boys after they had gone to bed. She found the elder crying bitterly. She urged him to tell her his trouble. Laying his head upon her shoulder, he sobbed: "Oh, mamma, I am so miserable, so very miserable. I wish we had confession in our church as the Catholics have. I could be happy then." Surely this was our Lord's kind way of removing one of her difficulties. She told her son that his father had decided to become a Catholic and that he therefore would soon be able to go to confession. She kissed him and bade him go to sleep in peace, which he did. The next morning he and his

younger brother talked the matter over and expressed the greatest delight at being able now to pray to our Lady and the saints. It was a peculiar consolation to their mother to find that they took so readily to those very doctrines which had been a difficulty to her. At this time, however, she did not feel that it was God's will that she should become a Catholic. On that memorable morning, as soon as breakfast was over, George Ryder and his sister went to the Scotch College to consult Dr. Grant. He listened to what his visitors had to say about themselves, and particularly about the state of doubt in which Mrs. Ryder still was. He promised to visit her. On his doing so he decided that, though her knowledge was wide enough, God had not yet given her the light of faith, and that she did well therefore in not being received. He urged her to persevere in prayer. The brother and sister then went to the Abbate Hamilton, a great friend who had been most anxious for their conversion. They found Mr. Charles Weld with him, and they two at once offered to do all in their power to assist the would-be converts. They advised them to choose some priest to whom they could make their confessions, and they eventually chose Father Grassi, S.J., of the Gesù. They therefore called upon him and he arranged to meet them in the chapel of the Scotch College, as that was near their home.

At this great crisis in their lives, when they were on the brink of an unknown precipice of trial and temporal loss, the thought of the many prayers offered for them by numerous priests and religious was a great comfort to them. They were supported too by the knowledge that they were in Rome, the city of martyrs and saints, who had given up all for God, the center of the Christian world where rest the bodies of the glorious Apostles. George Ryder indeed feared not for himself, but it was nothing short of anguish for him to think what might be in store for his delicate wife and their young children. It was not only poverty which faced him. This, indeed, was a necessary consequence of resigning his preferment in the Anglican Church. His marriage settlement was comparatively slender and he had naturally depended upon the benefice which had been given to him, and upon others which his family influence would bring in the future. Hard indeed to bear was the prospect of poverty when he thought of his wife and children. But it was not the hardest part of his trial. What gave him still greater anguish was to remember the intense grief

and cruel misunderstandings which his own and his sister's reception would cause to his own mother, to his brothers and sisters, and also to his wife's mother, old Mrs. Sargent (to whom he himself was intensely devoted), and to the rest of his wife's family. He had come to be looked up to, since the death of his father, as though he had been the eldest born. Had he renounced Christianity and dragged all his family and his younger sister into rank infidelity or paganism, the disgrace, the shame, and the grief of all his friends could scarcely have been greater.

But there was a further difficulty which his conversion brought to him. A short time before he went abroad, at a time when he looked upon himself as certain to remain a clergyman all his life, he had rebuilt his parish schools, and for this purpose he had applied to his old uncle, the Earl of Harrowby, who had always been kind to him. At his request, the old earl had lent him £1,000. He thought at the time that this loan would cause him no difficulty. But in his altered circumstances it became a heavy burden to him. It was a debt of honor, and it seemed something like a dishonorable act to take a step which made it impossible for him to pay it.*

But the call of God was clear, and no considerations of a temporal nature could justify him in hesitating. No doubt the many prayers that were being offered for them gained them great and special blessings. The eldest boy, Harry, destined later to become a distinguished Oratorian and one of the most eminent champions of Catholic truth in England, was even then gifted with a clearness of intellect unusual in a child of his tender age. Though only nine years old, he used to listen carefully to the conversations carried on between his father and his Catholic friends, and he told his mother that to him "the Catholics almost seemed to be in the right, only, of course, papa knows best." His mother's teaching to him and his younger brother Lisle, about our Blessed Lady, the saints and angels, sorrow for sin and prayer for forgiveness, made him long to be a Catholic, though she was unconscious of the effect she was producing; nor, as we have seen, was she herself convinced at that time of the truth of the Catholic Church.

In God's good time, however, and much sooner than her husband had dared to hope, the light of faith came to her soul.

On Sunday, May 3, the feast of the Finding of the Cross,

* In later times Lord Harrowby generously changed the loan into a gift.

she accompanied her husband and sister-in-law to the great church of Santa Croce to receive the blessing which is given on that day with the relic of the True Cross. Mrs. Ryder, when she entered the church, was in the state in which she had all along been. She knew that her husband was casting aside his career, and all his earthly prospects, for what he believed to be God's one true Church. In her soul there was no such faith. But at the moment when the priest held aloft the sacred relic, to bestow the blessing, Mrs. Ryder looked up, and it seemed to her at that instant as if a bright light came from it which penetrated to the very depths of her soul. She bowed down her head and all she could say was: "I believe, I believe." All doubt and hesitation had left her. In an instant her soul was filled with strong, calm faith, and with courage to meet any trial which God should will to send her.

When she left Santa Croce, she told her husband and her sister-in law that she was ready to join them and be received with them into the Catholic Church. On the following day they all three made their confession to Father Grassi, S.J., in the chapel of the Scotch College, and on the day after they drove to the house of Cardinal Acton, who had promised to receive them. After a short instruction they made their profession of faith, and the cardinal administered conditional Baptism. Thus was accomplished the great step which was to have such momentous results for this world and the world to come.

Leaving the cardinal's palace they walked home along what has been called "The Martyr's Way," because of the countless martyrs who have been led along it to torments and death.

They could now feel that they were truly members of the Church to which those glorious martyrs belonged and for which they died; they felt too that they could count on having the same graces that had enabled those champions of Christ to persevere in spite of weary years of trial, and sharp, cruel sufferings.

Before the end of that week the new converts had made their First Communion and received Confirmation,* and as the weather was then beginning to be very hot, they left Rome

* They were confirmed by Cardinal Franconi, Prefect of Propaganda, in his private Oratory. When they arrived, they found Lord and Lady Shrewsbury and Lady Acton waiting to act as god-parents to them. The Cardinal was exceedingly kind, and after the ceremony he presented to each of the ladies a beautiful rosary mounted in gold.

and settled for the summer at Frascati. Here they were to taste the first of the trials consequent upon their conversion. Two of George Ryder's brothers, Thomas and Alfred, arrived from England early in June, bringing an order from their mother for the return of the party without delay, or at least of their sister, Sophy Ryder. They described the distress and indignation of their mother and the whole family as intense. Every possible argument was used to shake their constancy, but they had found Truth and could not return to error. No one can tell the pain it was to all three to be obliged to cause such suffering to those whom they loved so dearly. Mrs. Ryder's mother, Mrs. Sargent, was broken-hearted at the news, and all relations on both sides looked upon it as a terrible sin, and a great disgrace, to leave the "Church of their Baptism," as it was called; George Ryder was reminded of all he might look forward to from a worldly point of view, which ought to influence him for his children's sake if not for his own. He was reminded, too, that the Church of England was an indulgent mother, who allows her children to hold any opinion they choose provided that they do not "go over to Rome."

To all this George Ryder had but one answer: "The Church of Rome is the one true Church and I can save my soul in no other." He was made to understand how entirely they would be cut off from the rest of the family, and he was bid to consider the delicacy of his wife, as well as the interests of the children. But all this was beside the question. He had counted the cost and, as he said afterwards, had made the sacrifice of everything into God's hands, believing that he was doing God's will. In return he received the grace of an unshaken confidence that God would always give him what was necessary for the good of his family even though he might have much to suffer. This holy confidence remained with him as his great support through his life, and never was he disappointed.

There were occasions when he undertook things for his children, believing before God that they were for their greater good, even when he did not actually possess the money necessary for completing the plan. He was often blamed for this, but his confidence never wavered, and never did the required money fail to come to him, and often in ways the most unexpected, though sometimes it was delayed long enough to occasion him a great deal of suffering. The actual humiliations and

privations of poverty he looked upon as beneficial, not hurtful. If, however, there was a question of the education of his children, care of their health, matter of vocation, and the like, he trusted to his Heavenly Father to provide what was necessary, and he was never disappointed.

Before leaving Rome the family were granted several audiences with Pius IX., who was then beginning his illustrious pontificate. On one of these occasions the Holy Father singled out George Ryder's eldest son by laying his hand upon the child's head and telling him that he would one day be a priest. This came to pass. He became a member of the Birmingham Oratory and succeeded Cardinal Newman as Superior of that community. On his return to England, George Ryder was offered by his cousin, Ambrose de Lisle Phillipps, a small house, beautifully situated with several acres of ground, about a mile from his own house, Grace Dieu. This new home, "the Warren," as it was called, must have been most acceptable to the Ryders after the harassing though happy time through which they had passed, and it was a house to which the children looked back in after years as a peaceful and blessed home. But, like so many glad and happy things in this world, it became overshadowed by a great sorrow. In becoming a Catholic, George Ryder had offered himself to God with a willingness to endure any cross which He might lay upon him. In March, 1850, a grief, sudden and overwhelming, fell upon him. His wife had never been strong, but no one suspected that her life was in any danger. On March 20 she went, according to her frequent custom, to visit a sick person in the neighboring village, taking with her her youngest son, then only five years old, now a priest of the Redemptorist Congregation. She returned somewhat fatigued and went to her room to rest. On the following morning she suddenly breathed her last. It is said that her husband, finding that his beloved wife, the mother of his children, had really left him, fell prostrate on his face on the floor. Like one who bows before the scourger, he lay under the afflicting hand of God; but not then or ever afterwards did he once murmur at the heaviness of the blow.

A very remarkable event connected with Mrs. Ryder, and one which throws a bright light upon her saintly character, ought to be mentioned here. In December, 1849, she wrote to her sister, Mrs. Henry Wilberforce, in these terms: "I do not

know how long you and Henry mean to remain in the Egyptian darkness of Protestantism, but I do know that I should be willing to die, leaving my husband and children, and undergo all the purgatory that may be due to me, if by so doing I could bring you all into God's true Church."

These words were written in December. In March the writer died. In the following June her sister was a Catholic. In the following September Henry Wilberforce and the rest of his family were received.

It is scarcely open to doubt that Sophia Ryder had offered her life for the salvation of these souls, and that God had accepted that great sacrifice.

Many years later George Ryder suffered another acute sorrow in the death of his youngest daughter, Beatrice, who had married Richard Hurrell Froude, and had gone with him to India. This was in 1877, and it is probable that the unexpected blow shortened his life, though he received it, as he received all his sorrows, with the most exemplary resignation.

He made a point all through his Catholic life of doing everything in his power to advance the interests of the Church. When every member of his large family was settled in his or her vocation, he felt that he could serve God better by becoming a priest. He spoke of this to his confessor, who very prudently suspended his judgment and begged his penitent to take other advice. He consulted Father George Porter, S.J., (afterwards Archbishop of Bombay) and Cardinal Manning, who both approved of the idea. His own children, on the other hand, though they would have rejoiced much at seeing their father a priest, never believed that it was the will of God that he should be ordained; and in the end his confessor, Canon Rymer, decided that God had not called him to change his state of life.

Throughout his Catholic life he devoted himself much to the service of the poor, making generous donations to charities at a time when his own income was comparatively slender. Wherever he lived he enrolled himself as a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and delighted in visiting poor families in their homes. Many a poor, squalid cottage and many an overburdened heart have been brightened and solaced by the sight of that sweet countenanec and by the kind, tender sympathy that George Ryder knew so well how to express.

It would be very difficult to convey in words to those who never saw him the nobility and beauty of his face, his naturally refined and well-chiselled features, and his expression, which was made still more attractive and lovable by his extreme goodness and the action of divine grace.

He was, besides, a *raconteur* of quite unusual excellence, and his well-stored mind, his power of graphic description, and his keen sense of humor made him everywhere a very popular guest.

During his residence at Brighton he served as a member of the first School Board, being the only Catholic elected. Owing to changes which took place on the Board, the Church of England party and the Dissenters became very evenly balanced, so that for some time George Ryder possessed practically the casting vote on any question upon which the other parties were divided, and he was able to exert considerable influence and to safeguard Catholic interests in a very efficient way.

In this, as in all his undertakings, he devoted himself heart and soul to the service of the Church and the salvation of souls.

About this time he published a pamphlet, the first part of which contained a very clear and effective statement of the claims of the Catholic Church to be the one true Church of Jesus Christ. It also exposed the nullity, or at the very best the extreme doubtfulness, of Anglican Orders.* The occasion of his writing this pamphlet was a peculiarly painful one. While visiting a poor family at Brighton, he discovered that a parson, believing in the validity of his Orders, had prevented a poor Catholic from having the attendance of a priest. The pamphlet was so clear and telling that it brought one person at least into the Catholic Church.

In 1879, a few months after his daughter's death, George Ryder became sensible of a serious failing of health, and in May, 1880, he took to his bed, from which he never rose. Every sick bed has a character and a feature which can be crystalized into a motto. In George Ryder's case this was: "Do not pray that I may recover, but that I may die a good death." That was the great longing of his heart. He often said that he felt his work was finished, and that he had noth-

*This was of course many years before Leo XIII.'s decision pronouncing Anglican Orders to be "absolutely null and utterly void," but the pamphlet is even now of considerable interest and value.

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MORRISANIA BRANCH

ing left to live for. This work had been the training of his children. At the time of their mother's death they were quite young and the responsibilities of their education had devolved entirely upon him. It was a joy to him as he lay on his bed of death to feel that as good Catholics all in their sphere were working for God. Of his four sons, three were priests. Of his three daughters, the eldest was happily married, the second was a Good Shepherd nun, while, as we have already said, the youngest had died in India. All his living children were with him in his illness, except the nun. He loved her dearly, but he resigned himself to her absence, knowing that it was more pleasing to God than if she had been present. One great consolation was the tenderness with which he was nursed and cared for by his son—an official in the Treasury, who afterwards held the important post of Chairman of the Board of Customs, and later received knighthood. He had made his home with his father for the last few years and was a bright example of a devoted and loving son.

During this last illness the sick man was consoled by a visit of several hours from the venerable Cardinal Newman, who was then in his eightieth year. George Ryder had throughout made resignation to the will of God the ruling principle of his life, and on the death of his wife he had composed an Act of Submission which was afterwards printed on his mortuary card and on that of his youngest daughter. It was indulgenced by Cardinal Manning. The last and crowning trial of his life came to him in the form of a long and protracted agony which lasted no less than seven days. A priest of many years' experience on the mission declared that he had never witnessed a longer or more painful agony. While it lasted one of the Carmelite Fathers was constantly by the sick bed, giving all possible consolation to the dying man, and when unconsciousness came, the three priest sons took turns to be by his side. One of these, now a Redemptorist, writes: "I could not help thinking of the words: 'They that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with its vices and concupiscences.' He was going through his crucifixion like his Divine Master, and he was going to his reward. He had risked and sacrificed all for God, and now he was dying in peace and perfect resignation. . . . It was the afternoon of Saturday, June 19, 1880. I suddenly noticed a change in the breathing." The rest of the

family were immediately summoned. Father Cyril Ryder, having faculties for the diocese, gave the customary absolutions, while the others knelt at the bed praying.

On the Wednesday following his holy death, a High Mass of Requiem was sung in the neighboring Carmelite church, his eldest and youngest sons acting respectively as celebrant and deacon. On the following morning the coffin was conveyed by train to Loughborough and thence to the Cistercian monastery of Mount St. Bernard. This house had been founded by Mr. de Lisle, and as it lay close to "the Warren," where Ryder had spent the first eleven years of his Catholic life, he greatly desired to be buried there. Mrs. Ryder had at her death been laid in the crypt of Grace Dieu chapel. At the very natural wish of her children her body was moved to the churchyard of the monastery and buried in the same grave as her husband.

It was a favorite practice of St. Alphonsus, and indeed of other saints, to go in reality or in spirit into a cemetery where some who had held high positions and dignities were buried. He would try to realize what they now thought of all their riches or honors or success. He would think how death equalizes all, and that if one could take the poor skeletons and lay them side by side, one could not tell who had been rich and who poor; who master and who servant. It made him realize the utter hollowness and vanity of the world and the things it values, and it made him long to perform good works which alone will be the treasures of our souls when this life is over.

This short sketch is in some sort like a visit to such a cemetery. The chief actors are dead, and the few that survive will soon follow them. No one who really believes in the Eternal World can doubt that the sacrifices and sufferings which George Ryder endured are infinitely more precious to him *now* than all the honors and dignities which might have been his had he not been faithful to Divine Grace. For him the sorrows of life are over, and "the former things have passed away."

WEST-COUNTRY IDYLLS.

BY H. E. P.

IX.

THE OLD FORGE.

"THAT be the old farge, Father, an' over there's whur the wheel wur."

The place looked as unlike a blacksmith's forge as anything well could. I had sought, without success, for this curious spot on many occasions, and I should not have found it now, but for the help of an old lady of my flock who acted as my guide.

The farge, as she called it, looked like a disused stone quarry. It was circular in shape and some fifty feet across—its depth perhaps about twenty.

"Over there's whur the wheel wur, and the water come down here and went in that there slocker-hole * in the bottom. When there was floods old Jerry wur very near drownded."

Some broken stone steps, steep and slippery, led me to the bottom. The walls were formed of the natural rock, and where this failed, the gap was made good with masonry. On one side a solidly built stone trough formed the bed in which a water wheel once worked. The water from the stream was brought in a wooden pipe, which shot its contents on the top of the wheel and caused it to revolve. Here was the motive power of the establishment. The great wooden axle on which it revolved stood out beyond the wheel some two or three feet. It contained five great iron spikes which projected from it like the spokes of a cart wheel. As the great water wheel revolved these spikes revolved with it, and they caught and pressed down an oaken beam, whose shank was shaved to a slant for the purpose. As soon as a pin had pressed the shank down as low as it would go, it slipt off, and the other end of the beam fell with a terrific thud. At this end was the great, ironbound hammer head. No sooner was the hammer down, than its han-

* *Slocker-hole*, a fault in the rocks.

dle was caught by the next of the revolving pins, which pressed it down as before. Then the pin slipt off again, and a second thundering blow on the anvil was the result. With the help of a number of mysterious rods and cranks, the bellows themselves were blown by power obtained from the wheel. When the whole of the machinery was at work, the noise caused by the great blows, and the clanking and rattling of the loosely-working bellows rods, was deafening. The wheel creaked and groaned under its load, and not being hung any too scientifically, added to the din. The pace of the hammer blows was regulated by the water supply up above. This was turned on and off by pulling or pushing a stick, which moved the last foot of the wooden pipe and caused the water to fall either over the wheel, or to shoot clear of it. The system was primitive and splashy. Rough elm planks partly shut in the wheel and made it keep some of the superfluous water to itself, but the whole forge ran with moisture and the place was damp and humid. Three parts of the circular pit was roofed over, and above the fire was a hole through which the smoke was supposed to escape into the air.

It is silent enough now in the old forge. The roof has gone altogether, and there is nothing but a glorious blue sky, as I stand at the bottom looking up. It is damp and chilly down in this well, and I get back again to the upper level with a feeling of relief.

"And did old Jerry live down there long?" I ask.

"From the time he wur a boy till he went blind. It wur that dark down there times that you couldn't see nothing, and damp so that it 'uld 'a killed anybody but old Jerry, and he wur one of the tough sart, he wur."

Jane Snook pushed her dirty old linen bonnet further on to the back of her head, and with a hand on each hip, she continued: "You hear'd what he did afore he died, I s'pose, Father? Folks said at first as Alice Milburn art to be 'shamed of herself; but they soon got to talk different when they seen what she done it for. She wur a good girl, she wur, and I don't care what nobody says. Be 'e a comin' in, Father?"

We walk to Mrs. Snook's home across the grass of two meadows.

"Who knows the story of old Jerry and Alice best?" I ask, as I sit on the settle before the fireplace.

"Blest if I do know, Father. They be arl that stuck up and full o' pride now-a-days, that there's no talking to 'em about nothing. I sent Perkins' maid to shop day afore yesterday, and she 'idn't a come back yet—she's los' the money or forgot what I sent her for—one or t'other o' it. They be arl the same and I ain't a got no patience wi' 'em."

I didn't want to disagree with Mrs. Snook, so I let her talk.

"You d' know what Alice Milburn did wi' old Jerry, don't ye, Father? No? Well, I'm blest. I thought everybody knowd that—git out, 'ull 'e?" The last remark was addressed to about half-a-dozen hens who had walked into the kitchen, and were so tame that Mrs. Snook found it difficult to dislodge them. All the while we were talking the old lady was busy pushing sticks into the fire to make the kettle boil. With one of these sticks she drove the chickens from the room, and then sat down on an old box and wiped her face with a rather dirty apron.

Mrs. Snook farmed. That is she kept a number of fowls, a pig or two, and cultivated an untidy, weedy garden. She set and dug her own potatoes, wore rather short skirts, and boots like a man's. I don't think I ever saw her without the linen bonnet, and through all the years I knew her, I believe it was always the same one. Mrs. Snook was honest, dirty, and hearty.

The one thing I dreaded when I went to see her was the cup of tea. A brown earthenware teapot, with the top of a tin can doing duty for a lid, lived in the oven beside the grate, like hermit in a cave. The tea that came out of it must have stewed for generations. If the color gave out ever so faintly, Mrs. Snook would add more tea, and put the pot back again into its cell, till things righted themselves. On this terrible liquid she lived. Sugar was added but no milk—milk implied softness. I had to protest that I could not take tea, that it made me ill, that—in fact, anything that would stave off a dose of the poison; but I'm afraid the refusal always hurt Mrs. Snook's feelings, and sometimes she showed it.

"If I tells you about that there affair, you won't write it down, 'ull ye?"

I promised accordingly. Mrs. Snook poured herself out a cup of the correct color, and taking a saucepan into her lap, began to eat cold potatoes out of it with a steel fork. As I promised I wouldn't write down what she said—I'm afraid I

have an evil reputation in the parish for doing this—I must keep to the bargain, and relate the story in my own words.

Jerry, I learn, works early and works late at his forge. He is a little man, bent nearly at a right angle, and he wears a pair of glasses that are set in round horn frames, perhaps a quarter of an inch wide. The wires at the side are iron, and have been made or repaired on his own anvil. He is slow in his movements, and seems to keep time with his great hammer, which strikes its ponderous blows at a pace that is above hurry. As you watch him he fishes a queer shaped piece of iron, glowing white hot, out of the fire, and carrying it in the tongs, holds it on the anvil beneath the great hammer, waiting for a blow. Jerry pulls the stick which regulates the water supply, and a full charge falls upon the wheel. Its increased pace makes the hammer lift its head and fall again with double speed. This way and that he turns the glowing metal, and as blow after blow falls upon it, the iron begins to grow into a shape. Then it becomes cold and is put back into the fire again. Once more Jerry places the metal under the hammer, and when he has turned it a time or two, he throws it on the floor behind him, a nearly finished miner's shovel. Out of the fire comes another piece of iron and the process is repeated; and so Jerry spends his day, spends his week—nay, spends his life. Sometimes his work is varied with repairing half-worn shovels and picks, or a hanger for a farm gate is wanted, or a latch for a door, but Jerry never encourages fancy blacksmithing, for his work is to make shovels, and shovels only. If any one speaks to him he answers shortly and uncivilly.

His forge is so far off the road, and the road is so little frequented, that visitors do not trouble him much. Sometimes a farm boy, working in the fields at hand, will come to the edge of the forge, and shout at the old man to make him look up. But Jerry never hears. The din of the machinery, or his native obstinacy, makes him deaf to every sound. Kicking up a turf with his heel, the boy waits till the blacksmith has his back to him, then takes a deliberate shot with the lump of turf, and drops flat on the ground to watch results. The result is always the same. Jerry dances round and round, waving his tongs above his head and saying things which the clatter of the workshop effectually prevents reaching the upper world. If the antics are not considered up to the mark, the boy

takes a second shot with something lying close at hand, and watches till the dance is over. Then he crawls backwards a yard or two from the edge, and getting up, returns whistling to his work.

For years beyond any one's memory, Jerry had lived in a little two-room cottage, with thick mud walls, which was but a stone's throw from the forge. The roof of his house was thatch, and the rafters on which it lay showed inside, for the rooms had no ceiling. The door was so low, that even Jerry himself, little and bent as he was, had to bend yet more when he entered, to avoid knocking his head. The woman who was Mrs. Snook's predecessor, lived in the only other cottage anywhere near, and this was, as I said, two fields away from the forge. She brought Jerry's food, and the little else he wanted, and placed it in the porch, for she was never allowed inside the door.

Every now and then Jerry disappeared. He would ask the woman at the cottage not to put any more food for him, and then, locking up the part of the forge where the tools were kept, the old man would be lost sight of for about three days at a time. Mrs. Snook said he was like the corn-crake [landrail] "he did come you didn't know how, and you only knowed he wur come, when you did hear 'un." No one saw Jerry depart, and no one saw him return. Like all else about him, his coming and his going were wrapped in mystery.

As the years passed, Jerry's increasing age began to find him out. The terrible damp in which he always worked produced rheumatism, and from all accounts, this must have attacked his eyes. Few persons interested themselves in the morose old blacksmith, and when folk in the village—which was quite two miles away from Jerry's forge—heard that the great hammer was stopped, they only remarked that that was always what they said would happen. But after a week or two, the hammer began again and Jerry was better for his rest.

It was a day in the early summer soon after his illness, and Jerry was at work as usual. Suddenly—he hardly knew where it came from—he was confronted with an apparition. A slight, fair girl, with a quantity of light hair that the stiff linen bonnet seemed unable to control—a girl, fresh as a spring morning, with pretty eyes and a gentle face, had come down the steep steps, and was standing before the crumpled

up, dirty old Jerry, who glared at her through his black-rimmed spectacles.

"I heard thou wast main bad, Jerry, and I be come to see how thou be'st."

"Eh?"

"I hope thou be'st better," shouted the girl, trying to make herself heard above the din of the machinery.

"What's odds to thee?"

Not noticing the old man's rudeness, she laid her hand on his arm with such a singular gentleness, that Jerry started. "Stop the wheel a minute, I do want to talk to thee," said his visitor. "I won't hinder thee long."

Jerry turned round to the forge, and began raking the fire together, as if he hadn't heard. The girl took a step towards him and pointed to the wheel. Slowly, reluctantly, the old man went over to it and pushed up the controlling stick. In a moment or two the noise ceased, and Alice Milburn began again.

"T'other day, when I heard thee eyes wur bad, and thou coulds'n't work, I thought I'd come and see if I could do anything for thee. Let's look at 'em." Without giving Jerry a chance to resist, placing one hand on his shoulder, with the other she pushed his glasses up on to his forehead and looked at his eyes. Jerry could hardly believe such a thing possible —that he could let any one, much less such a bit of a girl as this, take such a liberty with him.

"They be very bad, Jerry, and they do want bathing. If doesn't have 'em seed to, thou 'ult go blind, and then the wheel 'ull stop altogether. Let I come and do 'em for thee, 'ult [wilt thou]? I'll be ever so gentle, and they 'ull be a site better for it."

Jerry made no reply at all. He pulled his glasses down again and stood still.

"You'll let I make 'em better, won't 'e?" Alice asked again.

"How did 'ee get down here?"

"By them steps, be sure," she said, laughing.

"Get up 'em again, and get out of my way." Saying this, Jerry pushed rudely past her, pulled the stick, and a moment afterwards the hubbub of the forge was deafening.

Alice took him at his word and leaving the forge went up

into the field and sat on the stile a short distance away. She was a curious character for, in spite of her fair, gentle face and slight frame, she had the heart and courage of a man.

"I'll try him again presently," she said to herself; and if he ain't no better, I'll come again to-morrow."

Presently she heard a step behind her, and looking over her shoulder saw Jerry, to her great surprise.

"Come to-morrow, if you've got a mind," he said with a sort of growl. Alice took no notice.

"Do 'ee hear?"

"Yes."

The old blacksmith slowly hobbled back to his steps, and Alice saw his head sink below the edge of the opening. She thought it best to treat him with as little ceremony as he treated her, and she was right.

Next morning Alice was back at the forge. She had brought a basin with her, and a kettle which she filled at the stream before she went down the steps.

"Put he on the fire and bile 'un up quick," said Alice, as she handed the astonished old man the little kettle. But he stood with it in his hand, firm and obstinate.

"You be duddered [made stupid] with the noise, I suppose," she said, taking the kettle from Jerry and setting it on the fire herself. It was not long before the water was hot. Turning an old bucket upside down for a seat, she set the basin filled with warm water beside it. "Now sit thee down there, Jerry, and let I bathe thee eyes."

"I 'oon't."

Alice took no notice, as if she hadn't heard. "Don't bide standin' there whilst the water do get cold; sit down at 'onct." Very gently she took the old man by the arm and made him sit down.

"I 'oon't let 'ee; I 'oon't let 'ee!" he protested, as Alice took off first his greasy cap and then his glasses. The next moment she had put the basin in Jerry's lap, and then, on her knees beside him, she bathed his swollen and inflamed eyes. All the time she was at work her soft, soothing voice kept the old man from protesting; and when she had finished, and the wet cloth had traveled out of its due course over his begrimed features as far as she deemed it prudent, she gently dried his face and replaced the spectacles and cap.

"Be you coming to-morrow?"

"Yes, I be."

And this was all that was said on either side. Alice came the next day and the next; and at each visit Jerry was brought more and more into order.

"Now say 'thank 'e,'" she said to him one morning when she had finished his toilet. Jerry made the reply as he was bidden, and added: "An' that be more nor I ever said to any one afore in me life."

The old blacksmith was not the only patient Alice had to attend to. Most of the poor creatures the girl visited were thankful enough for her ministrations; and "good little Alice," as they called her, was welcome everywhere. Her self-imposed tasks made sad inroads on her time, for she earned her livelihood by knitting, as did so many in the village in those days.

Alice Milburn could ill afford the time she gave to nursing the sick, and tending the old and feeble, but she had done it since she was quite a child, and now, although she had to support herself entirely, she still kept up the practice. At two and twenty she seemed just the little, merry, light-hearted child she had always been—just as independent, and caring as little what any one thought of her. To her neighbors she was a profound puzzle. They had known her mother—"stuck up," they called her and fond of giving herself airs. They concluded that Mrs. Milburn had put all kinds of grand and flighty ideas into little Alice's head; and when the poor child's mother died, they charitably hoped that, now the influence was removed, she would grow up like other children. But her mother's death made little difference in her ways, and the lessons she had early learnt only developed more strongly as she grew older. Alice lived with a neighbor from the time she was left an orphan, and by knitting earned enough to be scarcely any burden; and before many years were passed she was able to keep herself entirely.

About a year before Alice Milburn began her ministrations to the old blacksmith she had shown herself to be like other girls in one respect at least, in as much as she had allowed and encouraged the attentions of a suitor. The entire village was taken by surprise. That Alice could ever marry did not seem to have occurred to any one. She kept herself so aloof, and yet made friends with every one, and with no one in par-

ticular, that it appeared impossible she could have a sweetheart. The young man who had had the temerity to walk out with her was the very last the village could have imagined she would have cared for. Josh, as every one called him, was a farm laborer—a huge, fresh-colored fellow, awkward and blushing, with very little to say for himself, and possessing a fund of good temper. He had found Alice going out one wet evening on an errand of mercy, and she was so loaded with a great parcel that she was giving up the umbrella in despair. Joshua Vagg was passing at the time, and very shyly asked if he might carry the parcel. "Of course you can, if you're strong enough," said Alice; "and then I can keep up the umbrella." But this spoilt everything. Alice was very short, and she kept the umbrella close down over her. Josh was very tall and he could only look on the top of a black dome beneath him, as he strode along, taking one step to Alice's three. Of Alice he could see nothing, and only now and then could he hear her voice coming up through the umbrella below. When they arrived at the end of the journey, the young man asked if he was to wait and carry anything back. "I sha'n't be more than two or three minutes, for I only wants to give old Nancy the parcel, and tell her what to do with the different things." This was good enough for Josh, and so, with a beating heart and a dripping hat, he stood under a tree opposite until Alice came out again. "Let I hold the umbrella for thee," he said, as they started on the return journey, for he was determined to avoid the isolation it had caused before. "You do hold 'un up in the sky, Josh; but I s'pose you be obliged to if it's to keep the rain off thee and I too—don't walk so fast, there's a good lad." Josh winced. He thought he was getting on splendidly, but Alice was only treating him as a child. "'Ull 'ee be car'in' [carrying] any more o' them parcels to-morrow?" he asked in his slow, drawling way; "'cause if you be, and you be minded to, I'll—I'll—come and help." The last three words came out with a run, for he was frightened at his own temerity. "I don't know yet, Josh. Come round about seven o'clock, and mabbe I can send thee somewhere with sommat, and then I can bide in an' do me knitting, for I be behind wi' the work, and that's true." This was not exactly what Josh meant, but he said he would come.

From this day onwards Josh and Alice often "walked out,"

which means that they were mildly making love. Alice did all the talking—Josh listened and approved. He carried her basket, and still called her "Miss," for to Josh, Alice was a very superior being. When Jerry became seriously ill, if Alice went to visit him in the evening, when it was getting too dark to knit at home, Josh had quite a good spell of her company. The long, winding lane leading to the forge, where the nut bushes met overhead, the stream that had to be crossed on stepping-stones, the stile at the end which was steep and awkward—all gave Josh scope for imagination. When they came to the stepping-stones, he would cross first, and then hold out a great hand that would engulf and wrap round Alice's, and so help her over, when she could have crossed quite as easily without any help at all. Where the lane became "up at hill," as they called it, Alice would put her hand on Josh's arm and complain he went too fast, and Josh's arm would get lower, and Alice's hand would get further into it, until when they reached the stile it would have been difficult to say that they were not arm in arm.

The reader will remember that Mrs. Snook is retailing this story for me, while she takes her tea. Thus far I have sat patiently through it, on the old settle before the fire. When, with every fresh name that was mentioned, the relations to the third and fourth generation threatened to be brought in, I have prudently drawn the lady back to the point where she digressed. Except for these excursions, the story is as she gave it to me. At this point Mrs. Snook exclaims: "Be now the pair on 'em wur main lovin', they were"; but as I told her I wouldn't write down any of her words, I must keep to my promise.

Old Jerry's eyes were better for Alice's visits, but before very many weeks he had to stop work again. Alice had by this time got on such good terms with him, that he even allowed her in the cottage. Under her care the place was cleaned, set in order, and she even persuaded him to let Josh give the rooms a coat of whitewash. Before the autumn came Jerry was quite blind and almost incapable of doing anything for himself. He had consented to the doctor seeing him at Alice's urgent request, and the doctor having reported his case to the workhouse officials, they decided to remove him thither at once. This Jerry would not hear of. Alice arrived one morning as the overseer of the poor and the parish doctor were

holding a consultation in the garden, out of the old man's hearing. "He sha'n't go to the House," she said in very decided tones, "I'll look after 'un and I'll be responsible for 'un; and if I'm not let, I'll get some one else as can. 'Ull 'e let he bide a fortnight more till I do get it settled?" This was agreed to, and Alice made her plans. Yes; Jerry agreed, he even smiled, and it was the first time Alice had ever seen anything like a smile upon his face. But Josh was the great difficulty—she must break the arrangement to him.

That evening as they were walking out she tried. "Josh, I've a got some arrangement I do want to make, and you must help I." Josh smiled and said nothing. "You do see as us can't marry just yet, can us?—not for two years or more, 'cause of your mother." Josh had to support his mother, and his wages were ten shillings a week. "I'll be getting twelve shillings before two years, though," said Josh, in a rather injured tone of voice, "and us said as how we'd a get married when I'd a got eleven." "Yes, so us did; but, Josh, when 'e marries 'uld 'e mind marr'in' a widow?" Alice asked, and there was the least sign of a tremble in her voice. "Marry a widder, what should I want to marry a widder for?" he asked. "Well, 'cause I wants 'e to," she replied. "And if I do want 'e to, 'e 'ull do it just to please I, won't 'e?"

She turned up the stiff linen bonnet to look at Josh, who was so far above her, and the face inside it pleaded very sweetly. "I bain't gwoin' to marry no other maid than thou, Alice, and that's truth; and I couldn't, e'en to please thee." "And I don't want 'e to, neither, Josh; only what I means is, I'll be a widow when we do marry." "Then dost thou want to marry somebody else fust, Alice?" he asked in a tone of bewilderment. "That's just what I do, Josh, and that's what I do want thee to let I do, and it won't matter; and then I can look after old Jerry properly till he do die."

Josh stood still in the lane. His mind always worked slowly, and new ideas effected a lodgment with difficulty, but this arrangement of Alice's was quite beyond anything that had ever entered his head before. Alice continued: "You do see, Josh, it be like this. They do want to take the poor old man to the workhouse, and it 'ull break his heart, and no one 'ull do for him 'cept it's I, and it ain't proper for a girl to do for an old man like that, who 'ull be bed-ridden in a month or

two. I won't live in the house with 'un, and do for 'un, unless I be married to 'un, and that's plain." "Then you do mean that by the time we wants to marry, you'll be a widder?" said Josh, the light beginning to break in on him. "Somewhere about that, but mabbe we'll have to be patient."

The parson at Elmwick found it difficult to give out the banns of marriage between Jerry Stripp and Alice Milburn, and the announcement on the three successive Sundays seemed to effect the congregation too. The wedding day came, and all of two villages—ours and Elmwick—turned out to see "December marry May." Eleven o'clock was the hour fixed, and the crowd was in good time. Still no bride and bridegroom came, and rumor had it that the parson had gone away for the day. But the sight was too good to be lost; and as things don't hurry much in the country, the crowd waited until another hour had passed, and then slowly melted. Jerry and Alice had been quietly married at eight o'clock the morning before. Alice had not entrusted the secret to any one except Josh, and so he and the parson's wife were the only witnesses. Poor, simple Josh had to "give away" his sweetheart and had to guide old Jerry's trembling hands when it came to putting on the ring—the ring, by the way, which he had bought at Bristol for the aged bridegroom a week or so before. As Mrs. Snook here remarked: "He'd had all the trouble of it, 'cept marr'in' her."

Twelve months passed away, and old Jerry was completely bed-ridden. Alice waited on him, put up with his temper, was heedless of his rudeness, and to a certain degree made him better behaved. Josh had a difficult time. A day or two after the wedding he asked Alice to walk out with him as usual. Alice had to explain that now since she was a married woman this couldn't be.

Only slowly the new situation began to reveal itself to Josh. "Bain't I never gwoin' out wi' thee no more?" he asked ruefully. "Not so long as me husband do live," Alice answered with dignity, "it 'ouldn't be right." "I know'd I'd have to wait for thee," he said, "but I didn't think it 'uld a come to this. What I wants to know is, are we gwoin' to get married at arl?" "Don't you see, Josh, I be married, and therefore us can't marry—ain't that quite plain?" Yes, it was plain; but it was all too complicated for Josh to think out.

The winter had passed, the days were lengthening out, and the first tinge of green was on the hedges. A rustic funeral was making its way to the churchyard at Elmwick. The coffin, short and small, might almost have been that of a child. Four men carried it between them, and the way they stepped out, showed that the coffin was not heavy. Behind it followed Alice, her linen bonnet being exchanged for a black straw hat —and behind Alice followed Josh. He had not felt certain of his position on the occasion, and the idea that there is always a procession after a coffin, suggested his walking where he did.

A few of Alice's friends gathered at the graveyard, and then all that was mortal of Jerry was given to the earth. It is the custom for the bearers and friends to return to the house after the funeral, and eat a ham, and finish with beer or cider. Alice dispensed with the time-honored custom, and did not even return to the house herself. She had the key in her pocket when Josh bade her good-bye at the door of the cottage where she had spent her childhood. She had arranged to return there, as her late home was too lonely.

By the time the nut trees had once more made green arches across the lane that led to the old forge, Josh and Alice might be seen beneath them as of old. Once again he handed her across the stream, and when they came to the stile, he helped her over. Hand-in-hand they stood on the brink of the silent forge, which Josh had stript of all but the great wheel, and then they went across to the cottage, and Alice's husband pointed out with pride the little garden where of late he had worked so hard reducing it to order.

"And now you do see what it arl comed to, Father," said Mrs. Snook, as she held aloft the last potato on the point of her fork, "it's the way them things al'ays ends. Alice had a found twenty pound in the house, when she fust went to take care of the old man, so there wus enough to ke'p 'un till he died, and to bury him decent wi' a ham an' arl that, had she bin minded to. After he wur agone she found dree hundred pound in the bank down to Wells, and that proved whur old Jerry wur arf to, when he went on them navigations and wur lost two or dree days at a time. They be arl dead now, Josh and Jerry and Alice, an' arl the lot of 'em. Git out, 'ull 'ee?" The fowls were back in the kitchen again.

THE FATE OF BOSNIA.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AN IMMEDIATE OBSERVER.

BY BEN HURST.

THE declaration by Bulgaria of her independence and the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria have, of course, surpassed in interest and importance every other recent event. How long behind the scenes these transactions have been in preparation we do not yet know; but it may be well to give a *résumé* of the facts that are known. Upon the granting of the Constitution Turks and Bulgarians fraternized as cordially as did the other races. A series of visits, in fact, took place of Bulgarians to Constantinople and of Turks to Bulgaria. The first step in the wrong direction was taken by Turkey. To a dinner given by the Foreign Minister to the representatives of the Powers the Agent of Bulgaria was not invited. This was contrary to the custom which had existed hitherto, and was said to be intended as a clear indication that Bulgaria was to be treated, as in fact she was, as a vassal state.

Bulgaria keenly resented this treatment, and when the strike broke out upon the Oriental Railway, a part of which passes through Eastern Rumelia on its way from Vienna to Constantinople, that part was seized by Bulgaria to be worked by the railway staff of the army; and when the strike came to an end, she persistently refused to restore the railway to the Company. This was nothing less than robbery on a large scale, for the railway's rights in Bulgaria were legally secured; and as its owners were largely German, and its managers largely Austrian, it brought from their governments public remonstrances. With reference to Austria, at all events, it may be doubted in the light of subsequent events whether these remonstrances were sincere. Before Prince Ferdinand declared himself Tsar of the Bulgarians he had been received at Budapest with regal honors by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and it can readily be believed that, as is now said, a secret treaty had been concluded between the Prince and the Emperor. A few days afterwards Bulgaria's independence was declared, and almost simultaneously Bosnia and Herzegovina were annexed.

Both of these transactions are flagrant breaches, not merely of the somewhat vague provisions which are called international law, but of the express stipulations of the Berlin Treaty, which

forms the basis of any rights that Austria or Bulgaria can claim to possess. Of late sympathy and respect have been accorded to the Emperor-King on the occasion of his Diamond Jubilee. It is almost a pity that he has lived to see this event, for he has brought a stain upon his old age which only revives the memory of many like stains upon the house of Habsburg. The worst of it is that of late these attempts at unjust aggrandizement have been failures, so much so that Austrian shortsightedness has become proverbial. The present annexation does but add to the number of the Serbs which are already comprised in the Empire, and has driven to exasperation the neighboring kingdom of Servia. [FROM THE CATHOLIC WORLD OF NOVEMBER, 1908.]

WITHOUT preamble or explanation Austria has lately incorporated into her empire two Slav provinces—Bosnia and Herzegovina, which had been merely confided to her charge by the Congress of Berlin. Austria has taken this step without a word of warning or of explanation and has trusted to the universal desire for peace to escape punishment or interference.

Lovers of the moral law and believers in human progress may find some consolation, at least, in the outburst of condemnation which this act has aroused throughout the European world. Europe—the Europe that has seen twenty centuries of spoliation—is outraged by this unblushing violation of a solemn contract.

Much has been said, and can be said in reason, to palliate Austria's usurpation. She has accomplished material reforms and developed the countries' resources during her thirty years of guardianship. Good roads, comfortable inns, roomy schoolhouses and hospitals have initiated the people into the conveniences and advantages of modern life. Such delights, however, are confined to the great centers frequented by tourists, and the remote parts of the provinces have not known a change since the day of Turkish rule. Her interested exploitation increased Austria's revenues and gave her a hold in the land, the absolute possession of which was her ultimate aim. That she should claim to reap the full fruits of her work of administration might have been foreseen; that she should continue to exercise a certain jurisdiction after the grant of the promised

share of autonomy, could not reasonably excite cavil; but the arbitrary seizure of the lands delivered to her care has alienated appreciation of her best and fairest endeavor.

The pretext for abandoning an avowed intention to confer a system of self-government on Bosnia and Herzegovina, was the "radical and dangerous change in the neighboring empire." In other words, the Young Turk movement, inaugurating freedom of nationality and conscience, is unacceptable to the Power which poses as the civilizer of the Balkans. As the Sultan is the nominal suzerain of Bosnia, the existence of a Turkish parliament would necessitate the attendance of Bosnian representatives at Constantinople and the recognition of an authority—Bosnia's right to send representatives—which no longer exists. Either this or the introduction of constitutional government in the occupied provinces seemed the only alternative. But Austria chose a third and dishonest course. Without any preliminary steps, she simply proclaimed an act of union such as was resorted to by Castlereagh in a similar dilemma one century ago. No measure of liberty is granted to a people writhing under absolutism; there is no canceling of the iniquitous press censorship; martial law for political offences has not been abolished; there is but the harsh, cynical appropriation of a foreign race, recalcitrant but powerless to resist.

The inhabitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina are historically and ethnographically Serb. In customs, language, and creed they are identical with the Serbs of the free kingdom of Servia; the Serbs of Montenegro; and the Serbs of Old Servia and Macedonia still under Ottoman rule. Serb tribes had settled in Bosnia in the seventh century and in the ninth a state was already formed. Among the various Serb kingdoms and principalities Bosnia kept a prominent place, although it remained isolated until the fifteenth century, when after a brave stand with its sister states it fell beneath Moslem invasion. Long afterwards we find the Austrian Emperors alluding to Bosnia as a Serb land, and all through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries Serb nationality was manifest and undisputed. The present efforts to call the people "Bosnians" and their tongue "Bosnian" are pitiable in the light of facts. Bosnia was the cradle of the renovated Serb language, and gave out the first modern Serb publication—*The Grammar of Kulina Ban*, a stand-

ard work for Slav philologists. The everyday speech of the people of Herzegovina is the literary criterion for all Serb peoples, be they Montenegrins or Macedonians. The famous Serb ballads, finest of mediæval epics, are written in Bosnian dialect.

Identity of speech does not, however, determine nationality. A stronger factor is the ever-growing tendency to union between the divided branches of a race, and this is evident among the Serbs of the Balkans to a remarkable degree. The question of creed, which plays but a minor part in political life to-day, would, if considered, prove another link of fraternity to draw Servia, Bosnia, and Montenegro together. The majority of Bosnia's population are "orthodox"; next in numerical importance are Mohammedans; and Catholics are in a minority. (The latest census gives 673,246 "orthodox" Serbs; 548,632 Mussulmans; and 334,142 Catholics.) There is no doubt that Austria sought to further at the same time political aims and religious propaganda, and that she has succeeded in shifting a measure of her own unpopularity to certain representatives of the Church. The superficial judge, forgetting that Austria's most rebellious subjects are just now the fervent Catholics of Slavonia, confounds Austria's ambitious schemes with the cause of Catholicity and passes upon both a common condemnation.

Fair-minded Catholics the world over have not hesitated to characterize in scathing terms the flagrant breach of contract committed by Austria in annexing the lands confided to her care. The would-be champion of the Church in Southeastern Europe has tarnished her shield and alienated sympathy from what is most worthy of respect. The admirable work of the religious orders in Bosnia cannot be overestimated. Their educational and humanitarian foundations redound to the credit of Christianity. These obscure toilers in the Lord's vineyards should surely have no blame attached to their noble endeavor because they stand beneath the banner of one who presumes to point to their success as justification for treacherous aggrandizement of empire. No amount of philanthropic institutions will wash away the stain of broken faith; nor must the devoted servants of the Church, ministering to the material and spiritual needs of a long-oppressed race, be identified with spoliation.

Unhappily, nevertheless, Austria's recent action has inten-

sified an old prejudice against Catholicity among the Serbs of the Balkans, and estranged the Catholics of Montenegro from their brethren who owe her allegiance. The fate of Bosnia and Herzegovina has a dolorous echo in a little Slav land where Catholics enjoy every privilege possessed by their compatriots of the state religion. At the moment that Bosnia was passing under Habsburg rule, Prince Nikola of Montenegro addressed the following telegram to his lifelong friend, the Catholic Primate of the Principality, Monseigneur Milinovitch, Archbishop of Bar:

> On this, the occasion of your jubilee, I hasten to assure you that it is a day of joy for Montenegrins of all creeds. Our earnest wish and fervent prayer are for your Grace's continued welfare. Living amongst us for nigh fifty years you have worked, Faithful Servant of the Altar and True Friend of your people, to elevate and advance our race. Looking back on the half-century of your priesthood you may rejoice at duty fulfilled towards God and the nation. An enlightened patriot and good Catholic, may you long be spared to brighten our land by your wisdom and virtue. NIKOLA.

This telegram would in itself show that Austria has not the exclusive monopoly of protecting Catholicity in the Balkans. The erection of churches and monasteries in Bosnia and Dalmatia is no doubt praiseworthy, but liberty of action for the devoted Italian missionaries in Albania would be a better proof of sincerity in espousing the interests of the Church.

What Austria fails to recognize—or, recognizing, fails to admit—is that the Kingdom of Christ is not indissolubly connected with her own material prosperity, nor dependent on the political triumphs of her Empire and Dynasty. Her protection of the Church is decidedly not disinterested. She put a veto on the concordat between Servia and the Vatican. That ardent Slav apostle, Bishop Strossmeyer, was a thorn in her side. She wishes all Slav Catholics to rally to her flag, and determines they will have little rest elsewhere. Her dishonest machinations are harmful to what she affects to uphold, but she pursues her way, greedy and faithless.

It remains to be seen how far Austria can influence a people whose ancestors clung to the Bogumil heresy through centuries of persecution, and finally embraced Islamism in numbers

rather than submit to ecclesiastical control. The true interests of sincere Catholicism will scarcely be furthered by the annexation of Bosnia. Austria's boasted culture, ever suspected as tending to denationalization, will be doubly unpalatable to a race, alien and wounded by the loss of the last vestige of liberty. Bosnia had entered on a heroic struggle for something more than that fourteen per cent of her children should be enabled to attend school! For this is exactly what has been accomplished in the cause of education during thirty years of Austrian administration.

In 1875 the first shots of the rebels against Turkish despotism echoed in Nevesinje, and soon resounded in Popova Polya, Zubtsina, Bania, and throughout all Bosnia and Herzegovina. The "Rayahs" had made a dash for freedom. Hard battles were fought at Nevesinje, Stoep, and Trebbin. To the astonishment of the world a handful of Serbs persistently defeated the Sultan's forces. Their brethren of the free States of Servia and Montenegro hastened to join them, and the two Governments prepared to follow the volunteers. But the Triple Alliance of that day stepped in; and in the interests of "peace and Turkish integrity" exacted neutrality from these neighboring and kindred states. Resistance in Bosnia continued none the less, and after the flame of insurrection had smoldered close on three years, Russia took action and peace was proclaimed. The Treaty of San Stefano, concluded in favor of the Christian belligerants, was annulled at the instance of Lord Beaconsfield, and replaced by the Treaty of Berlin, to which all the Great Powers were signatories. Austro-Hungary got a mandate to pacify the disturbed provinces—and, immediately transgressing a first stipulation that she should make an arrangement of time and method with Turkey, entered Bosnian territory as a conqueror. The unfortunate insurgents, who had taken up arms for independence and not for a mere exchange of masters, received the imperial troops with sword and shot. At Modrana, Doboj, and Maglaja fierce encounters showed that the spirit of the nation was still vital. A well-disciplined and well-equipped army, however, could not fail to subdue irregular combatants, weakened by three years of constant warfare with the Turks. Bosnia has since been quiescent, but not resigned.

How far Austria has won the confidence of the people she

undertook to govern, may be judged by the vast army of contingents drafted into the land some weeks preceding the annexation. Chronic disaffection had necessitated the maintenance of well-filled garrisons during the occupation. The suppression of national feeling will be no easier to accomplish now that the chains of absolutism are drawn tighter. Fresh difficulties are in sight, and it is admitted by the authorities themselves that such difficulties exist. According to the Hungarian delegate, Nemets, the state of the annexed provinces is worse than it was under Turkey! In vain does Austria seek to impress on the world that she has the adhesion of her new subjects. The deputations appointed by the government, who went to Vienna to thank the Emperor for "graciously extending his sovereignty" over Bosnia and Herzegovina, were hooted on their return and forced to quit their native villages. When the Imperial proclamation was read in public, sobs and groans were heard in the remote villages, and in the larger towns the citizens obstinately refused to decorate their houses in honor of the occasion. The prisons are now full of respectable merchants, doctors, advocates, and ecclesiastics suspected of high treason. The press laws are so rigorous that, one by one, the national organs have been stifled.

After the suppression of the journal *Otatsbina* (Fatherland), the more widely-read *Narod* (Nation) succumbed, when the very advertisements were struck out by the censor. It had continued publication for a long time, even when it was forced to appear with three blank pages out of four. There remains the *Serbska Retch* (The Voice of the Serbs), whose fate will be undoubtedly the same, although it confines itself to printing extracts from Servian histories and time-honored patriotic songs, without direct reference to the actual situation. Before long, it is to be feared, the cause of the Bosnian Serbs will be confined to secret societies, which inevitably crop up when public discussion is prohibited. Austrian occupation, instead of diminishing the national sense, has had rather the opposite effect. Already, in 1882, repressive measures were adopted to quell the tendency towards fraternity with other Serb lands; and both Bosnia and Herzegovina have been treated since then as if they were held in punishment, and not in trust for Europe.

The very fact of the annexation, at a moment when other Serb lands were getting a form of self-government from Tur-

key, shows that Austria recognizes the inclination to Serb solidarity. Martial law was proclaimed to subdue the people, who were represented by Austria as eager to incorporate themselves with the Empire of Austro-Hungary! A campaign of systematic calumny and intrigue had preceded the decisive step. A "Great Servia" propaganda was invented, and traced to that very unenviable and obscure monarch, King Peter of Servia, who is much too insecure on his own blood-stained throne to dream of subverting the equilibrium of others. He was a convenient scapegoat for Austria's "faked" conspiracies; and when a fictitious bomb plot had successfully alienated the sister states of Servia and Montenegro—Bulgaria had been previously estranged from both by skillful fostering of rivalry—the moment seemed favorable for open usurpation. The danger of united Slav opposition once conjured, the pioneer of Germany's *Drang nach Osten* seized the two provinces that are a powerful link in the chain of Slav lands stretching from the Adriatic to the Black Sea.

The foul means by which Austria attained her end will surely bring retribution in the near future. In particular the employment of the informer, Nastitch—first known to fame as the author of a scurrilous pamphlet, *The Jesuits in Bosnia*—discredits Baron Rauch and his subordinates. Nastitch, after having posed as the friend of the unfortunate Serbs exposed to the wiles and corruptions of a designing Order, suddenly went over to the Austrian interest and proceeded to betray the secrets of Serb patriots with whom he had been intimate. The man who had sworn to free Bosnia from "the cursed thraldom of the Vatican spies" went into the dock, and incriminated everybody with whom he had been in contact. At Cettinge he testified that he had participated in a plot formed in Servia for the destruction of the Royal Family of Montenegro; and that bombs for the purpose were manufactured in the government arsenal at Kragujevats. At Agram he gave "authentic" accounts of the Serbo-Croat Coalition members who had implicated themselves in the "Great Servia propaganda." Their open opposition in parliament concealed, according to Nastitch, nefarious plans against Austrian hegemony. This whilom denouncer of the "Roman Proselytizers" supported every government indictment with the same zeal and alacrity with which, sometime before, he had defamed everything Austrian. It was

when, through this unworthy tool, the patriots of Bosnia had been incriminated, and the independent Serb states set at variance, that Austria resolved to transform her temporary rule to permanent possession. The method as well as the act may be qualified as immoral, arbitrary, and altogether unworthy of a Great Power.

The consequences of a disastrous breach of faith are already making themselves felt in Europe. A wave of discouragement and mistrust has swept over the Continent. Of what avail are conferences and arbitration when the strong hand will not abide by a pledged word longer than it finds such a course profitable and expedient for itself? Rumors of Austria's impending invasion of Belgrade immediately after the annexation, obtained credence in the most unexpected quarters. There was a hurried mustering of diplomats in Rome, London, and St. Petersburg to discuss the most feasible manner of preserving Servia's threatened independence without recurring to arms. The recognition of the little kingdom as a neutral ground—a species of Balkan Switzerland—was at first suggested; but who can now accept Austria's guarantee that she will respect the integrity of any state weaker than herself? The clearly declared stipulations of the Powers have been set at naught; and, backed by Germany, the infringer of the Berlin Treaty sends out a silent, sinister challenge to Europe. Cynical disregard of past engagements and past arguments is the most revolting feature of Baron Aehrenthal's present policy. It was Andrassy's loud protests that hindered Russia's attempt to conclude, by right of conquest, an independent peace with Turkey in 1878. "The wishes of Europe and the right of the Powers to control must be considered." Russia submitted; and a precedent for the solution of grave international problems was formed on the basis of mutual concessions and friendly representations. To-day Austria repudiates any outside interference in the affairs of Bosnia and Herzegovina. She insists, with illogical brazenness, that it is a matter between herself and Turkey. Nevertheless, her formal notification of the "extension of her sovereignty" is an admission that the Powers do possess a right of control over the fate of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The wily guardian of these two Serb provinces, who had so bravely wrested their liberty from the Turks, would fare badly if called to give an account of her stewardship. Apart from

the veneer of prosperous civilization near the railway centers frequented by travelers, little has been done to alleviate the hard lot of the peasants who toil for a scanty subsistence under the most iniquitous system of agrarian laws extant since the abolition of Irish landlordism. The Austrian occupation, it must be remembered, was allowed and advocated, in the first place, for the impartial regulation of the land question. Nothing has been done, however, during thirty years of administration, to modify a feudalism of the most harassing nature. Serfdom had been abolished in 1851, but the relations of the Mohammedan overlords with the Christian population were not thereby improved; and since the insurrection of 1875–78 the Spahis view their tenants with increased disfavor. Austria, who had undertaken the government of the provinces ostensibly for the amelioration of the tillers' sad condition, has not attempted to grapple with the haughty and greedy landowners. They still claim a third of the land product; and a tenth of the remainder is exacted by the state. The mode of payment is antiquated and complicated. While the people labor under this cumbrous and tyrannical system of land tenure, material suffering, combined with political disability—not to speak of the wounded pride attendant on repressed national aspirations—provide a dismal outlook for the illegally confirmed *régime* in Bosnia.

Meantime the harmony of Europe is at stake. Servia refuses to be pacified. Relying on the moral force that ever accompanies Right struggling against Might; encouraged by interested factors eager for the first sign of disintegration in a heterogeneous empire; the Serb race, spread over the Balkan peninsula, awaits a pronouncement of the signatory Powers on the outrageous violation of the Treaty of Berlin. Should it be unfavorable to the cause of Justice—should there be neither redress nor compensation forthcoming, in the shape of autonomy for Bosnia, or free communication for Servia with the Adriatic —a spark can assuredly be lit that will not fail to ignite the long-dreaded conflagration of Europe.

ANATOLE FRANCE'S "LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC."

BY J. BRICOUT.

III.

A CARICATURE OF THE MAID.

OUR previous study of the subject has put us in a position to pass an intelligent judgment on M. Anatole France's portrayal of Joan of Arc. He writes:

> To feel the spirit of a bygone age, to become a contemporary of those who lived in other days, requires a long course of study, and patient, exacting care. The difficulties to be met concern not so much what is to be known, as what one must no longer seem to know. How much we must forget if we would really live over the fifteenth century! Our sciences and our methods—everything, in fact, that makes us a modern people—must be put away. . . . Neither the historian nor the antiquarian can make us understand the Maid's contemporaries. It is not because they lack knowledge; it is because they have it. It is because they know modern warfare, modern politics, modern religion.
>
> But when we shall have forgotten, so far as we can, everything that has happened since the youthful days of Charles VII., we will soon find that we must make use of all our intellectual resources to understand the situation, and to discover what are causes and what effects. . . . The historian must look far afield one moment and near at hand the next. If he undertakes to tell the story of past times, he will need in quick succession, and occasionally at one and the same moment, the ingenuousness of the crowd whom he tries to picture to the life, and critical ability of the first order. Paradoxical as it may seem, he must be an ancient and a modern, and live on two different planes at the same time.*

It is, indeed, quite true, as we knew ourselves, that the historian must be an ancient and a modern at the same time,

* *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc*, vol. I. pp. 75-76.

since history is at once a "resurrection" and a "science of the past." The difficulty is in seeing to it that the ancient in him does not suffer from contact with the modern. This is what has happened in M. Anatole France's own case. M. France, who has been successful in the field of romance, has a strong imagination; and he has given it free rein in his *Life of Joan of Arc*. Besides he is a free-thinker, a militant anti-clericalist. His prejudices and his irreligious dogmatism have stained his work. He is, in a word, a believer in the new science of psycho-pathology, and like a fervent neophyte, believes that this new science explains the Maid of Orleans. Consequently he is not to be taken literally in his proud declaration:

> I have written this history with an ardent and yet calm zeal. I have sought for truth without weakness and have met it without fear. Even when its features were strange, I did not turn aside. I will be charged with boldness until somebody charges me with timidity.*

We make neither of these charges against M. Anatole France, but we do charge him—and with reason, as will be seen—with an insufficient detachment from himself, *i. e.*, from his own ideas and personal feelings.

All through his book M. France endeavors to show that Joan has been overrated. He cruelly ridicules the "poor Duke d'Alençon for saying that Joan showed great skill in assembling and leading an army, and was, above all, expert in placing the artillery. In the opinion of Anatole France Joan was brave, reliable, diligent, and full of ardor. She could ride a horse, spend long hours in the saddle, and make use of a lance, but that was all. She was utterly ignorant of military science. Besides "certain leaders, notably the princes of the blood-royal, knew very little more than she. To wage war in those days required nothing beyond ability to ride. . . . The military art was reduced to a few tricks such as any farmer might devise, and a few rules of horsemanship."† As a matter of fact, Joan's only contribution to the success of Charles VII.'s armies lay in the confidence with which she inspired them.

* Vol. I. p. 81.

† Vol. I., p. 47.

> When she announced that she had had a revelation from the Archangel Michael with reference to the war, she filled the Armagnac soldiers and the people of Orleans with as much confidence as an engineer of the Republic would have inspired in the Loire militia in the winter of 1871 by inventing smokeless powder or an improved style of cannon. What people looked for from science in 1871, was expected from religion in 1428.*

To tell the truth, Joan's military talent is of slight concern to us, for she will not be placed on our altars because of skill in war. Still we cannot help noticing that M. France settles the question somewhat too summarily. We will grant readily enough that certain witnesses in the rehabilitation trial, spoke about Joan's military qualifications without knowing anything about them, and apparently according to instructions. But M. France exaggerates when he tells us that the military science of the fifteenth century was worthless and null. Man of the twentieth century though he be, and member of the Academy, he stands in a rather ridiculous light when he makes bold in this matter, not only to contradict the soldiers of the past, who were in a better position than he to judge of Joan's achievements, but also to set himself against officers of our own times, who have proclaimed her genius as a tactician, after a conscientious study of her campaigns. Again, according to M. France, it was not hard for Joan to vanquish the English:

> Their ridiculously small garrisons were prisoners in the conquered country. They lacked means both to take new provinces and to pacify those they held. . . . What is astonishing is not that the English were driven out of France, but that they were driven out so slowly.

Assuredly "Joan rendered a two-fold service to the royal cause, which was the national cause as well. She inspired confidence in Charles VII.'s soldiers, who thought her lucky; and fear in the English, who imagined that she was the devil." But "the misfortunes of the English, from 1428 on, may be explained very naturally"; and "it was not Joan who drove the English out of France. If she helped to save Orleans, she rather retarded its deliverance, by neglecting the oppor-

* Vol. I., p. 41.

tunity to recover Normandy, for the sake of the Consecration march."*

These, it must be admitted, are not common-place assertions, but on what do they rest? In complicated questions one can always conjure up something to justify one's opinions. But I say again that Joan's contemporaries and even present-day experts, who are more competent to decide in these matters than M. France, were and are of a decidedly different opinion. Is it not most reasonable to trust them in preference to him? If one reflects, for example, on the great importance people then attached to the consecration of the king, one will easily do justice to M. France's enigmatical assertion about that march. It is not enough to hit hard; one must, above all, hit fairly.

Another opinion held by M. France is that Joan's courage has also been overrated. She showed herself a very weak woman during the last few days of her life, and on several occasions retracted previous assertions, in the hope of satisfying her judges and escaping death. In this connection it will be well to recall what was said in our second article about the historical value of the condemnation trial records and the Posthumous Postscript.†

But even if these texts be reliable, it does not follow that Joan was so seriously weak. Catholic historians who take her expression about Beaurevoir literally, and who admit what these documents say about the sign given to the king, justify or excuse her easily enough, as we saw before. They also endeavor, if not to exculpate her altogether, to show at least that she was not gravely culpable, even if she made the two-fold retractation as it is described in the record of the first trial and in the Postscript. Petit de Julleville writes as follows:

> There before the grim pile ready to leap into flame, before the half-hostile, half-friendly crowd which cried to her, in wrath and in pity, to make the abjuration, exhausted at last and almost annihilated by her long imprisonment, by chains, by injuries, by threats, by violence, by sickness, by the agony of thirty cross-examinations, by the consuming weariness of a trial that lasted 114 days, this nineteen-year-old

* Vol. I., pp. 49-51 *passim*.

† THE CATHOLIC WORLD, December, 1908, p. 351.

girl gave way to fear. Let the shame of it fall on her judges and executioners.*

Further on he writes:

In opposition to many historians,† I believe that this official report is trustworthy. I think I see in it Joan's language and sentiments. After an hour of weakness, she regained her self-control, and then voluntarily took back a retractation which had been snatched from her by surprise and violence. ‡

He writes again:

All the witnesses of the last hour that she spent in the prison were her enemies. At any rate they were the judges who had condemned her, and one may, therefore, justly incline to the belief that they had an interest in making it appear that she had been somewhat weak. Now what are we to think about the statement they all say she made to them on that last morning: "My voices have deceived me"?

Such an avowal seems at variance with her steadfastness at the stake. That she was firm then is admitted by all who were present at her execution. They all admired the heroism of which she then gave proof. Because of these facts, those who testified to her weakness in prison, have often been charged with perjury. The probability is that they simply erred by exaggerating the meaning of a concession she made to them. The account given by Jean Toutmouillé, the Dominican, may set us on the right track. According to him, Cauchon had said to Joan: "Come now, Joan, you have always told us that your 'voices' said you would be set free. You see how they have deceived you. Own up, then, to the truth." Then Joan answered: "Yes; *I see clearly that they have deceived me.*" Supposing these words to be authentic, we ask what is their true meaning. She did not mean to say: "Those 'voices' are not from God." A few moments more, and she will die affirming that they are from God. What she

* *La Vénérable Jeanne d'Arc*, p. 151.

† The point in question here is what the Posthumous Postscript says about the prisoner's resumption of male attire. Petit de Julleville does not deny the statement that a snare was laid to ruin her, but he believes that "she fell into it deliberately, preferring to die rather than continue in her abjuration." *Op. cit.*, p. 155.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 148. M. France (Vol. II. pp. 377, 379) does not admit the truth of what Massieu and others said in the rehabilitation trial about the insults offered to Joan in prison. However, he blames the English for leaving Joan her male clothing to tempt her, and the judges for sentencing her to prison when they were well aware that they could not put her in any ecclesiastical prison.

meant to say is this: "I did not understand them. I thought that they promised me safety, and now I see I am going to die." Cauchon insisted: "Then were those 'voices' good or bad?" "I leave that to Mother Church," she said. (According to another version her answer was: "I leave that to you churchmen.") No; she did not disavow her mission. She was simply weary of arguing, and since her last hour was so near, she wanted to think of God alone, and let men believe what they would about her.

She ardently desired to receive Holy Communion before going to her death. To get this favor from her judges—a favor which was denied on principle to unrepentant relapsed—she had to bend them by a phrase which they could interpret, strictly speaking, as a last concession.*

An hour of weakness. . . . A last concession. Yes; that can be considered a merely venial fault. The solution offered by Joan's latest Catholic biographers, however, is much more pointed and radical. The records of the condemnation trial and the Posthumous Postscript are justly open to suspicion in connection with her attempt to escape from Beaurevoir, her answers to inquiries concerning the "sign" given to the king, and her last days.

The formula of abjuration which Joan pronounced and ratified at the cemetery of Saint-Ouen "was the exact opposite of an abjuration in matters of faith. It did not imply an oath. It did not contain anything unlawful. All that Joan renounced in it was the wearing of men's clothes, the carrying of arms, and the wearing of her hair clipped. The other articles were an unqualified act of submission to the Universal Church, and a conditional act of submission to the Rouen tribunal: 'provided it be pleasing to God.' These were acts for which the servant of God deserved praise, not blame." If she dressed again as a man a few days later, in spite of her promise, it was out of necessity and for the preservation of her virtue. Let the responsibility for that fall on the Bishop of Beauvais, "who, after publicly agreeing to put her in an ecclesiastical prison and to give her a woman companion, shamelessly broke his promise."

Finally, the Posthumous Postscript is unworthy of credence. "The charges formulated in this document are as unfounded

* *Op. cit.*, pp. 160-162.

as the hateful epithets applied to the servant of God in the abjuration formula forged by the Bishop of Beauvais."*

Both of these solutions advanced by Catholic authors give, as will be seen, a very different impression of Joan from that which M. France's work leaves in his reader's minds. Despite his assertions, Joan has not been overrated. His feverish attempts to disparage, to misrepresent, and to disfigure her, are all in vain. She still stands worthy of gratitude and admiration.

What does M. Anatole France really think of Joan? In his judgment she is simply the victim of hallucinations—on a higher plane than others of her class, if one may so speak—but for all that she is the plaything of a diseased imagination, not at intervals only, but habitually. This last phrase falls from his pen every minute,† and one may be sure that there is a very definite purpose underlying its frequent use.

Even after the pontifical decree of 1904 had proclaimed that Joan's virtues were of heroic cast, a Catholic could still admit‡ that she sometimes deceived herself about the nature or the interpretation of her "voices" and their revelations. That would not be so very abnormal, nor would it be incompatible with sanctity. M. France notes, with marked satisfaction, that Joan was deceived by her "voices" and that she frequently admitted the fact herself. He writes:

> While the trial lasted, trusting her "voices," she counted on being set free. She did not know how nor when her deliverance would be effected, but she was just as sure of it as of our Lord's presence in the Holy Eucharist. . . .
>
> Full of confidence, she waited for the angels and saints to accomplish their promises by coming to set her free. She did not know how nor when her rescue would be brought about, but she had no doubt it would be accomplished. To doubt that would be to doubt Saint Michael, Saint Catherine, and our Lord; that would mean her "voices" were evil. Her "voices" had told her not to fear, and she did not. . . .
>
> "Now, see here, Joan," said the Lord Bishop of Beauvais to her, "you have always told us that your 'voices' promised you your freedom. You see now how they have de-

* Dunand, *L'Héroicité des Vertus de Jeanne d'Arc et la Revision de son Histoire, cf. Revue du Clergé Français*, April 15, 1904.

† To give only one example: "Her perpetual hallucinations very often rendered her incapable of distinguishing between truth and falsehood, Vol. I., p. 3.

‡ See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, November, 1908, p. 247.

> ceived you. Come, now, tell us the truth." She answered: "Yes; I see clearly that they have deceived me. . . ." "Do you still believe in your 'voices'?" "I believe only in God, and I no longer put willing faith in those 'voices' which have deceived me in this way." *

It is very probable and almost certain that these words do not give us a faithful account of Joan's thoughts. But even if Joan did believe that she had made a mistake in thinking that her "voices" spoke to her about her "deliverance"; even if she had misinterpreted the "deliverance" of which they spoke; even if she had been led consequently, by the turn of events, to realize that she had deceived herself, we would have no right to charge her with having doubted her mission. Neither might we say that she was conscious during certain lucid intervals, of being ordinarily a victim of hallucinations.† We may remark that a person may make a mistake about one point of an accidental character, without being always deceived about what is essential.

Whatever may be thought about this particular case, it is quite certain that Joan was not the complete and hopeless slave of hallucinations that M. France made her out. He asserts:

> The chief conclusion drawn from the documents is that she was a saint. She was a saint endowed with all the attributes of sanctity as it was conceived by the fifteenth century.‡ She had visions. They were neither shams nor counterfeits. She believed that she really heard voices speaking to her—and that they did not come from human lips. . . .
>
> Is not that the same as saying that she had hallucinations of sight, of hearing, of touch, and of smell? §

M. France faces the question as to the objective character of Joan's visions and voices. Joan believed they were real. Therefore, she was the victim of a delusion, No other explanation is possible; none other is to be sought. If one were to

*Vol. II., pp. 231, 254, 385, 387.

† This does not fit in very well with M. France's theory about the Maid's "perpetual hallucinations."

‡ M. France is very fond of the idea that he expresses in this phrase. He dwells on it frequently. On page 38 of his first volume he writes as follows: "Unfortunately the idea of sanctity has greatly degenerated in the Church since the Council of Trent, and orthodox historians are very little inclined to acquaint themselves with the vagaries of the Catholic Church in past ages."

§ Vol. I., pp. 32–33.

say to him: May there not be, after all, a world of spirits superior to man who occasionally enter into communication with us?" he would answer: "Nonsense." Yet what proof is there to back up such stout denial? What is it that proves so conclusively that Joan was deluded?

The first "proof" offered by M. France is an observation, suggested to him, he tells us, "by a study of the documentary evidence," and one which seems to him "of infinite importance":

> The visionaries who believe themselves invested with a divine mission are marked off from the rest by singular characteristics. When a man studies these mystics, and compares them one with another, he will see that they all present certain features of resemblance which can be followed down to very minute details, all of which find expression in various words and acts. When he recognizes the strict determinism which governs the movements of these visionaries, he is likely to feel surprise at the fatal uniformity with which the human machine responds to the action of one and the same mysterious agent. Joan belonged to this religious group, and it is an interesting study to compare her in this connection with Saint Catherine of Siena, Saint Colette of Corbie, Yves Nicolazie, the peasant of Kernanna, Suzette Labrousse, the prophetess of the Constitutional Church, and so many other seers and seeresses of this class, who all wear a family resemblance. Three visionaries in particular are closely related to Joan. The first was a serf of Champagne, whose mission was to speak to King John . . .; the second was a blacksmith of Salon . . .; the third, a peasant from Gallardon, by the name of Martin. Despite the difference of sex, there are very intimate and profound resemblances between these three men and Joan of Arc. The similarity is one of nature even, and the differences which seem at first sight to put a wide gap between her and them, are of the esthetic, social, and historical order, and are, consequently, external and contingent. To be sure there is a contrast between them in appearance and fortune. They were as ill-favored as she was charming; they have been left in oblivion while she has gained in strength and has flourished in legend. The scientific mind, however, detects the qualities held in common by the fairest specimens and the veriest abortions of the same species and thus attests the identity of their origin.*

* Vol. I., pp. 35–37.

Joan then was a victim of hallucinations because she bears "a family resemblance" to certain persons who, according to M. France, are commonly recognized as visionaries. This reasoning is not conclusive. A fool, who labors under delusions and thinks he has been sent by God to save his country, may resemble in many points a sound-minded man who has real visions and has really received a commission from God to deliver his people. The "nature even" of their preoccupations might create between them "intimate and profound resemblances." It does not follow from this that they were equally inspired by God, or were equally foolish. Christianity and the fetichism of savages resemble each other, and in certain important details, as, for example, in calling on their God for help, but no one can rightly infer from this fact that both are divinely revealed, or that both are human inventions. For the same reason, the resemblances pointed out by M. France fail to justify the conclusion he draws from them.

A second argument advanced by M. France is that there were swarms of visionaries in Joan's days, and it is no more than just to rank her among them.

> Together with interminable wars, misery and ignorance had reduced mankind to mental poverty and extreme moral indigence. . . .
>
> At this crisis many holy women appeared in the little army of the Loire. They led a singular life, like Joan, and were in touch with the Church Triumphant. They were, so to speak, a flying column of Beguines who followed the army. . . . They all had wonderful visions. Joan saw Saint Michael in arms and Saints Catherine and Margaret carrying crowns. La Pierronne saw God clothed to His feet in a white robe with a beautiful red toque. Catherine of La Rochelle saw a white lady dressed in gold cloth.*

Yes, troubled times and seasons of misery often beget folly. History tells us that. But, again, this fact, and this by itself alone, does not prove that Joan also was a visionary and a victim of delusions, the complete and perpetual slave of hallucinations, as she has been described.

The two reasons brought forward by M. France are very weak. They have no weight except with the superficial and

* Vol. I., p. 21; Vol. II., p. 96.

unreflecting, or with those who, like M. France himself, reject the supernatural and deny the possibility or the reality of a divine intervention in human affairs. When a man denies *a priori* the supernatural, he must extricate himself from difficulties as best he can and adopt the only solution left. At bottom M. France's argument comes to this: Joan is a victim of hallucinations because she cannot be anything else, since there is nothing supernatural. We who believe in the supernatural make bold to declare his reasoning defective and radically false.

We do not admit the fact of a concrete miracle without duly established proofs, nor do we think ourselves authorized to reject duly established proofs, because they force the conclusion that a miracle has been wrought.

On what side must the truly scientific spirit range itself? M. France has offered only bad reasons in support of his denial. What good reasons have we to offer in support of our affirmation?

Joan was ignorant, but no trace of superstition can be found in her. "Quite near Domremy," she said, in answer to her judges, "there is a tree called the Ladies' tree, or the tree of the fairies. I have heard it said that people suffering from fever drink the water there to be cured. I have myself seen them drinking there, but I do not know whether they were cured or not. I have frequently heard old people, who were not of my family, say that the fairies haunt that spot. A woman named Joan, my godmother, and wife of Mayor Aubery, even said that she had seen the fairies. I do not know if that were so, but I have never seen them myself." Joan it would seem was not over-credulous, nor excessively impressionable.

Nor was there any trace of religious or patriotic ecstasy in her when she received the revelation of her "voices" for the first time, at thirteen years of age. Her piety was normal and reasonable; her love of country well-balanced. On this last point Petit de Julleville writes with great good sense:

> The trouble that the war brought on her in childhood has sometimes been exaggerated.* How many provinces there were that had to suffer more grievous afflictions than the Marche of Lorraine. Relatively speaking, it fared well.

* M. France has made this mistake.

> The sum of its troubles amounted to unbloody alarms, the menaces of marauding bands, and hurried flights with the threatened live stock. Before she went to war, Joan very probably never saw French blood flow except what was spilled when the small boys of Domremy had stone-throwing battles with the "Burgundians" of Maxey. The first "voices" that spoke to her during the summer of 1425, took her by surprise and waked her, as it were, out of the perfect calm of her maiden heart. These "voices" slowly created the passionate patriotism she manifested three years later. Her patriotism did not antedate, nor did it beget them. We notice also that her "voices" did not tell her all at once about her mission. For quite a while they simply gave her pious advice. Then, as she advanced in years and reasoning power, that mission was revealed, little by little. At first she rejected it with mental agony; then she accepted it; and at last she welcomed it with passionate ardor. This onward march and progress of events should be carefully borne in mind. No matter how you explain it, you see that this mysterious intervention slowly shaped Joan's soul and will. Many seem to have believed—without proof and against the evidence—that Joan sought, instigated, and almost necessitated this mysterious intervention, by her solitary and personal ecstasies. The truth is quite the contrary. The first time she heard the "voice" she "was frightened." That phrase tells us how far she was from expecting or summoning it—how far she was, so to speak, from giving either ear or heart to the miracle.*

Everything in her childhood and girlhood indicates physical and mental health. She was not a virago; but she was a strong country girl, a peasant, well-built, robust, and able to bear hardship. Her life furnishes abundant evidences of good-humor, of roguish simplicity, and of unaffected candor, touched with shrewdness and irony. Her presence of mind, during the trial, was truly marvelous. There she sat face to face with fifty solemn, subtle, crafty, treacherous, unfriendly doctors, with no one to advise her, and worn out by a long and hard imprisonment. Even her enemies admired her self-possession, her good sense, her candor, and her directness in dealing with the points at issue.

Her moral temperament was also well-balanced. All vir-

* *Op. cit.*, pp. 12–13. In our first article, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, November, 1908, pp. 239-242, we have shown that M. France's attempt to attribute Joan's vocation to cleverly concealed ecclesiastical influences is a pure hypothesis, unsupported by a single solid proof.

tues met in her heart. She was pious, good, pure, brave and humble, in an heroic degree.

Let M. France name a single visionary or victim of delusions, whose vocation was begotten like hers, or who was as well equipped as she intellectually and morally. Certain fanatics, it is true, have asserted that Jesus himself was a fool.* At that reckoning our dictionaries must be changed completely, and it must be decreed that henceforth we will call folly what we have hitherto known as wisdom, inspiration, or genius. That is the height of unreason. Let M. France mention a single visionary who has done what Joan of Arc did. L'Abbé Coubé mentions in this connection an infidel doctor who once said to a friend: "Come to La Salpêtrière,† and I will show you fifty Joans of Arc." "That is too many," answered his friend, "show me just one who can give us back Alsace and Lorraine, and I will no longer see anything supernatural in the Liberatrix of Orleans."‡ I do not say that the comparison is wholly just. I am quite convinced that it would be more difficult to give us back Alsace and Lorraine, than it was to drive the English out of France. Still it remains true that no visionary ever played a part to be compared with that of Joan.

M. France's answer to this is that her work has been exaggerated, but we have seen that M. France does not prove his statement. He also says that Joan was a visionary of a higher order; but we have a right to tell him that a superior visionary of this kind is no visionary at all. If he were to reply that no visionary was ever placed in such circumstances, we could show him that many of them lived amid surroundings that were equally, if not even more, favorable, and yet they did not achieve like results. It is decidedly true that a man may be a good novelist, and only an indifferent historian or scholar.

Doctor George Dumas, professor of the Sorbonne, a man particularly well-informed in psycho-pathology, and little suspected of clericalism, is much more reserved than M. France in a letter written to the latter and published by him in the appendix to his second volume. We will analyze this letter carefully. M. Dumas begins by declaring that a physician of our

* As, for example, Dr. Binet-Sanglé, author of *La Folie de Jesus* (Paris, 1908).

† An almshouse and asylum for insane women in Paris.

‡ S. Coubé, *Le Cœur de Jeanne d'Arc*, p. 32 (Lethielleux, Paris, 10, rue Cassette).

days can hardly pass a judgment on Joan's case, since the reports of the trial do not furnish sufficient information about her nervous condition.

Jean d'Aulon, he continues, testified, on the word of several women, that Joan would never have been fully developed. That indicates an insufficient physical growth such as we meet in many neuropathic patients. It is also likely enough that Joan's sight delusions were one-sided. Still these facts, even if they were well-established, "would not justify definite conclusions." The same must be said about the "distinctness" and "certainty" of her hallucinations. None of these facts afford sure proof that Joan was hysterical. On the other hand, she is marked off from the classical examples of hysteria by several important characteristics: she resists her "voices" and she makes them come at her will when they do not come of themselves. Dr. Dumas concludes:

> This characteristic enables us, *if Joan were hysterical*, to point out the part that her nerve ailment might play in the development of her character, and in her life.
>
> *If hysteria had any part in her*, it was only to let the most secret sentiments of her heart become objective in the shape of visions and heavenly voices; it was the open door through which the divine—or what Joan took to be divine—entered into her life; it strengthened her faith; it consecrated her mission; *but Joan's intelligence and will remained sound and right.* Nervous pathology hardly throws even a feeble light on that soul.

Why did not M. France pay more attention to the judgment of the master he had consulted? *If Joan were hysterical . . . If hysteria had any part in her . . . Joan's intelligence and will remained sound and right;* these are phrases to be remembered. M. Dumas doubtless does not believe in the objective character of Joan's "voices"; he even speaks of her hallucinations as of an undisputed fact. Still it counts for something that he does not make the Maid a hysterical creature, an automaton, a plaything and victim of continuous delusions. M. France should have held to this minimum, at the very least.

Why has he not done so? Because M. France does not trust the masters in psycho-pathology any more than the masters in the art of war, when their opinions upset his system.

All that remains for us to do, is to sum up our conclusions. M. France has aimed at doing for Joan of Arc what Renan did for our Lord almost half a century ago. They both have sought to explain, without the supernatural, lives and personalities which were wholly or almost wholly supernatural. Like his master, M. France has failed in his sacrilegious attempt. His *Life of Joan of Arc* has literary merit and some parts of it are useful. As a whole, however, it is a defective work, with no great historical or scientific value. It will not be an indispensable or authoritative book, as incompetent critics or flatterers have thoughtlessly declared. Its success will not endure.

Joan of Arc is still for us the heroic girl we have always admired; the saint that the Church is making ready to place on her altars. When I speak of *our* admiration, I do not mean French Catholics alone. Joan of Arc has been praised, honored, and defended by Catholics the whole world over, of every race and nationality.* Better yet, have we not heard, even lately, Protestants and free-thinkers of every shade of belief, from the New World as well as from the Old, expressing their deep sympathy for her whom M. France tries to belittle?

M. France labors in vain. In the life and character of Joan of Arc there is something singularly touching, dramatic, and truly marvelous. She stands before us, a young peasant girl, simple, good, sensible, who, out of obedience to the call of God, leaves her village and her family, convinces the most prudent, fills the conquered with courage, defeats her enemies, has her king anointed, is then made a prisoner, and after an unjust trial dies at the stake in her nineteenth year, meriting the title, "Saint of Patriotism." What more beautiful or more touching can be imagined?

In truth we should weep for those who, out of hatred for God and the Church, vainly try to lessen her glory and to tarnish her sanctity.

* Archbishop Ireland's magnificent discourse on Joan, delivered at Orleans in May, 1899, is still well remembered in France. *Cf. La Revue du Clergé Français*, June 1, 1899.

(THE END.)

New Books.

ORTHODOXY.

A person unacquainted with Mr. Chesterton's characteristics — if since the publication of *Heretics* there is to be found any such person among those who read English—would probably meet with the literary surprise of his life, when, after reading the plain, simple introduction, he would proceed to peruse the pages of *Orthodoxy*,* and find himself at once dazzled, perplexed, delighted by this blaze of wit, paradox, epigram, sarcasm, Johnsonian common sense, original ways of looking at things which everybody knows, deep philosophic argument served out in terms of the most commonplace thought, and some of the great truths of religion tested effectively and favorably by inspecting them upside down. The book, Mr. Chesterton informs us, is meant to be a companion to *Heretics*, in which he attacked some of the current philosophies. Some champions of these challenged Mr. Chesterton to give his own philosophy of religion; and, in response, the iconoclast turns constructor and presents his reasons for believing in Christianity as it is embodied in the Apostles' Creed. As a specimen of apologetics *Orthodoxy* stands alone, with nothing approaching to it, from Justin and Tertullian to Newman and Hettinger. The gist of Mr. Chesterton's argument is that life and religion are too large to be put into the narrow logical categories of philosophical systems that view them through one narrow lens; the paradoxes of life are made intelligible by the paradoxes of Christianity; while materialism and agnosticism are the suicide of thought.

> The whole secret of mysticism is this: that man can understand everything by the help of what he does not understand. The morbid logician seeks to make everything lucid, and succeeds in making everything mysterious. The mystic allows one thing to be mysterious, and everything else becomes lucid. The determinist makes the theory of causation quite clear, and then finds that he cannot say "if you please" to the housemaid. The Christian permits free will to remain a sacred mystery; but because of this his relations with the housemaid become of a sparkling and crystal clearness. He puts the seed of dogma in a central darkness; but it branches forth in all directions with abounding natural health.

* *Orthodoxy*. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

The same idea is presented in another way:

> That transcendentalism by which all men live has primarily the position of the sun in the sky. We are conscious of it as of a kind of splendid confusion; it is something both shining and shapeless, at once a blaze and a blur. But the circle of the moon is clear and unmistakable, as recurrent and inevitable as the circle of Euclid on a blackboard. For the moon is utterly reasonable; and the moon is the mother of lunatics, and has given to them all her name.

The following passage is the one that approaches nearest to summing up the trend of Mr. Chesterton's march:

> This is the thrilling romance of Orthodoxy. People have fallen into a foolish habit of speaking of Orthodoxy as something heavy, humdrum, safe. There never was anything so perilous or so exciting as Orthodoxy. It was sanity; and to be sane is more dramatic than to be mad. It was the equilibrium of a man behind madly rushing horses, seeming to stop this way, and to sway that, yet in every attitude having the grace of statuary and the accuracy of arithmetic. The Church in its early days went fierce and fast with any warhorse; yet it is utterly unhistoric to say that she merely went mad along one idea. She swerved to left and right, so exactly as to avoid enormous obstacles. She left on one side the huge bulk of Arianism, buttressed by all worldly powers to make Christianity too worldly. The next instant she was swerving to avoid an orientalism, which would have made it too unworldly. The orthodox Church never took the tame course or accepted the conventions; the orthodox Church was never respectable. It would have been easier to have accepted the earthly power of the Arians. It would have been easy, in the Calvinistic seventeenth century, to fall into the bottomless pit of predestination. It is easy to be a madman; it is easy to be a heretic. It is always easy to let the age have its head; the difficult thing is to keep one's own. It is always easy to be a modernist; as it is easy to be a snob. To have fallen into any of these open traps of error and exaggeration, which fashion after fashion and sect after sect have set along the historic path of Christendom—that would, indeed, have been simple. But to have avoided them all has been one whirling adventure; and in my vision the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect.

Brilliantly clever and true to the facts is Mr. Chesterton's account of how the great agnostics, the guides of his youth, succeeded in arousing in his mind doubts about agnosticism. He was informed that Christianity was not only vicious but had an astonishing talent for combining in itself the most contrary vices. It was attacked for quite contradictory reasons:

> No sooner had one rationalist demonstrated that it was too far to the east than another demonstrated with equal clearness that it was much too far to the west. No sooner had my indignation died down at its aggressive squareness than I was called upon again to notice and condemn its enervating and sensual roundness.

He was told that with its doctrine of the other cheek Christianity was an attempt to make a man too like a sheep. But:

> I turned the next page in my agnostic manual, and my brain turned upside down. Now I found that I was to hate Christianity, not for fighting too little, but for fighting too much. Christianity, it seemed, was the mother of wars. Christianity had deluged the world with blood. I had got thoroughly angry with the Christian because he was never angry. And now I was told to be angry with him because his anger had been the most huge and horrible thing in human history; because his anger had soaked the earth and smoked to the sun. The very people who reproached Christianity with the meekness and non-resistance of the monasteries were the very people who reproached it also with the violence and valor of the Crusades. It was the fault of poor old Christianity (somehow or other) that Edward the Confessor did not fight and that Richard Cœur de Lion did.

Elsewhere, again, the agnostic is neatly castigated.

> The ordinary agnostic has got his facts all wrong. He is a non-believer for a multitude of reasons; but they are untrue reasons. He doubts, because the Middle Ages were barbaric, but they weren't; because Darwinism is demonstrated, but it isn't; because miracles do not happen, but they do; because monks were lazy, but they were very industrious; because nuns were unhappy, but they are particularly cheerful; because Christian art was sad and pale, but it was picked out in peculiarly bright colors and gay with gold; because

> modern science is moving away from the supernatural, but it isn't, it is moving towards the supernatural with the rapidity of a railway train.

Scarcely a page but invites quotation. Enough, however, has been given to convey a definite idea of Mr. Chesterton's line of apologetics, in which many a weighty philosophic or historical argument is couched in witty metaphor or whimsical illustration; and whose richness of thought, if diluted with a sufficient infusion of syllogism, would furnish forth more than one respectable volume. Here Mr. Chesterton professes only to champion Christianity, as it is common to all believers; but he promises that, if challenged to do so, he will write another to prove where the principle of authority, indispensable to Christianity, is lodged. We trust some opponent will, therefore, strike Mr. Chesterton's shield fair in the center.

FRANCIS THOMPSON'S POEMS.

Most joyously must all lovers of high poetry — and all lovers of vital Catholicity — welcome this new edition of the poems of Francis Thompson.* For him, as for many another, has death wrought what life seemed powerless to consummate: and the bereaved world has at least this grace—to recognize and in measure to gauge its deep bereavement! Yet through all the later years of that singularly tragic life, it was Thompson's solace to have the appreciation of the few who really mattered. "He had," says the introductory note to this present volume, "what poets of old, to their great sorrow, lacked; he had trial by his peers; a kind fate gave him fellow-poets among his reviewers."

And not less, a kind fate gave him rare friends. Very meet and right it seems that from the hand of Wilfred Meynell—who long ago gave the young genius his first opportunity to live and to shine—should come now this selection from his finished work. There is nothing in the little collection with which we could willingly dispense; there are even additions (notably from Thompson's final volume) which we should right gladly welcome to the number. For beside "Love in Dian's Lap," "The Hound of Heaven," selections from the "Odes" and from "Sister Songs," might no place have been found for that exquisite

* *Selected Poems of Francis Thompson.* London: Methuen & Co., Burns & Oates.

"dramatic sequence," "A Narrow Vessel," or for the poignant and heart-subduing poems of the "Ultima"? And can even the beauty of "Any Saint" reconcile us to the omission of that most Thompsonian production, "The Dread of Height"? Mr. Meynell will know that even so must the poet's lovers clamor for what is not—still cherishing supremely all that he has given them. The original volumes of Thompson are, for practical purposes, out of print, so that old readers—and numberless new ones, let us confidently hope!—must flock gratefully to the present selection. They will find it worthy of its sponsor. And the portrait of Francis Thompson in youth, together with a little intimate yet reticent biographical note, will not fail to add their own interest to the precious volume.

THE AMERICAN AS HE IS.

In his course of lectures, delivered before the University of Copenhagen last September, which have just been published,* the President of Columbia University presented a highly favorable sketch of America and Americans. His patriotism did not quite hinder him from an occasional admission that the typical American betrays some slight imperfections of character, and that the prevailing conditions of life, political, commercial, and social, are not absolutely Utopian. Probably before an American audience President Butler would have found more subjects for unfavorable comment. But his good taste and loyalty rightly restrained him from airing family grievances before strangers. And the foreign gentlemen who, after a hasty sojourn here, during which they catch a glimpse of some of the superficial characteristics of the people, undertake to enlighten the world upon everything American, may be trusted to publish our shortcomings. The first lecture sketches the American political idea—a government of principles, not men. The substantial unity of view regarding this principle, President Butler affirms, brought the United States into existence, and, persisting in undiminished strength to the present day, is the controlling and unifying fact in American life. Other forces have contributed to the unification of the heterogenous masses which immigration has poured into the national crucible—the gradual march west-

* *The American as He Is.* By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: The Macmillan Company.

wards from the older States, the influence of many voluntary organizations which are national in scope, and of the great political parties:

> Members of a given party organization are drawn closely together, no mattor how far apart their homes may be. A prominent Democrat of Texas is a welcome guest of his fellow-partisans in New York or Massachusetts, and a distinguished Republican from Maine is greeted as an old and valued friend by the Republicans of Illinois or California.

Another unifying force is the newspaper press which, says Dr. Butler, is a powerful factor in the development of a national consciousness. He deplores the existence of yellow journalism, but warns his audience not to judge the American press by its worst examples. Finally, the Doctor brings out one feature of our political system which is unheard of in Europe—the precedence of the judiciary over the legislature:

> Most completely of all the organs of government the courts represent the settled habits of thinking of the American people. A President may be, and at times is, powerfully influenced by the passions and clamor of the moment. The federal courts are much less likely to be so influenced. The Congress may be stampeded by a popular outcry into passing some crude or unjust act. The Federal courts are there in all their majesty, to decide whether the popular outcry has asked for and obtained something which runs counter to the constitutional guarantees of civil liberty, and to the division of powers between nation and States. If so the popular clamor cannot have what it thinks it wants. To override the Constitution would be revolution.

The second lecture treats the American apart from his government, and, analyzing the national character, presents the main characteristics of the type. If you would view this character aright, the lecturer warns his hearers, do not confine yourselves to New York and Boston:

> The American type is seen at its purest and best in any one of the hundred or more small cities and towns of the Middle West. If one were to select a restricted area in which to study American life and American characteristics, he would do best to choose Northern Illinois and the adjacent

> parts of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Here the soil is rich, the settlements are old enough to have an aspect of comfort and order, the population is well-to-do—they read the best books, and take the best magazines, reviews, and weekly journals . . . there is little vice and less crime.

On the other hand, however, Dr. Butler, after reminding us that the literary pre-eminence of Boston is a mere tradition, crowns New York as the intellectual and social capital of the country. He has a word of regret for the absence of any supremely good American contributions to first-class literature:

> The richest and most elegant modern prose is that of the French academicians and of English scholars, trained under the classical traditions of Oxford and of Cambridge. Few Americans write so well as either of these, and if the classical tradition further weakens in the American colleges and universities, or perishes altogether, there will be fewer still in years to come. Only occasionally is an American book of even exceptional scholarship really well written.

The typical American, as President Butler sympathetically draws him, has, in spite of many faults, a fine nature. Here, as a farewell warning, the President would correct some foreign misconceptions which, not without reason, are entertained on this point:

> He is not the man who, suddenly grown rich, disports himself vulgarly in the public gaze; he is not the boastful Philistine, who is ignorant of the world's civilization and despises what he does not know; he is not the decadent of the large cities who wastes his patrimony and his life in excess and frivolity. All these exist in America, but their notoriety is, unfortunately, out of all proportion to their number.

And then the writer presents a fair ideal of American manhood:

> The typical American is he who, whether rich or poor, whether dwelling in the North, South, East, or West, whether scholar, professional man, merchant, manufacturer, farmer, or skilled worker for wages, lives the life of a good citizen and a good neighbor; who believes loyally and with all his heart in his country's institutions, and in the under-

lying principles on which these institutions are built; who directs both his private and his public life by sound principles; who cherishes high ideals; and who aims to train his children for a useful life and for their country's service.

From the tenor of some of his observations one would expect that Mr. Butler would have inserted some religious faith as an indispensable trait in this portrait. Perhaps he means to convey this characteristic in the phrases referring to the underlying principles of the country's institutions; for, backing up his assertion with the well-known pronouncement of Justice Brewer, he affirms that the United States is, both in law and in fact, a Christian nation; and that the whole point of view of the people, as well as their institutions and traditions, are those which have been developed under the dominance of the Christian faith.

THE TRIAL OF JESUS.

The title and the handsome binding of these two large volumes* stimulate curiosity. Have we dropped on a masterpiece of criticism and biblical lore, combined with forensic science? or is the title itself its strongest claim to attention? A glance at the preface discovers that the work is on the plane of the popular lecture platform, where the speaker appeals to his audience with picturesque description, commonplace allusion, and a matter-of-fact handling of topics that are usually treated only in the solemn language of the pulpit. The first volume discusses the trial of our Lord before the High Priest, from the point of view of Jewish legal procedure. "What was the nature of the charge brought against the Christ? Was He guilty as charged? Were forms of law duly observed in the trial of the accusation against Him?" The author has read a number of authorities on the laws and customs of Israel; but he does really grapple with what might have been the most interesting and serviceable feature of his task, that is, to demonstrate against rationalistic criticism, that the Gospel narratives are unimpeachable documentary evidence for the facts of the case. The subject is spun out by numerous digressions.

The second volume reviews the Roman trials before Herod

* *The Trial of Jesus. From a Lawyer's Standpoint.* By Walter M. Chandler, of the New York Bar. 2 Vols. New York: The Empire Publishing Company.

and Pilate. These, Mr. Chandler shows, were, like the Hebrew one, grossly illegal in form. This volume is swollen by the addition of a treatise on Graeco-Roman Paganism, of which the aim is to describe the moral degradation that prevailed at the time of Christ. This subject is a rather incongruous and unbecoming one to place in juxtaposition with the other, especially as the author has spread plentifully over his pages salacious details furnished by Suetonius, Arnobius, and other classic writers. He borrows plentifully, too, from Döllinger's *Jew and Gentile*. The author's treatment of his subject, united to a fascinating delivery, would, doubtless, secure from a popular audience a higher measure of approbation than it can hope to command from any cold-blooded critic who makes his acquaintance with it through print.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

The rapidity with which the great work of the Catholic Encyclopedia* is progressing exceeds the expectation even of its most optimistic friends. Only six months have elapsed since the appearance of the third volume, and now the fourth appears, accompanied with an assurance from the managers that the fifth is advancing rapidly towards completion. The list of contributors, numbering about two hundred and thirty, is of the same cosmopolitan character as those of the previous volumes. English, French and other continental scholars have contributed extensively; and almost all the weightier articles have been written by persons whose names are already favorably associated with the literature of the respective subjects. While welcoming a few of the new contributors, one must also regret the absence from the present list of some names that are signed to articles of conspicuous merit in some of the preceding volumes; and we still look in vain for the names of some American scholars and professors who, from their position in American Catholic education, one would expect to find among forces making for the signal success of this American Catholic undertaking.

The fourth volume fairly merits the praise of maintaining the high standard embodied in the preceding numbers. There

* *The Catholic Encyclopedia.* Vol. IV. Clan-Dio. New York: Robert Appleton Company.

are not, perhaps, so many subjects of paramount interest as there were in the first and second. But this drawback to the value of the volume is offset by the high quality of a large number of articles on topics which, if not of the highest, are of very high interest. Among the chief biblical questions treated are the Book of Daniel, by Dr. Gigot, who handles this thorny question very circumspectly; and the Deluge, by Father Maas, who, while remaining well within the pale of orthodoxy, makes some concessions to modern science. In deference to it, Father Maas affirms, the geographical universality of the Flood, held everywhere till the seventeenth century, may be safely abandoned. But he takes his stand uncompromisingly on the anthropological universality. That the whole human race was destroyed by the Deluge is a conclusion which we must accept, because up to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this belief was general; and, moreover, the Fathers held, not as a private opinion, but as a development of the doctrine contained in the well-known texts from the Petrine Epistles, that the Ark and the Flood are types of Baptism and of the Church. There are two interesting articles on biblical criticism. If the writer of the one on Textual Criticism had been entrusted with that on Higher Criticism, we should have, on this point, a more striking manifestation of "that careful adjustment of writer and subject" which, the editors justly claim, has "guaranteed the scholarly quality of the Encyclopedia." One of the gems of the volume is the paper on Historical Criticism by no less an authority than Father De Smetd. Its ten pages contain a clear, comprehensive synopsis of the principles of historic criticism as expounded in the book which won for the writer a high reputation in the world of scholarship.

Among the more prominent topics is "Constantinople," which embraces a vast quantity of historical, liturgical, and political information ably presented by various pens. The quality of the articles on the Councils of Constantinople and of Constance increases the prevailing regret that the writer has not yet applied himself to the production of some work worthy of his talents, which, though not quite buried in a napkin, have not yet yielded the results of which they are capable. "Columbus," "Dante," "Cyril of Alexandria," "Cyril of Jerusalem," "Copernicus," "Descartes," are among the best specimens of biographical writing in the volume; while "Contrition,"

"Confirmation," "Communion," "Cross and Crucifix," and "Cloister," may be mentioned as valuable items in this rich treasure-house of expositions of doctrine and discipline.

Philosophy is well represented by "Deism," "Deity," "Cynic School of Philosophy," "Cyrenaic School of Philosophy," "Creation," and "Creationism." If we were to mention the one article most remarkable for the interest attaching to its subject just now, we should pick out that on "Consciousness," which has been ably treated by Father Maher. To an adjoining article on "Conscience," by Father Rickaby, we should turn, if called on to illustrate to a non-Catholic the broad and temperate spirit which, generally speaking, prevails throughout the pages of the Encyclopædia. The particular passage which we should cite as an evidence of the fair-mindedness that is not, as some people assert, a quality far to seek in all Catholic writers, consists of a warning against the fault of imputing to men, as actual fact, all the false consequences that may logically be deduced from their systems. Men, Father Rickaby points out, as he names Kant, Spinoza, Paulsen, may be better than their systems; and, as a crowning instance, he mentions Luther and his pernicious doctrines concerning free will and good works, who nevertheless "asserted that the good tree of the faith-justified-man must bring forth good works; he condemned vice most bitterly, and exhorted men to virtue." "Hence Protestants can depict Luther simply as the preacher of good, while Catholics may regard simply the preacher of evil. Luther has both sides." By the way, one is astonished to find in this fine article a strange definition of ethics—"Ethics is conduct or regulated life." Ethics is no more conduct than geography is the surface of the earth. Ethics is a science; the science of conduct or regulated life, if you will—at least such is American usage, which is supported by the first authorities across the water.

To indicate that the Encyclopædia, while giving due attention to the past, aims at recording contemporary movements and treating contemporary questions, we may turn to the articles on the following subjects: "Congo," "Cremation," "Communism," "Co-education," "Collectivism." As the Encyclopædia grows, so must grow the conviction that when it is completed—with its historical accounts of men and times and places that figure in the Church's story for two thousand years; with

its record of the various forms of philosophic thought and religious beliefs which she has encountered; with its description of her interests bound up in every great human movement; and its presentation of her doctrines and discipline that permeate every nook and cranny of life—the Catholic Encyclopædia will be a majestic monument of the Church's catholicity.

RAMBLES IN SPAIN.

That veteran traveler, Maud Howe, who has a method all her own of describing the countries which she has visited, now tells us of her rambles in Spain during the year 1906,* which, it will be remembered, was the year of the king's marriage. This event, which the author witnessed, is vividly described, as are also the enthusiastic preparations of the previous days, and the terrible catastrophe of the day itself. There is nothing of the guidebook here. The writer simply relates the experiences of herself and her party; the people they met, the places they visited, the sights, public and domestic, which they saw, in a trip which embraced Gibraltar, Seville, Cordova, Granada, Madrid, Toledo, with a flying excursion to Tangiers.

Many travelers, who write of their wanderings, have not enjoyed the privilege of meeting, on intimate ground, any of the people whose country they have passed through; and, in consequence, their books contain little but what is superficial about the manners and characteristics of the lands which they have visited. On the contrary, Maud Howe met, on terms of friendship and intimacy, many very interesting Spaniards and enjoyed the hospitality of their homes; so she is able to present us with some intimate glimpses of Spanish character and manners. She met all sorts of people, from the King and Queen to bullfighters, gypsies, and professional dancers; assisted at all sorts of spectacles, from the gorgeous services of Holy Week in the Cathedral of Seville to the horse-fair and the carnival. Her experiences are related, not in the stiff form of impersonal description, but, mainly, by reporting the conversations—always lively, and frequently witty—of the party which accompanied her. Among the members of the party were frequently a distinguished painter and a charming, broken-down gentleman of fortune, who was educated at Stonyhurst, and as a legacy of

* *Sun and Shadow in Spain.* By Maud Howe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

the distant days of his youth possessed a very amusing variety of broken English. The warm sympathy entertained for her hosts, public and private, glowing in every page of Maud Howe's book, is one of its charms; and though she is not a Catholic, difference of religion does not act as a restraint on the warmth of her feelings and admiration. Though, as she remarks herself, she did not see Spain, and the account of her journey, if not quite what she herself calls it, "a halting story," covers only a few cities, yet she manages to impress the reader with her own experience of the "spell of Spain, so dark, so noble, so tremendous, not to be shaken off."

Probably she believed she had exhausted the language of eulogy when she compares the Spaniards to a race that only recently would have considered the comparison a compliment to themselves: "They are more like us Anglo-Saxons than any people I have lived among. Villegas (the painter) says: 'In every one of us Spaniards there is a Sancho Panza, and a Don Quixote.' That is as true of us as it is of them." The book has a goodly number of illustrations.

FICTION.

Myrtle Reed's *Flowers of the Dusk* * is a pleasant, graceful story, told in an easy, unaffected, natural style, brightened with gleams of humor and wit which relieve the genuine pathos that is the prevalent note of the story. One is puzzled to say whether its chief character is hero or heroine, for the interest is fairly divided between the blind father and his crippled daughter. Ambrose North is an elderly man of high ideals and poetic temperament, who lost his eyesight many years previous to the opening of the tale; and, shortly after, lost his fortune, though he knew it not. As the story opens, we find his daughter, Barbara, and her aunt living together with him, and acting a fiction in order to prevent him from discovering that, instead of being in the enjoyment of wealth, they depend for support on Barbara's needle. The old man's happiness is Barbara; Barbara and the cherished recollection of his dead wife. Did she not love him passionately till that last fatal moment when after Barbara's birth she, for some unaccountable reason, took her own life? Through the discovery of an old letter, forgotten in a book, Barbara and

* *Flowers of the Dusk.* By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

her lover discover the truth—that the dead wife had ceased to love her husband, and committed suicide to avoid temptation. Through the generosity of a wealthy young lady—the fairy godmother—who with her fiancé furnish the fun of the story, Ambrose North's sight is restored, and it seems impossible to keep from his knowledge the contents of the terrible letter. But Barbara manages deftly to stand between him and the fatal knowledge; so he dies at the crisis of the story and still happy in his life-long delusion. The book is daintily printed and bound.

The girl described in *Old Mr. Davenant's Money* * is a good piece of character drawing. She is *naïve* and ingenuous, and, by her undiscerning friends, in consequence, set down as hopelessly stupid. But they are very much mistaken; for, when she gets away from her domineering old grandmother, to visit her fashionable relatives and their circle, she displays, though she herself is unconscious of it, shrewd good sense, as well as a very decided will of her own. The plot of the play turns upon the ruse adopted by one of the women to keep old Mr. Davenant's money for herself and her child. She had twins, one a girl, the other a boy; if the boy died the money was to go to another relative; if he lived it should be his and his mother's. The reticence which leaves the reader to guess for himself—from sufficient, though veiled, hints—the facts of the case, exhibits a delicacy of touch that resembles French art rather than the clumsier methods that prevail with our own writers, except those of the first rank.

Another pleasant story is *Sydney Carrington's Contumacy*,† in which a very wilful but high-minded young girl sets her guardians at defiance by keeping up a correspondence with a young man whom they have forbidden her to see. But her persistence in the correspondence is merely a benevolent scheme to help him out of a scrape; for she does not love him at all. Another young lady presents the problem of an imaginary religious vocation, striving long, but vainly, against the rival influence. Though religious conversion also is an element of the plot, these matters are not allowed, as frequently happens in

* *Old Mr. Davenant's Money*. By Frances Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
† *Sydney Carrington's Contumacy*. By X. Lawson. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

novels from a distinctly Catholic standpoint, to stifle the interest of the story.

A wonderful piece of imagination, in the Jules Verne vein, is *The Man Who Ended War.** The American Secretary of War received a letter informing him that the writer, determined to stop the devastations of war, would, after the lapse of a year, destroy every battleship in the world. Accordingly, in due time, an American battleship disappeared, "melted into the yeast of waves," in the most mysterious manner; and a similar fate overtook, in succession, a French, a German, and an English battleship. Meanwhile a newspaper man and two scientists—brother and sister—friends of his, start to discover the perpetrator and his means of operation. How they at last run him down is a long story, full of adventures on the water, experiments with radio-activity, tracing of clues through dingy houses in London, and under the English channel in submarines. Of course they do run down the great inventor and discover the secret of his power, which could reduce metal to vapor at a thousand miles' distance. But he is not cornered till he has destroyed the best part of the English and German navies, and the nations of the world have resolved to pledge themselves to abandon war. There is a good deal of ingenuity in the concoction of the tale; but its scientific data fit but loosely together in many places, and, even after the first enormous "Let it be granted" is conceded, too many demands are made, by the details, upon probability.

UNTRODDEN ENGLISH WAYS.

One must not inspect too critically the title which Mr. Shelley affixes to his description of places that he has visited in England,† for some of them have been trodden steadily for generations by the tourist as well as by the native. The "Poets' Corner" in Westminster Abbey, for instance, has long been a place of literary pilgrimage; and, though the tide of fashion has long since ceased to roll through "Bath and its baths," Thackeray's influence alone has been strong enough to prevent the moss from growing on the streets of that city. The proportion, however, of the places and monuments described that are out

* *The Man Who Ended War.* By Hollis Godfrey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
† *Untrodden English Ways.* By Henry C. Shelley. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

of the beaten track of the sightseer is large enough to justify the title. Some out-of-the-way spots on the Coast of Cornwall; some nooks of Devon; the Lincolnshire fens; Beaconsfield; the Nonconformist cemetery of Bunhill Fields, where are buried John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, and some lesser celebrities; and several other places of equal interest, are described by the pen and camera of Mr. Shelley. He visits also several other notable burying grounds; and two "memorable pulpits"—that of Thomas Arnold in the Chapel of Rugby, and that of the parish church of Lavington from which Cardinal Manning preached in his Anglican days. One chapter, which introduces a little known curiosity corner, describes the contents of the storeroom in Westminster Abbey, which contains the wax figures representing the deceased, which, according to an old custom, were borne in the funeral procession at royal interments. Mr. Shelley brings a pair of observant eyes, some historical and literary gossip, but not much imagination or play of feeling to his task of description. The illustrations, most of which are photogravures, are well executed, and the book is prettily bound.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR.

The anonymous author who gives us this excellent little volume,* explaining the meaning of the feasts, fasts, and devotions of the ecclesiastical year, has treated a well-worn subject in a fresh and attractive manner. The space given to each feast and fast or devotion is small; but the writer knows the knack of condensation; and loses no time with insipidities or irrelevancies. His purpose is to stimulate devotion as well as to instruct. The reflections are pithy and suggestive; and to each topic an edifying "example" is added. The book is very suitable for spiritual reading for busy persons who are unable or unwilling to devote more than eight or ten minutes a day to this exercise.

PATROLOGY.

For the benefit of laymen, Dr. Adrian Fortescue, whose interest in the Eastern Church, past and present, has enriched our library with some valuable works, publishes a set of short biographies of the Greek Fathers.†

* *Catholic Life; or, The Feasts, Fasts, and Devotions of the Ecclesiastical Year.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Greek Fathers.* By Dr. Adrian Fortescue. St. Louis: B. Herder.

The aim of the writer is rather historical than theological; so he does not touch upon the theological value of the Fathers' writings. He gives, however, a list of them and of the various editions in which they are to be found. The biographical sketches are fairly comprehensive without going into detail. One is frequently surprised, and not always pleasantly surprised, at finding the long-established English form of a Greek name set aside for one more nearly approaching to or identical with the original. The Doctor apologizes for his inconsistency in the spelling of Greek names, on the ground that one cannot spell them all in Greek nor all in English. He wishes that they could all be spelled in Greek, but, not daring to adopt this plan, he approached as near as possible to it. But some of the names which he has changed have obtained a right of citizenship just as much as others which he has respected. We are spared Athanasios; but instead of our old friends, Eusebius and Nazianzan, we are introduced to Eusebeios and Nazianzos. This, however, is a trifle that is to be condoned in view of the solid utility and scholarly form of Dr. Fortescue's study.

This volume * consists of a series of papers published in the *Revue du Clergé Français* during the past year. M. Boudinhon, who suggested the name of M. Villien to the editor of the *Revue*, contributes a preface, in which he congratulates the author upon his success and advises the reader upon what he may expect: namely, monograph, written quite in accord with the best historical method, describing the origins, the development, and, when necessary, the gradual mitigation of the "commandments of the Church."

We can readily agree with M. Boudinhon, that his protégé has done his work well. In fact, it is little less than wonderful how these French scholars of the new school succeed in infusing living interest into the treatment of matters that in all probability would have been insufferably tedious if written according to the methods in vogue twenty or thirty years ago.

Any student whose researches take him into the field of church institutions, and any preacher who is anxious to give his congregation a series of discourses upon the specific obligations of the Catholic, will thank M. Villien for this convenient, interesting, erudite treatise.

* *Histoire des Commandements de l'Église.* Par A. Villien. Preface par M. l'Abbé Boudinhon. Paris: Lecoffre.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (7 Nov.): Anent the "Sunday Closing Movement," Mr. Balfour put himself on record as saying that if only his countrymen could be brought back to what used to be their beverage, *viz.*, beer, more would be done for temperance than all the Sunday closing would be able to do.——The article on the "Continuity Theory" of the Anglican Bishop of Bristol is brought to a close, giving a quotation from a leading Anglican church paper to the effect "that the idea of a Pre-Reformation Church independent of Rome was merely a dream of controversialists."——The Rev. Gerald Stack treats the "Sixth Chapter of St. John" with reference to the light it throws on the most difficult text in the Gospels: "Give us this day our daily bread."——Writing on the "Education Bill," the Daily Chronicle suggests that if the government is balked in its purpose, one weapon remains—administrative pressure.

(14 Nov.): "The National Union of Conservative Associations" has put out a declaration of policy, which states that the free importation of manufactured goods is decreasing the area of employment, and all classes are turning their eyes towards the banner of fiscal reform.——Penny Postage between Great Britain and this country being an accomplished fact, Mr. Henniker Heaton has now started a new campaign in favor of "Penny-a-Word Cablegrams" all over the world.—— "The Recent Eucharistic Congress" receives a eulogistic notice from St. Cuthbert's Anglican church magazine, which attributes the growth of the Catholic Church in England to her strong government; she has been well led, while weakness and indecision have marked the history of the Church of England.——"Our First Legates" is the conclusion of a series of articles by Canon Moyes showing the extent of Papal Jurisdiction in England eleven hundred years ago.

(21 Nov.): The latest movement in regard to the vexed "Education Question" is the Prime Minister's announcement of a New Bill.——Under the heading "The Dead Bill and the New Peril," it is pointed out that the

Anglican surrender can in no way effect the Catholic position on the question. Catholic children will not go to Protestant schools—they will go to Catholic schools or nowhere.——The account of "The Papal Jubilee" gives an opportunity to make a review of all the leading activities of the Pontificate of Pius X.——In a circular just issued by the Emigrants' Information Office, "Where Not to Go," emigrants are cautioned against going to the United States until there has been a sustained recovery from the depression.——A recent work by Signor Righetta makes the somewhat startling announcement of the alleged discovery of a spurious or interpolated canto in the received text of the "Inferno." The canto referred to is the eleventh.

The Month (Nov.): "The Moral Education Congress," by the Rev. F. S. Smith, is a report of the proceedings of the Congress held last September in London, having as its object the improving of the Moral Education offered in schools.——"The Mystery of Life," by the Editor, asks the old question: What is Life? What constitutes the impassable gulf between a donkey and a donkey-engine? Our extended knowledge of to-day takes us back to the simple belief of the day before—that the principle of life is not heat, not electricity, not any force known to physicist or chemist, but something essentially different from any of these.——"The Religion of Mithra," says C. C. Martindale, was originally a dualistic nature-worship, which was gradually overlaid with Babylonian astrological symbolism, although the worst Asiatic features are never found in it.——"Faith Found in Fleet Street," is a review of Mr. Chesterton's Apologia for Christianity, which he says alone allows man the free and natural use of his faculties.——"Another Protestant Advocate of Tyrannicide" points out that the theory of "killing no murder" had no place in Scotland until John Knox preached tyrannicide against Mary Tudor and Mary Queen of Scots.

The Expository Times (Dec.): "Was the Last Supper the Passover Supper?" Mr. Brooke and Professor Burkitt hold that it was not, and thus reopen an old-time controversy. Their claim is that St. Luke's account agreed with that

of St. John, but that the text of the former was altered to make it fit into the Synoptic tradition.——In a lecture, "The Religionist and the Scientist," by Rev. G. A. Ross, it is pointed out that if religion is indebted to science, the latter also owes something to the former. ——"The Value of the History of Religions for Preachers" is that it will enable the reader better to appreciate his own, for the attack upon Christianity to-day is made from the side of Comparative Religion.——"The Bearing of Criticism upon the Gospel History," by the Rev. W. Sanday, of Oxford, deals with the difference between the non-critical and critical methods of studying the Gospels.

The International (Nov.): Under Economics the editor treats of "Constitutionalism in the Factory." Nationalization, combined with industrial constitutionalism, is to supply the harmony which drowns all the discords of the present time.——"The Jews in China," by S. M. Pertman, tells of the settlement of a colony of Jews in China, at a date so far unknown, where they have, to a large extent, become assimilated with the people and accepted their religion.——"America's Yellow Peril." We learn that in Hawaii, under cover of working emigrants, 60,000 Japanese have established themselves, and that their presence is no assurance of peace.——"French Canada" treats of the three great divisions of that country, separated from one another by manners and customs, tradition and psychological characteristics, French, English, American.—— "The Miracles of Suggestion." Suggestion can cure only the ills it has caused. It can do nothing against natural laws, consequently the domain of faith-healing is limited.

The Journal of Theological Studies (Oct.): "The Apocalypse," by Dr. Hort. The writer has no hesitancy in attributing the authorship to St. John, placing its writing at a period between Nero's persecution and the fall of Jerusalem. ——"Historical Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament," by C. H. Turner, who suggests that the subject of textual criticism might be less repellant were we to approach it from the point of view of living history—something belonging to the Church. This method the writer proceeds to develop.——Cuthbert

Latty, in writing on "The Apostolic Groups," shows how the grouping represents four corresponding stages in the evolution of the apostolic college; incidentally he mentions the position assigned to the Lord's brethren and refers to Dom Chapman's article dealing with the subject.——Some fifty pages of the magazine are devoted to an exhaustive analytical study of "The Leonine Sacramentary."

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Nov.): "The Church and the Bible," by Rev. S. J. Walsh, is a protest against the charge so commonly made that the Catholic Church is the enemy of the Bible.——"Appearance and Reality," by Rev. P. Coffey, sums up the unsoundness of the Kantian position.——Under "Notes and Queries" are answered many questions of great interest dealing with theological and liturgical difficulties.——Among the "Documents" published is the full text of the exhortation of Pius X. to the clergy of the world.

Études (5 Nov.): "The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Sovereign Pontiff's Priesthood," is the inspiration of a laudatory review of Pius X.'s reign by L. de Grandmaison.——Lucien Choupin gives a succinct account of the various divisions of the "Roman Curia, and its Recent Reorganization by the Present Pope."——*Apropos* of a recent work, Yves de la Briére discusses the attitude of "St. Cyprian Towards the Papacy."——Joseph Brucker, writing of a recently discovered "Papyrus of the City of Assouan," in Egypt, contributes an article on the customs of a Jewish colony residing there in the fifth century before Christ.

(20 Nov.): "A Comparison Between Morals Based on Science and Those Based on the Gospel." The former do not contribute the idea of obligation that the latter do. They lack the notion of responsibility. Their highest aims are individual and selfish.——Fred Bouvier, reviewing the recent "Congress for the Study of Comparative Religion Convened at Oxford," speaks of it in terms of praise and thinks it is but the beginning of a work that is to endure.——In "The Dogma of Transubstantiation and the Christology of the Antiochian School of the Fifth Century," Jules Lebreton candidly admits

the difficulties presented by the writings of the Antiochian Fathers. He maintains, however, that the distinction of the two natures in Christ and the permanence of the substance of bread and wine in the Eucharist are not supported by a universal and prolonged tradition.

La Civilta Cattolica (7 Nov.): "The Reformed Modernism." The Modernists, in their desire to abolish the abuses, true or false, in the Church to-day, are moved by an absurd principle—by a sophism which the logicians call the "*Fallacy of the Accident*," *i. e.*, they attribute to the nature of a thing that which agrees with it only in an accidental and a variable way. We know that the Church is a Divine Society, and that Christ is with her to the consummation of the world.——"The Esoterics of Religion as Viewed by Theosophy." For the Theosophists the religion founded by Christ is equal to Buddhism, invented by Buddha; to Mohammedanism, established by the prophet of Mecca; and for them there is as much truth in the revelations of Buddha and of Mohammed as in the miracles and revelations of Christ.——"The National Character and the Catechism" is again continued. This month the nature of modern science is discussed, and it is shown that Italy still possesses worthy successors of Dante, Columbus, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, in the school of culture for the formation of the national character.

(21 Nov.): "The Triumph of Christ in the Jubilee of the Pope." A history of Pope Pius X.'s short but successful pontificate, showing how there is an evidence of the triumph of Christ's interests in the person of His Vicar on earth, who has gained the love and admiration of the entire Christian world.——"The Liberty of Instruction." The only true and practical solution of the problem of education in Italy to-day is liberty of instruction. Italy will demand the liberty in education as enjoyed in the United States of America, which is the object of her admiration and worthy of imitation.——"The Vatican Edition of the Gregorian Melody. The announcement in the *Motu Proprio* of April 25, 1904, that a new edition of the *Graduale Romanum* would be published by the Holy See, is now fulfilled; the work is completed

and will, no doubt, be welcomed by the teachers of Plain Chant.

Revue Pratique d'Apologetique (1 Nov.): "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ," by E. Mangenot. It demonstrates that the Resurrection, as an historic fact, is clearly attested by the New Testament writers. This article is restricted to the testimony of St. Paul, and shows that he not only asserted the fact of the Resurrection, but also that this fact was transmitted by a tradition which was truly historical.——R. P. Le Bachelet writes his impressions of the Eucharistic Congress. His article is glowing and enthusiastic.

(15 Nov.): "The True Religion of the Spirit," by A. Baudrillart. This is a University Sermon directed against the well-known work of A. Sabatier. The argument is to prove the unity of spiritual enthusiasm with authoritative religion; the proofs cited are the lives of famous saints: Augustine, Bernard, Ignatius, and others.—— This number's installment of E. Mangenot's study on the Resurrection deals with the chronology of the event. He argues that St. Paul's testimony for the Resurrection on the third day is verified in the Gospel accounts.—— The text of a letter from Cardinal Satolli to the Bishop is given. The purpose of it is to urge a deeper study and wider use of Latin in the Seminaries of France.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 Nov.): Arthur Savaéte gives the second part of his article, dealing with the French-Canadian situation, under the title "Towards the Abyss." It is chiefly a presentation of some documents pointing out the dangers attendant upon the growth of liberalism among the Catholic French-Canadians.——Two more chapters are contributed to "The French Clergy in the Past and Since the Concordat of 1801."——Marina Alix treats of "The Socialist Religion," and expounds its tenets as the antitheses of Christianity.——"The French Apologists of the Nineteenth Century" gives the biography of Father Felix, who occupied the illustrious position of Chairman of the Conferences of Notre Dame. His system of philosophy and the nature of his work as an Apologist are dealt with at length.

(15 Nov.): In "Feminism," by Theo. Joran, the writer

remarks that women do not need, in the present day, to be defended against some imaginary tyranny, but rather against themselves and their false friends, for the oppression of woman coincides with the humiliation of man. In this connection Poulain's "Discourse on the Equality of the Sexes" and "The Education of Women" are analyzed. He is described as a sophist feeble in his thesis and vigorous in his antithesis.——"Ambition" is discussed in the second conference on "Woman and Her Mission," by M. Sicard. The field of ambition for the Christian woman is threefold: the education of her children, influencing her husband for good, and combatting so-called feminism.

La Democratie Chrétienne (Nov.): Notice is given of a work which has appeared under the title *Pages of Christian Sociology*, consisting of two parts. *The Doctrine* and *The Action*. An article is to be devoted to it in the ensuing issue.——"The Situation of the Social Question at the Present Moment," by Dr. Vogelsang, who treats it under the headings: "Liberalism"; "Atheism"; and "Nihilism." He claims that each of these "isms" can count its votaries in the various countries of Europe, and that in France Nihilism has gradually insinuated itself among the lower strata of society. He shows that the spirit of the time is well expressed in the words of Guizot, "enrich yourselves," by pointing to the enormous increase of the *nouveaux riches*.——"The Christian Workingman's Movement in Belgium," is reviewed during the ten years or so of its existence. There has been a steady increase in its activities and to-day it counts 1,600 societies or unions, with a membership of 200,000; and by its action it has disarmed much of the prejudice against it, which once existed, and has gained the approval of the Belgian Episcopate.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Nov.): "The Théodicy of Fénelon and his Quietest Theory," by Jacques Riviére, underwent, the writer claims, a great change between the time of his refutation of Malebranche and his later works, published in his retreat at Cambray.——"The Religious Experience of Contemporary Protestantism," by D. Sabatier, is concluded. The two great tenets of Protest-

antism are discussed—"The Scripture the Sole Source of Revelation" and "Justification by Faith Without Works." The Catholic falls back upon the infallibility of his Church on determining the truths to be believed; the Protestant gives his adhesion to the evidence of his reason, his moral and religious sense. It is this incompatibility between Catholic realism and Protestant idealism which must render illusory all hopes of corporate reunion.

La Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques et La Science Catholique (Nov.): "God in History," by M. L'Abbé Roupain. In this fifth conference the author treats of the Divinity of Christ. It is not his object to make a complete demonstration of this truth, but to present scientifically the faith of those who believe in Him as opposed to the modernistic interpretation of the Incarnation.——"Psycho-Psychology," Chapter III., "Phenomenon of Stigmatism," by M. Le Chanoine Gombault. The views of the theologian and psychologist are presented, and two chief topics considered. Can the phenomenon of stigmatism be attributed to the imaginative power? Can hypnotic stigmas be compared with those usually attributed to supernatural power, as, for instance, those of St. Francis of Assisi?——"The Felicity of Lamennais," treats of that portion of his life which is dealt with by the Abbé Boulard in his second volume, entitled *Liberal Catholicism*. The writer, Abbé Biguet, in his review of this volume, considers some of the prominent movements of the period in which the literary work of Lamennais played an important part.——"A Chronology of our Lord Jesus Christ," deals with the census ordered by Augustus, which began in the year 745, when our Lord was born, and so coincides with the narrative given by St. Luke.

España y América (1 Nov.): P. M. Rodriquez, reviewing the "Present Situation in Colombia," believes that the Republic is not dying, but that, as evidenced by its alliance with Japan, it presses forward to a glorious future——P. E. Negrete, continuing his "Æsthetic Ideas of St. Augustine," takes issue with Guyau and briefly discusses Lalo's essay on the æsthetic sense.——"The

General Law of Religious Music," treats the question whether there is an essential difference between theatrical and sacred music. The article is written by Frederico Olmeda.——The life and labors of R. P. Lorenzo Alvarez, O.S.A., who died recently after an exemplary missionary career in China, are related sympathetically by P. C. de la Puente.

(15 Nov.): P. S. Garcia, in "Theological Modernism and Traditional Theology," shows how the errors of Loisy regarding the Church may be refuted from the Bible and from history.——"A Monologue," by G. Jünemann, is called forth by the publication of "The Greater Religious Dramas of Calderon."——An article on "Peru," especially its government, education, and religious condition, is furnished by P. M. Valez.——"The Centenary of Balmez," the purest glory of Spain in the nineteenth century, gives a brief but exact picture of that philosopher's views and position. The writer is P. Aurelio Martinez.

Razón y Fe (Nov.): "The Divine and Human in History," by E. Portillo, begins in this issue. The author treats of "The Divine Element in History," and shows the tendency of modern historians to deny the existence of God and revelation. After giving the historical data concerning these truths, he compares the methods and truths of faith and history; traces the evidences of God and Christ in the world; and treats the question of miracles.——"The Organization of Trade Unions" is treated at length by N. Noguer.——R. Ruiz Amado gives us an interesting article on "The University of Oxford."——This issue also contains the "Exhortation of his Holiness, Pius X., to the Catholic Clergy on the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of his Priesthood."————And "Twelve Years of Radio-Activity," by Jaime M. del Bassio.

Current Events.

France.

During the discussions which took place on the Near Eastern Question, and on the German Emperor's interview, Morocco fell into the background. On a sudden, however, it came to the front again, and for a moment seemed to threaten to develop into an even more acute crisis than either of the other two. Of this the Casablanca incident was the cause. As in mediæval times so also in our own there are a number of worthies whose delight is in warfare. A number of these form the Foreign Legion of the French Army, which is now in active service in Morocco. Of these some half-dozen of German, Austrian, and Swiss nationality deserted from the ranks. The German Consul at Casablanca took them under his protection, and as they were under the conduct of a Moor being marched off to a vessel for embarkation, they were arrested, with a certain amount of violence, by French soldiers, and lodged in prison.

Technically this was an affront to the German Empire, but morally the case was so bad, that that Empire felt a little ashamed to take earnest action in the matter; and so in a more or less informal manner it proposed that the whole question should be submitted to arbitration; a proposal which the French government at once accepted. The difficulty was therefore looked upon as settled. The unpleasant position, however, in which the Chancellor, Prince Bülow, had been placed, by the celebrated interview of the Kaiser and by the necessity of raising large additional sums of money by taxation, made, so it said, the Chancellor take advantage of the dispute for the sake of diverting the attention of his fellow-subjects from the misdoings of their own government to those of their enemy, in the belief, justified by experience, that the country would condone the former in view of the government's zeal against the latter. And so the Prince required, as a condition of submitting the matter to arbitration, that the French government should apologize for the conduct of its soldiers in arresting the deserters while they were under the protection of the German consul. This, however, the French government refused to do; and in this refusal they met with the unanimous support of every party and of the whole country.

For some days the Bourses were agitated, a conflict being looked upon as probable. A compromise, however, was made, by the terms of which the two governments agreed that they would simultaneously and on a footing of equality express their regrets for the acts of violence which had been committed, and would submit to arbitration the whole of the questions raised by the incident. According to the verdict of the arbitrators upon the facts and upon the question of law, each of the two governments undertook to express its regrets for the acts of its subordinate agents.

It is understood that the arbitration will be submitted to the Court established by the Hague Conference. This reference will form another step towards the advent of that era which not a few, encouraged by the successes of the past, are looking forward to with no little confidence, when critical international conflicts will be settled by a far more rational method than that which has hitherto been the last resort. The conduct of France during this crisis, for such it may be called, excited the admiration of the world. The conciliatory yet firm attitude of the government united every party in the State, from the opponents of the republican form of government on the one hand, to the extremest of the Socialists on the other, in unanimous support. The allies of France were of the same mind, and if the conflict had resulted in war, as for a few days seemed possible, their united support would have been given. Three years ago France yielded to pressure from Germany, and sacrificed M. Delcassé. To a renewed attempt firm resistance has been offered; as a consequence, France has taken a higher place among the nations of Europe.

One thing, however, threatens her permanent hold upon this position, and this is beginning to be recognized by those who give serious thought to the needs of the nation. The French army is at present between ninety and one hundred thousand smaller in the number of men than the German. But, owing to the diminishing birth-rate, a serious decrease in the annual contingent is to be expected in the future. The male birth-rate has fallen, in thirty years, from 430,000 to 395 000 last year. This year's contingent was only 210,000 men; in ten years' time it will have fallen to 201,000; in 1928 it will be only 182,000. The effect of this decrease upon the army will be to reduce its effective strength from 433,000 men

at present to 402,000 in ten years' time, and to 371,000 in 1928. On the other hand, the German population is growing, and with it the effective strength of its army.

The failure to keep the laws of nature is meeting with the retribution which it deserves. Even the navy is suffering from mal-administration due to dishonesty, dissension, and insubordination. This has led, as has been already mentioned, to the resignation of the minister in charge of naval affairs. Further revelations, which have been made on high authority, disclose even a worse state of things than had been imagined. Ships without ammunition, a fleet without means of replenishing its magazines, arsenals without reserves—such has been the condition of things for the past fourteen or fifteen years. And while the thoughts of the rest of Europe have been occupied with political questions of supreme importance, the attention of Paris has been engrossed with the proceedings of a woman more depraved than those who constitute the lowest class.

Germany.

The plan for raising the very large amount of additional taxation, which has been rendered necessary by the developments of German policy, has at length been laid before the Reichstag. These proposals, if carried into effect, will bring home to each and every one the cost of the new world policy, and may therefore have a sobering effect. The amount to be raised each year, in addition to the present taxation, is no less than one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. For this purpose recourse is had to seven different sources. The Empire is to become the sole maker and wholesale distributor of raw spirits, the further manufacture and the retail distribution being left to private individuals. This will involve an increase of cost, an increase, however, upon which the government congratulates itself, inasmuch as it will tend to restrict over-indulgence in the use of ardent spirits. The drinkers of beer, however, are not to escape, nor yet those of wine. The duty on brewing is to be increased; still wines are to be taxed for the first time, while sparkling wines are to have a higher duty imposed upon them. Smokers will have to pay their share, for upon cigars, pipe and chewing tobacco, and cigarettes, additional taxation is imposed. Not even snuff is excepted. Users of light will have to pay for the first time to spread German

civilization throughout the world, for both gas and electricity are to be taxed for the first time. Electric power is also made subject to the new impost, although at a lower rate than electric light. Mental illumination will also have to suffer, for all commercial and other business announcements in papers and periodicals, as well as circulars, placards too, and flash light advertisements, will be levied upon.

Death duties are imposed for the first time, and in future husbands or wives and children are to be liable to the payment of duties on inherited estate. The astounding proposal is made that the State shall become the heir of all estates except of those which are bequeathed by husbands or wives, or by grandparents and parents, or by descendants in the first or second degrees. Descendants in the third and more distant degrees are to be excluded from the right of inheritance, although any moral claims which they can establish in a Court, to be instituted for the purpose, will be allowed. This seems to be an unparalleled interference with the rights of property, and a long step in the direction of Socialism. To complete the list, what is called the Matricular Contribution of the various States of the Empire is to be doubled for the period of five years.

These proposals will have to pass through the ordeal of discussion in the Reichstag, and they have met with a great deal of opposition, especially as they form only a part of the increase which is asked for. Each particular State has its own burdens; and in Prussia a large addition to taxation has been demanded.

The assurances given by the Kaiser that he would make no public utterances except those which had received the approbation of the Chancellor were exemplified at a recent celebration in Berlin. The speech which he was to make was ostentatiously handed to him by Prince Bülow; this speech the Kaiser dutifully read from the manuscript, and made no remarks of his own. All Germans, however, are not even yet satisfied; they have suffered too much from the fancies and whims of personal rule. There are many who wish to have an alteration made in the Constitution which will effectively secure that stability and security which public discussion and the collective wisdom of the people alone can give. After a two days' debate the question of a revision has been referred to a Committee of the Reichstag appointed for the purpose. The repre-

sentative of the Government having declared that, in the event of definite proposals being made, they would give to them the most careful consideration.

Austria-Hungary.

On the second of December the Emperor-King celebrated his Diamond Jubilee, bringing to an end a series of celebrations which had been going on throughout the preceding twelve months. If the celebration had taken place a few months ago, the event would have given unalloyed gratification, not only to his own subjects but to the world at large, for all had recognized his single-minded sense of duty, his courage in confronting the many dangers to which his dominions have been exposed, his wisdom in bowing to the inevitable when his sagacity made him see that it really was inevitable, his unremitting labor for the good of the various peoples committed to his charge, and, above all, his unblemished truth and fidelity. It is this last which has been tarnished by the recent annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. How far he is responsible is not known. It is rumored that he has been led by the overbearing insistence of the heir to the throne and of his nominee to the Foreign Ministry, Baron von Aehrenthal. If this is the case, it is not the first time that an Austrian ruler has been led to act in the supposed interests of the State against his own better judgment. Maria Theresa, as she herself has left on record, was led by her Minister to act like the Prussians, at the cost of her honor, of the reputation of the Monarchy, of her good faith, and of her religion. "Truth and faith," she writes, "have gone forever, and with them the chief jewel of a Sovereign and his true strength against his fellows." It is not too late for his Majesty, Francis Joseph, to return to the paths in which he so long walked; and the latest news gives some hope that Austria is willing to submit her proceedings to the judgment of a European Conference. Great relief was felt at the announcement that the maladroit instrument, if not instigator, of the proceedings, Baron von Aehrenthal, had resigned, but this proved to be unfounded. This resignation, however, cannot come too soon; for the results, so far, of his administration have been the conflict with Turkey, Servia, and Montenegro, disagreements with Russia and England, coolness with Italy, and even with Germany, on account of the

conflict at Prague between the Germans and the Czechs. The latter made the streets of the city resound with the cries: "Long live Servia!" "Down with Austria!" The government thought it necessary to proclaim a state of siege. This meant that the Court acts as a Court of summary jurisdiction. The executioner, with his assistants, who were sent down for the purpose from Vienna, must be within the precincts of the Court. All persons whose guilt appears evident are brought before this Court, and if the four judges composing the Court unanimously recognize the guilt of the accused, sentence of death must be passed and executed within at most three hours. Appeal is inadmissible. Only after one or more have been executed can the Court admit extenuating circumstances in minor cases, and inflict penal servitude for from five to twenty years. It was in this way that Austria restored order in Prague.

The same arbitrary and domineering spirit which has of late become characteristic of the Dual Government is seen in the treatment by the Hungarian ministry of the Croats who have protested against an infringement of their rights. Scores of them are in prison, and have been there for months without trial, for protesting against the wrong which they have suffered.

The ruling race in Hungary has nothing so much at heart as the retention of the power to continue this and similar forms of wrong-doing. The present Ministry came into power some two years ago for the express purpose of establishing universal suffrage. Delay after delay has taken place; but at last the Bill has been laid before Parliament. It turns out, however, to be little more than an elaborate attempt so to manipulate the suffrage that the Magyars may retain the complete ascendency so long possessed, but to which their numbers do not entitle them.

The Near East.

Very little progress has been made in making definite arrangements for the assembling of the Conference which it is desired to hold in order to take cognizance of the rearrangement necessitated by the action of Bulgaria and Austria. The chief offender does not wish its lawless action to be animadverted upon, or in any way brought under discussion;

and if this refusal is persisted in, the holding of a Conference would be a futility. If it should not be held no great regret need be felt. The conduct of Austria has been condemned by a more powerful tribunal than would be the assembly of a dozen or so of the men who pass as statesmen. Public opinion has given its verdict, the force of which, in his own case, Francis Joseph's German cousin, William II., has lately been able to appreciate. The last-named Emperor has had to bow before it; if the Austrian Emperor escapes for the moment it will be at the cost of not receiving for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina the recognition of Europe, and of having been the main cause of the unsettlement which now exists and which may lead, in the not distant future, to the dismemberment of the variegated Empire over which he rules. This event a few months ago would have been looked upon with regret; now to most men of good-will it would prove a cause of rejoicing.

It is far from certain that war may not yet break out. Servia and Montenegro have been wrought up to the highest pitch of resentment by the injustice which has been done to their race and by the obstacle which has been placed, by the annexation, to the union of all Serbs in one kingdom or Republic. The Russian people also warmly sympathize with their fellow-Slavs; and even the Poles are ready to give their support. The Russian government, however, turns a deaf ear to the call to take up arms, and has joined with the other Powers in making representations to Servia and in calling upon her to keep the peace. The fact, however, that the Crown Prince of Servia was personally received by the Tsar, although he too gave peaceful counsels, renders it probable that the government also sympathizes with the Serbs, although it wishes to avoid war. Austria's only support is Germany; although, strange to say, Italy seems to lean in the same direction. Doubtless she is fettered by being one of the members of the Triple Alliance.

The conduct of Russia throughout the whole of this crisis deserves the highest praise. To her initiative is due the proposal to call a Conference, and to her self-renunciation the policy of seeking compensation at the expense of Turkey was rejected. Austria doubtless expected that the example which she had set would be followed, and in particular that Russia would seek to secure the right to pass the Dardanelles. But Russia refused to raise this question, and joined with France

and England in giving to Turkey an opportunity to establish free institutions without suffering the loss to its *prestige* which further dismemberment would have entailed. Of this opportunity Turkey has so far made good use: the Liberal government remains in power, and has used this power with both moderation and firmness. Some small attempts at reaction have been repressed, and a mutiny of palace troops quelled; the elections have, on the whole, been quietly made.

Bulgaria has entered into direct negotiations with Turkey with reference to the tribute for Eastern Rumelia and for the purchase of the Oriental Railway. Although so far no result has been secured, a fairly friendly feeling exists between the two States. Indeed, one of the possibilities of the future is that an alliance will be made between the newly organized and vivified Turkey and the Balkan States to place a bar to further aggression. Ferdinand is still, in the eyes of the world, Prince, and not, as some of our papers style him, Tsar or even Emperor. Emperors are not so easily made.

The Middle East.

The ways of the Constitution in Persia are very rugged, and it is still far from certain whether it will ever reach the goal. The Shah, with that disregard for his plighted word which is characteristic of absolute monarchs, notwithstanding his solemn declaration that a new Parliament would be summoned, let the appointed day pass without causing elections to be held. It was evident that he had made up his mind to resume the old autocratic methods. But some regard had to be paid for appearances; and so a deputation, alleged to represent the people, was formed, which marched between two lines of executioners into his presence and besought his Majesty to remove the ignominy from Islam and abolish the constitution, as it was, it alleged, the work of Babism. Affectionately responding to these loving subjects, the Shah promised to remove the black spot from the religion of the faithful, and to issue a rescript giving effect to their wish.

This, however, was more than even Russia could stand, and accordingly, acting jointly with Great Britain, she made urgent representations to the monarch, telling him very plainly that it was necessary for the well-being of the State that the promised Parliament should be summoned and the oath to keep the

Constitutional Oath adhered to. The Shah yielded to these representations for the moment; but only for the moment. His hatred of all control made him revert to his oft-attempted plan, and decrees were published a second time abolishing the constitution. But this was not the end. Neither Russia nor England would consent to be thus mocked; and these decrees have also been recalled, and for the time being Persia is still looking forward to a constitution. No Parliament, however, has been even summoned so far, and no one can tell what the future has in store.

The Far East.

We cannot omit to chronicle the deaths both of the powerless Emperor of China and of the all-powerful Dowager-Empress, especially as, in common with so many other parts of the world, China is seeking to obtain the blessings bestowed by constitutional rule. Its establishment after a fixed term of years was decreed by the late Emperor, and the most anxious question after his death was what would be the fate of the project. The new Emperor has removed all grounds for doubt, for he has not merely taken a name which implies the advent of the new system, but has also issued a decree in which he reaffirms the convocation of a Parliament and the proclamation of a Constitution in the ninth year from the 27th of August last. He ordains that "every one, from the Emperor downwards, must obey the decree. The date of the eighth year of Hsuan Tung, fixed for the convocation of Parliament, is unalterable. Let no indifference or vacillation be shown, but let every one quicken his energies, so that the Constitution may become a fact and tranquility prevail universally. Thereby the spirits of their late Majesties shall be comforted, and good government be secured for countless ages."

The way in which not only the nations which have in some degree already secured a share in their own government are striving to make it larger and more real, but also those nations which have hitherto been without such a share are meeting with success in their efforts to secure it, is one of the most remarkable features of our time, and one of the most hopeful. Egypt and India are alike in a state of unrest, because they think themselves deprived of its advantages. For the latter country steps in that direction are on the point of being taken.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

"The Catholic World" in July, 1908, purchased "Donahoe's Magazine," of Boston, and became the owners of its subscription list. All communications on the matter should be addressed to "The Catholic World," New York City.

THE notice of the *Selected Poems of Francis Thompson,* which appears on page 541 of this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, may be to some of our readers a first introduction to that poet's work. For a fuller knowledge of his life and poems we refer such readers to three articles already published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD: "The Poetry of Francis Thompson," by Katherine Brégy, August, 1905; "Francis Thompson," by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., January, 1908; "Francis Thompson, Poet," by Thomas J. Gerrard, February, 1908.

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Tuberculosis is one of the worst scourges that affect humankind. Its ravages must now be known to almost every man, woman, and child of the civilized world. For years past, and it might be said for centuries, Catholic charity, as expressed in individual labor and sacrifice, in free hospitals and homes, in the untiring devotion of religious communities of men and women, has cared for incipient consumptives, has housed incurables, and advocated such prophylactic measures, as the research of medical science little by little discovered. The warfare against this disease is one of the most charitable works of the present day; that such is the case is becoming evident to the whole world, and tuberculosis is to be fought and opposed, and we believe finally conquered, by the great charities, the methods of public instruction, the aroused sentiment against it, which are being carried on by many agencies to-day. The movement cannot but help reaching beyond the cure for the prevention of tuberculosis alone; it must go to the cure of those great moral evils that are oftentimes the cause of tuberculosis, and particularly the cure of the drink evil. Our day is witnessing the blossoming of this work against the spread of tuberculosis, the seeds of which were planted by sacred hands centuries ago. Every effort to fight and to kill the dread disease has our hearty support. Therefore, we wish to give this word of encouragement to the national work now being promoted by the Red Cross Society, and which, during the month of December, has taken the form of putting Red Cross stamps on all packages and letters mailed during the Christmas season. The use of that Red Cross stamp will mean help and consolation to many suffering human beings, and health and strength to many yet unborn. It is well to teach the young the joy of giving, even if it be but a little, and the generous spirit of Catholic youth in this matter has been happily evidenced in the number of letters addressed to our Uncle Ned of THE LEADER, bearing, besides the necessary government stamp, the one-cent stamp that means

a fight against tuberculosis. The work of this crusade, the labor during the past years and to-day of Catholic charities and Catholic institutions in this regard, certainly deserve to be recorded, and we hope to present a paper on the subject in the not-distant future through the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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Since its organization, about five years ago, the Catholic Educational Association of the United States has stimulated much useful discussion and published valuable reports by which colleges and schools may study the best standards of progress. The aim of the directors is to enlist the interest and co-operation of all connected with the work of Catholic education in the United States.

It is a sacred duty of Catholic educators to maintain with persistent vigor the principle of liberty of education, and to safeguard the right of Catholic educational work to an equal standing before the law. This is not only a matter of our own self-preservation, but a service we owe to the Republic. In pursuance of this duty we need the united support and influence of every Catholic educational institution, and of every pastor, teacher, and layman who has the welfare of Catholic education at heart. We need to stand as a united body, to keep the correct statement of our aims and our principles before the public, and to maintain our rights with courage and determination.

The report of the meeting held July, 1908, at Cincinnati, published by the Secretary General—the Rev. F. W. Howard, 1651 East Main Street, Columbus, Ohio—contains over two hundred pages devoted to problems of the Parish School, and is entitled to rank as one of the best contributions for the reading public. It has many pages of abiding interest for every Catholic family, as well as for the teachers and managers of schools. The discussion on the method of teaching religion, between the Rev. Thomas E. Shields, Ph.D., and the Rev. P. C. Yorke, D.D., should attract much attention among expert catechists.

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The d'Youville Reading Circle, of Ottawa, continues to flourish, and has presented many brilliant programmes within the past year. On a recent occasion Edward Kylie, of Toronto, presented a study of Francis Thompson.

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Apropos of the articles now being published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, which point out what an unhistorical caricature M. Anatole France's *Life of Joan of Arc* is of the Maid of Orleans, the following recent despatch from Rome will be of interest to our readers: "There was an impressive ceremony at the Vatican upon the occasion of the reading of the Beatification Decrees conferred upon Joan of Arc and thirty-six French missionaries who met the death of martyrs in China. The reading of the decrees took place in the presence of the Holy Father and many high prelates. The decree in the case of Joan of Arc recited the details of three miraculous cures in the years 1891, 1893, and 1900. Following the invocation to Joan of Arc, Pope Pius delivered an address extolling the faith of Joan. 'She was called by God to defend her country,' said his Holiness, 'and accomplished a feat that the whole world believed to be impossible. That which is impossible to man

alone and unaided, can be accomplished with the help of God. The power of the evil one is in the feebleness of Christians.'

"Turning to the French prelates, the Pope continued: 'When you return to France, tell your fellow-citizens if they love France they should love God, the faith, and the mother Church.'"

* * *

We have before called the attention of our readers to the excellent work of the Christ Child Society. The Eighteenth Annual Report of the Society, just issued, gives us an edifying account of the work accomplished during the past year by its seven hundred and fifty members. The helpful influence of that work reaches into every channel of child life, for the object of the society is to aid and instruct needy children. Its efforts are devoted to the practical work of providing complete and comfortable outfits for poor children, making them happy by suitable gifts at Christmas time, and giving them an opportunity of a holiday in the country during the warm summer months. The Society has also branched out into settlement work. In Washington, for instance, eight different sections of work have been organized and classes formed to meet the needs of children in each special locality. The present Report deals with relief and settlement work, and shows a marked development in both these fields of charitable endeavor. Over twelve hundred of the poor children of the District of Columbia were aided and instructed by the Christ Child Society during the past year. We trust that the Society's good, effective work will bear still more abundant fruits in the years to come.

BOOKS RECEIVED

JOHN LANE COMPANY, New York:
Orthodoxy. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. Pp. ix.-299. Price $1.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Out of Doors in the Holy Land. By Henry Van Dyke. Ill. Pp. xii.-325. Price $1.50 net.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:
The Young Converts; or, Memories of the Three Sisters, Debbie, Helen, and Anna Barlow. By Rt. Rev. L. de Goesbriand. Pp. 304. Price 75 cents net.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:
The Inner Life of the United States. By Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod. Pp. 443. Price $4 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
An Immortal Soul. A Novel. By W. H. Mallock. Pp. 474. Price $1.50.

THE GRAFTON PRESS, New York:
Early Christian Hymns. By Daniel Joseph Donahoe. Pp. 265. Price $2 net.

ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, New York:
The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman (Inventor of Phonography). By Alfred Baker. Pp. xi.-392. Price $2 net.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Life and Letters of Henry van Rensselaer, S.J. By Rev. E. P. Spillane, S.J. Pp. vii.-293.

PAFRAETS BOOK COMPANY, New York:
Christ Among the Cattle. A Sermon. By Frederick Rowland Marvin. Pp. 58.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1907. Vol. I. Pp. vii.-522.

CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, Columbus, Ohio:
Report of the Proceedings and Addresses of the Educational Association. Pp. 480.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:
The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English Verse by Theodore C. Williams. Pp. xxix.-456. Price $1.50. *By the Christmas Fire.* Essays. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Pp. 226. Price $1.25 net.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston, Mass.:
O-Heart-San. The Story of a Japanese Girl. By Helen E. Haskell. Ill. Pp. 129. Price $1. *Old Edinburgh.* By Frederick W. Watkeys. Ill. 2 Vols. Price $3.

NICHOLAS M. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:
A Brief History of the Archdiocese of Boston. By Rev. M. J. Scanlan. Pp. 60. Paper. Price 10 cents.

JOHN JOSEPH MCVEY, Philadelphia, Pa.:
Sermons. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. Pp. 462. Price $1.50 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica. Meditations. Vol. III. By Ven. P. L. de Ponte, S.J. Price $1.45 net.

THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.:
Pro-Romanism and the Tractarian Movement. By Rt. Rev. C. C. Grafton. Pp. 72. Paper.

THE MOORE LANGEN COMPANY, Terre Haute, Ind.:
Benoni. A Christmas Play. By M. B. le Brun. Pp. 16. Price 15 cents. Music, 5 cents extra.

THE AVE MARIA PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:
The Lepers of Molokai. By Charles Warren Stoddard. New Edition. Enlarged. Pp. 138. Price 75 cents.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London, England:
The Divine Liturgy of Our Father Among the Saints. John Chrysostom. By Adrian Fortesque. Pp. 131. Price 25 cents net. *Our Faith.* By Cecil Lylburn. Pp. 88. Price 25 cents net. *The Catholic Church and Science.* Price 40 cents net. *Workingmen as Evangelists. Our Lady of Lourdes. A Dialogue on Socialism. Howard Wilton, Wanderer. Ven. George Haydock. The Use of Reason. A Study in Bigotry. Pastor Chiniquy. Rome and Constantinople. The Great Supper. The Making of a Saint. The Religion of Early Rome. The Religion of Modern Judaism.* Pamphlets. Price 5 cents net.

CARY & CO., London, England:
Mass of St. Benedict for Voices in Unison. By Richard B. Mason. Price 1*s.* net. *Missa Fidelium. The Common of the Holy Mass set to Music for Two Unison Choirs and Organ or Harmonium.* By Samuel Gregory Ould. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE ANGELUS COMPANY, Norwood, London, England:
The Catholic Diary for 1909. Pp. xvi.-384. Price 1*s.* 3*d.* net.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris, France:
Le Plan de la Franc-Maconnerie. Par Leon Dehon. Pp. 107. *Du Dilletantisme a l'Action. Études Contemporaines.* Par C. Lecigne. Pp. 338. *La Presse Contra l'Église.* Par L. Cl. Delfour. Pp. 404. *M. Loisy et la Critique des Evangiles.* Par F. Jubaru. Pp. 96. Price *francs* 0.60.

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris, France:
Insuffisance des Philosophies de l' Intuition. Par Clodius Piat. Pp. 316. Price 5 *francs.*

G. BEAUCHESNE, Paris, France:
Les Theories de M. Loisy Exposé et Critique. Par M. Lepin. Pp. 379. Price 3 *francs* 50. *Le Sacerdoce et le Sacrifice de Notre Seigneur Jésus Christ.* Par J. Grimal, S.M. Pp. xxiii.-405. Price 3 *francs* 50. *La Théologie de Bellarmin.* Par J. de la Servière, S.J. Pp. xxvii.-764. Price 8 *francs.*

V. LECOFFRE, Paris:
L'Angleterre Chrétienne Avant les Normans. Par Dom Cabrol.

ADMINISTRACION DE RAZON Y FE, Madrid:
Los Espousales y el Matrimonio Segun la Novissima Disciplina Comentario Canonico-Moral Sorre el Decreto "Ne Temere." Por el R. P. Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. Price 2.50 *pesetas. Las Religiosas Segun la Disciplina Vigente Comentarios Canonico-Morales.* Por el R. P. Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. Price 2 50 *pesetas.*

GUSTAVO GILI, Barcelona, Spain:
Mis Canciones. Por el P. R. del Valle Ruiz. P. 189. *Vida de Santa Teresa de Jesus.* Por el P. Francisco de Ribera. Nueva Edition. Pp. xxxii.-666. *Tractatus de Vera Re ligione.* Por el Joanne Muncunill. Pp. viii.-417.

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THE IRISH UNIVERSITY SYSTEM.

BY BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, LL.D., F.R.S.

NO person can have given any attention to early Irish history without having discovered that in the days when Christianity first exercised its sway over the island, there grew up a very remarkable and complete University system which attracted to the scholars of the Western land disciples from almost every part of Europe. In the eighth century her schools were famous throughout the civilized world, and Alcuin, who was the instructor of Charlemagne, in his life of the celebrated Willibrord, mentions the many years which he had spent in Ireland, *inter eximios simul piæ religionis et sacræ lectionis magistros.* Troublous times came upon the land; first the Danes and afterwards the Normans sacked the university cities, destroyed the libraries, and produced so disturbed a state of affairs in the country as to destroy all that fair fabric of education which former generations of scholars had built up. It is not until 1311 that we hear of the first university established, like most of the mediæval universities, by Papal Bull. It was the first of several thus established, but none of them seems to have had any success, perhaps could hardly have looked for success in the existing condition of affairs.

We have to come to the end of the sixteenth century be-

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fore we arrive at the foundation of an institution of university rank which has had any permanence. This institution is, of course, Trinity College, Dublin, or the University of Dublin, for it is known by both names, a foundation of Queen Elizabeth's, erected at that time *juxta Dublin*, though it is now almost in the center of the city, on the ground once occupied by the monastery of All Hallows, which had been suppressed, like all the other religious houses of the country, by Henry VIII. or some of the purloiners of church property who followed him upon the throne of England. There is some conflict of opinion as to whether this University in its first inception was intended to be of a proselytizing character or not. Professor Dixon, one of the most recent historians of the University, who naturally looks at the matter from the Protestant point of view, says that it was not, and urges the facts that Catholics contributed liberally to the funds of the original endowment, that no religious tests were enforced, and that it was not necessary for Fellows to become Protestant ministers, as arguments in support of his view. Others claim that any gift coming from Elizabeth and her advisers to Ireland must, of necessity, have been of the nature of the house of Troy, and contend that the institution of this seat of learning was only an item in the campaign against the religion of the people.

After all, this discussion is only of academic interest, for no one denies that at a somewhat later date, in the times of James the First, that meanest and worst of men and of sovereigns, and still more in the days of his unfortunate son, Charles the First, a definite attack on the Catholic religion was opened; and in the latter reign, when Laud became Chancellor of the University, new Statutes were promulgated which definitely bound up the University to the established Protestant Church, although as Bedell, himself a Protestant and Provost of Trinity College (1627), declared "the island was almost entirely Popish, and its Protestant establishment had as little effect on the religion of the people as a chariot, lashed upon the deck of a ship, has in directing her course."

Ireland, at least Catholic Ireland, had, however, for many years little time to think of university matters. She was engaged in a life and death struggle for existence, and was obliged to let such matters as higher education rest until the tyranny was overpast.

After Catholic Emancipation had been granted the natural love of the people for learning led to a demand for university education suitable to the ideas of the majority of the inhabitants of the island, and it became clear that something would have to be done to meet that demand. The first attempt was the foundation of the Queen's Colleges and the Queen's University in which they centered. As regards the former, now that they are disappearing, or becoming transformed by Mr. Birrell's legislation, it may be said that, though more than unfortunate as to the time of their birth, they were not conceived in anything like the narrow spirit as has often been supposed. Every similar institution in the three kingdoms at that time was tied up to some religious organization. Owing to the very nature of things, Ireland being bound to a Protestant country, like England, by the Act of Union, it would not have been possible to have passed a bill through Parliament uniting the new university to the Catholic Church as the English universities were to the Anglican, and to have united it to the Protestant establishment would have meant its entrance into the world still-born. Hence the statesmen of that day launched it as a non-sectarian institution and earned for their bantlings the name of the "Godless Colleges," given to it, by the way, not by O'Connell, as many incorrectly imagine, but by a true-blue English Protestant Tory. Even as it was, it was much less non-sectarian or non-religious, to speak more accurately, than university institutions have since become; indeed, in some respects, it permitted more recognition of religion than is contemplated by the measure which has just passed through Parliament. But at what a moment did these unfortunate colleges emerge! It was at the very time of the Durham Letter, of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, of the absurd and undignified fuss and disturbance which one reads of now with so much astonishment and which led to such a contemptible conclusion.

It is little to be wondered at that Irish bishops should, at such a moment, have hesitated to trust their flocks to institutions not only set up, but also largely to be controlled by such a government. Yet even under these circumstances there were many who thought that the new institutions should have been taken hold of and made use of from the beginning, and a vote, at the celebrated Synod of Thurles, in favor of

condemning the colleges was only carried by a majority of one. It was, however, sufficient, for of course the Roman condemnation followed, and though Catholic students have, as a matter of necessity, always more or less frequented these colleges, they have done so without the smile of the Church upon them and with, until very recent years, no regular assistance in the nature of ecclesiastical supervision. Here again it is useless to linger over ancient history and to ask what might have happened had the bishops really taken up and worked the colleges of Cork and Galway as they were undoubtedly intended to do by the government which introduced the measure. Suffice it to say that such a line of action was not pursued and that the demand for higher education for Catholics remained still ungratified.

Mr. Gladstone's attempt at legislation, which upset one of the most powerful Liberal Ministries which had ever existed, must be remembered by many and cannot now be detailed. Nor need time be spent over that specious and hurried piece of legislation which destroyed the Queen's and produced the Royal University. So much has been said about the latter institution, and so much of what has been said has been unfavorable, that one hesitates to urge any arguments in its favor. It is undoubtedly true that it has debauched the public ideal of a university by leading persons to imagine that the obtaining of degrees is the be-all and end-all of such an institution, and that the way in which they have been studied for is of secondary, if indeed of any, importance. This is a false attitude towards university matters which it will take some time to change, though it will ultimately be changed in a much more radical manner than the similar attitude in England, engendered by the London University. But, in its favor it may be urged that it did permit the Catholic University College—founded by the great Cardinal Newman, but then almost, one would have said, on its death-bed—to recover and, under the fostering care of the Jesuit Fathers, to carry on a work of great importance for the Catholic youth of the country. This was effected by a roundabout method of endowment which was certainly never understood by the English Parliament when the Bill was passed, but which did, as a fact, in some measure finance the Catholic College, though to a wholly inadequate extent.

Still it remained perfectly obvious to all interested in the matter that the condition of affairs then set up could not be permanent. I remember a distinguished Protestant member of the Senate of the Royal University saying to me, not more than two years after its incorporation, that he expected that the whole concern would be handed over to the Catholic College before five years were over, and heartily approving of such a course. It has taken a good deal more than five years to accomplish what my friend foresaw, but in the long run his prophecy has come true, or seems likely to come true, for the site of the new Dublin College has not as yet been made publicly known.

One of the worst features of the condition of affairs just described has been that every educational interest in Ireland has been kept in a state of unrest. "We know what we are but we know not what we may be," might have been, and indeed was, the cry of every place of higher education. Each new Chief Secretary—and on the average we have a new one every eighteen months—had his own nostrum for the settlement of the question. At one time Trinity was to be brought into what was pompously and foolishly alluded to as a "National University," and immediately the Protestant drums began to beat and the Protestant forces to march up and down in and out of Parliament in defence of what they call "non-sectarian" education, which, being interpreted, means education more or less in consonance with the doctrines of the Protestant Church. At other times other policies were adumbrated; but always there was some good reason, or so it was alleged, for doing nothing and the university question, in spite of the soft words of Chief Secretaries, Scotch or English—of course we never have such a thing as an Irish Chief Secretary—remained unsettled and unsettling.

Mr. Bryce, on the very verge of leaving our island for America, "nailed," as Mr. Balfour wittily put it, "his flag to another man's mast and ran away." In other words, he propounded a policy, which almost anybody could have told him was most unlikely to succeed, and declared that it was the only policy which the government was prepared to favor. It was the policy of including Trinity College, and it led at once to the uproar which any person acquainted with the country might and would have predicted. And as a result, after a year

of consideration, Mr. Bryce's successor, Mr. Birrell, introduced and, after weary and protracted opposition and obstruction, carried to a triumphant conclusion, a measure the very reverse of that which had been proffered on the eve of his arrival in Ireland and proffered as the only measure which the government were prepared to put their seal to.

It is this measure which I propose to describe in the remainder of this article, and I will try to explain the bearing which its principal provisions have upon the future of university education in this country and upon the Catholic demand that it should be in accordance with the faith which is professed by the vast majority of Irish people.

In the first place, then, comes the question of the method of government of the university and its colleges, for it was on this rock that all previous schemes of university education have come to grief. As to Trinity College, that institution suffers under the most antiquated and impossible system which the mind of man is capable of conceiving.

"We're governed by seven worthy men
Who wise men once have been,"

says an old college song and, as a matter of fact, the college and university are governed entirely by the seven oldest Fellows. At the time when the college had good livings, in the shape of parishes under the then Established Church, to give away, many Fellows were contented to be thus provided for, and promotion was more rapid than at present. But all this was changed by the Disestablishment Act, and Fellows now remain in possession of their Fellowships until they die. The result is that no man ever becomes a Senior Fellow until he is over seventy years of age, and the government of Trinity College has become a perquisite of senility, the purest example of a gerontocracy in the world. One used to hear from certain quarters complaints because the Catholic Hierarchy had not taken possession of Trinity College when its endowments and positions were thrown open to all denominations by the Act of 1873. There is at least this reply possible that, even if such a policy had been entered upon, and if every Junior Fellowship had been gained from that time till now by Catholic candidates, still there would not at this present year of grace

have been a single Catholic on the governing body, the body which has the sole and entire control of everything in the University and College, nor would any have been likely to occupy such a position for fifteen or twenty years to come.

As to the Queen's Colleges, the government of those institutions was in the hands of the professoriate of each college, bound, however, hand and foot by Castle red tape. But the professors of the colleges were all appointed by the Crown, and so was the president of each college; and it was, therefore, obviously possible that the professoriate of a college situated in a Catholic part of the country might be or become wholly Protestant and even violently anti-Catholic. As a matter of fact Cork has always had a Catholic president and a majority of its staff at this moment are Catholics, but Galway, situated in Catholic Connaught, has had only twice—and, in the aggregate, for a period of not more than three of its sixty years of existence—a Catholic for president, and by far the larger number of its professors and lecturers are non-Catholics.

Belfast, of course, has always had a Presbyterian president —no other is conceivable in that city—and though it has occasionally had a sporadic Catholic on its staff, there is at present no representative of that Faith connected with the college.

It is obvious, from what has been said, that Belfast and Galway must always have had overwhelmingly Protestant governing bodies. Cork has a governing body on which Catholics are in a majority, but such has only recently been the case, and might not continue. It is obvious that this state of affairs is not one which could be looked upon with any very great favor by the authorities of the Catholic Church.

When a new system had to be constructed it was clear that the method of government must be one which would be Catholic in its composition, whilst at the same time it was also clear that by no legislative enactment could this be declared *totidem verbis*. However, there were plenty of precedents for the line of action which was followed, a line which it may confidently be expected will meet both the difficulties indicated above. All the newer English universities have governing bodies formed in part of members of the teaching staff; and in part, indeed largely, of representatives of various public bodies, such as city and county councils. The general tendency of things in England being to slur over religious questions and exclude

them from educational institutions, the governing bodies, which represent the general feeling through these representatives of public bodies, have as a rule kept the universities which they control non-religious. Ireland, however, is a Catholic country, and any just representation of public bodies, at least in the southern and western parts of the island, must necessarily be largely, if not entirely Catholic. Or, to put it in other words, a governing body, constructed on similar lines, would be in Birmingham largely Nonconformist and in Cork largely Catholic, and this not because of any special legislative enactment towards that end, but because in each case the governing body more or less accurately represented the general sense of the district. It would be difficult, therefore, for the most ardent Nonconformist or the greatest opponent of Rome to object to a system in Ireland which was already in full vogue in England, and operating in the direction which he desired, because the introduction of that system in Ireland would lead to the constitution of a directorate on which Catholics would have a majority. It was on these lines that Mr. Birrell settled the question of the governing body. The University of the South and West, and the three colleges attached to it, will each of them have nominated governing bodies which will hold office for the first few years, and on each of these Catholics have a substantial majority. After the expiration of that first period these bodies will be replaced by others composed partly of teachers, partly of representatives of the graduates, and partly of other persons appointed by the great elective corporations, whether city or county. It may be concluded that the great majority of these representatives will be Catholic as long as Ireland is Catholic, and by this means the problem of providing the bodies in question with a management at least not hostile to Catholic ideas seems to have been solved. But it was necessary to exclude Belfast from this arrangement, for in that city any such thing as a governing body which was even moderately Catholic, and still more any connection with a university controlled by a Catholic majority, would have been matter which would have caused every Orange drum in the North to commence to beat.

Hence, Belfast has been separated off from the other colleges and erected into an independent university, with its own completely distinct governing body. Rather a curious and sig-

nificant point arises here and throws a bright light on the different amount of tolerance for the views of others which is shown in the Catholic South and in the Protestant North. In Cork there is a governing body, of which one-third is Protestant and two-thirds Catholic. Now the population of the county shows a proportion of nine Catholics to every one Protestant. So that the Protestant minority cannot certainly complain of unfair treatment, yet no Catholic, so far as I am aware, has urged that undue generosity has been shown to those who are not of his faith. In Belfast, however, where the proportion of Catholics to Protestants in the population is far greater than that of Protestants to Catholics in Cork, only one member out of a governing body of thirty-five belongs to the Catholic Church. I note this curious discrepancy and pass on.

Two universities then are to take the place of the former Royal University, which is to disappear entirely; and of those two universities one is to have its seat in Belfast and to consist of the former Queen's College in that city alone, the other is to have its seat in Dublin and to possess three colleges, one in Cork, one in Galway, and one—a new college—in Dublin. This introduces us to a kind of university unknown, I believe, in America—the Federal University. It is not a type which, so far, has met with any conspicuous success, yet it is a type of which the English mind—ever prone to the middle path—is very fond. Napoleon, that arch-centralizer—out of the ruins of the old universities left after the Revolution—constructed the University of France and attached to it a number of colleges erected in the cities which had formerly been the possessors of universities. It is admitted by all that the result was a complete sterilization of education, and worse: a serious degradation of national learning and intelligence so great as to have led some of the acutest French observers to attribute the disasters of 1870 very largely to the effects of this fatal legislation. Of recent years it has been entirely reversed and a number of independent universities take the place of the affiliated colleges which formerly existed. In England it seems to have been thought a happy solution to say to a number of cities of different ambitions and perhaps separated by considerable distances from one another: "Universities cannot be given to all of you, but we will lump the lot of you together and make you a university, and you must shake down together as well as you

can." The first attempt of the kind was the Queen's University in Ireland; and it really did seem as if that university would achieve some sort of a success, when it was ruthlessly slain, instead of being modified as it ought to have been and might easily have been. Then followed the Victoria University, in which were united Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds. That institution managed to hold together for about twenty years and then it resolved itself into its constituent atoms, each of which became a separate and independent university. There still exists the University of Wales, which contains the Colleges of Cardiff, Bangor, and Aberystwith, and to the list is now to be added the new university in Ireland. It is not likely to remain long as it is now constituted, for there has always been a distinct and unmistakable demand in Cork for a separate university, and it cannot be doubted that the people of the Province of Munster, if they show that they really mean business, will shortly be rewarded by receiving those distinct powers and privileges which alone can bring them complete satisfaction and the full advantages of higher education.

Meantime, in this particular university, the federal yoke is to be of a much lighter nature than has heretofore been known in any university of the class. In previous federal universities the curriculum in each college has been the same and has been determined by the general governing body, and the examinations have also been the same for all the colleges, though all the teachers in the different colleges have taken part in them Quite different is to be the state of affairs in the new venture. Each college is to be at liberty to present to the Senate of the university its own schemes of courses for degrees, and the university is to recognize and approve them if they appear to be of sufficient breadth and standard. It is thus quite possible that there may be avenues to a degree, or even degrees, in one of the colleges which may not exist in the others. It naturally follows from this that independent examinations for the different degrees will be held in each college, and here the watchdog nature of the university comes in under the provision that it is to appoint extern examiners, independent of any of the colleges, who will co-operate with the professors in each college, conduct the examinations with them, and decide who are to pass and who are to be rejected. And in addition to this—though it is not set down in the charters—there can

be no doubt that the degrees obtained in each college will be conferred in that college upon those who have gained them. In a word, each college will really be an almost independent university and the only function of the university body will be that of co-ordination and supervision, a supervision mainly directed towards the maintenance of an approximately identical standard for the degrees of the various colleges. In the matter of the election of a president, a professor, or an independent lecturer, the university will also have a voice. When any of these personages is to be elected the final decision will lie in the hands of the governing body of the university, but that body has not a free choice amongst the various candidates who may present themselves. The university is bound to take the opinion of the college, in which the vacancy exists, on the situation, and the college may if it chooses—and one may feel quite sure that it will choose—send up three names from amongst those of the candidates. One of these three the university must choose. Thus, if there are ten candidates for a post, the college has the absolute power of vetoing seven of them, and it may be presumed that it will set the other three in order of preference. It may also, one hopes and expects, be assumed that the university will have sufficient confidence in the judgment of the college to accept its choice and elect the *dignissimus* of the *terna*, unless there is very clear and unmistakable evidence that something in the nature of a "job" is being attempted. It is obvious that a great deal of the success of the new venture must depend upon the consideration shown by one college for the views of another, and one hopes that peace and harmony and a general desire to assist rather than to hamper one another will be the prevailing instincts of the new governing bodies. Any person who peruses the Act of Parliament setting up the new universities or their charters, or those of the colleges, will recognize that the papers in question only set up a skeleton which has to be clothed with flesh in the shape of minor provisions or statutes. These last are to be the work of two statutory commissions set up by the Act, one for Belfast and one for Dublin. Their labors have but just commenced and must necessarily be spread over some considerable period of time, since there are many vexed and difficult questions which they will be called upon to settle. Until their work is done and approved by Parliament, the new institutions

cannot get to work or even enjoy the modest increases of income which are promised under the new arrangement.

Three points remain for notice which are not wholly satisfactory in their character. In the first place no one is to be allowed to build a chapel for the worship of God in the grounds of any college. With every college in Oxford and Cambridge provided with a chapel in which Anglican services are conducted, such a provision seems to be peculiarly unfair and even insulting, but it is one of several things which had to be accepted if a measure even as favorable as this was to be extracted from a Parliament largely dominated by Nonconformists.

Another point—a more serious one, too—is the exclusion of professors or teachers of theology from the academic councils and from boards of studies. From this it will be at once understood that no Chair of Theology may be set up in the university or any of its colleges from public funds. But the Act expressly provides that such Chairs may be set up by private munificence, if universities or colleges wish to accept them, and that under these circumstances the appointments to the Chairs and the conditions of tenure, etc., may be such as are laid down by the founders. But—and this is the important point—no such professor is to be allowed to sit with professors of other subjects in the academic councils of the colleges or of the university. Why it should have been thought that the presence of a few theological professors would so far overawe their secular brethren as to render them incapable of taking a fair view of educational problems is hard to say, but the provision is there and is another of the things which Ireland has had to endure in order to obtain what she has obtained from a Nonconformist Parliament.

Finally, there is the very inadequate provision of money which has been made for the various institutions, Belfast receiving by far the best treatment in this matter. The amount which is to be granted for new buildings in Cork, for example, is hopelessly inadequate, and, unless it is supplemented by outside gifts, must greatly hamper the progress of that college towards full university powers. The same may be said, with perhaps even greater truth, about the college in Dublin. For this, however, it is no business of mine to plead, but I venture to take the opportunity afforded to me when writing this article

to appeal to exiled Munstermen, blessed with worldly goods, not to forget the college of the province to which they belonged. Already Mr. and Mrs. William O'Brien have promised their entire fortune to it, and it is hoped and believed that arrangements will shortly be made by which fifty thousand pounds will shortly be available from this source, a truly princely gift, the most generous which has ever been made for educational purposes in the history of Ireland, for most of the gifts of importance made to the University of Dublin were made from other people's money, a cheap and easy method of endowment, now fortunately impossible of execution.

But much larger sums than this will be required if the colleges are really to effect all that they might and, let us hope, will, and these sums must come from private generosity. The spring of this generosity for university purposes has long been dry, and no wonder, considering the uncertainty in which everything connected with Irish universities has been so long wrapped. Now that uncertainty has been dispelled; the country has been provided with a university and colleges which Catholics may freely enter and freely use, and it may be hoped that the spring of generosity may once more burst forth and provide the colleges of the new Dublin University with the means necessary to carry out their work and to supply the youth of the country, Catholic and Protestant, with those chances of instruction which private benevolence has so lavishly provided for the youth of America and is now providing for the youth of England.

IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VIII.

TWO days later, as the day was closing into evening, the party made their last camp. They had come down, by way of many a long and tedious descent, from the Sierra. Its mighty heights, sisters of the sky and the clouds, its green woods and singing waters lay behind them. They had descended to the comparatively tame elevation of seven or eight thousand feet above the sea, and into one of those great valleys which in their extent and productiveness are among the marvels of Mexico. There are many such valleys, very Arcadias of beauty and cultivation, in this fair land, but none more beautiful, more fertile, or more perfectly cultivated than that which extends from the foot of the Sierra eastward to where the little city of Santiago Papasquiaro lies like a pearl on the banks of the river of the same name. It is this crystal river which, flowing in bright, swift current through the valley's length, gives its waters to irrigate the lands that bear such bounteous harvests, and it was on a knoll rising abruptly from its banks that the last camp was made.

It was altogether different in its surroundings from any of their other camps. Even the night before they had been many thousand feet nearer heaven, on a pine-clad highland, where in the morning frost had lain white, and where the tall trees and solemn hills were their only neighbors. But here cultivated levels stretched around them, the village of a great hacienda on the other side of the river made a perfect picture, with its Oriental-like mass of flat-roofed houses, on each side of the wide pastoral expanse soft azure hills rolled up, and across the western horizon the great Sierra lay, a distant massive wall, robed in imperial purple. Above this wall the sun was sinking, with much resplendency of color, and the beautiful stream, very broad and shallow here as it flowed directly across the valley,

was glowing with the reflection of the red and golden splendors, while in the east, pale and soft, hung the silver moon. Processions of women were passing across the stretch of white sand and stones which lay between the village and the river, to fill their water-jars at the stream. A little lower a group, kneeling on the bank, were washing clothes. Some burros came down to the water to drink. A soft wind breathed out of the golden west, fresh from the majestic heights, and over the whole scene was spread an ineffable charm of pastoral repose and wide space.

"It is not the Sierra," said Miss Dering dispassionately, as seated on the hillside, which was starred over with yellow flowers, she looked at the picture. "But it is a typical Mexican scene, which means that it is very beautiful. I should find it charming if my heart were not yonder, on the wild green heights we have left. I am glad that we are facing the Sierra in our last camp; but I feel as if this river flowing below us were a dividing line between two worlds."

Trescott, who was seated beside her, did not answer immediately. To him that river, shining with the tints of the sky, seemed a dividing line, not only between two worlds, but between two lives. Which should he choose—that which lay yonder in the purple Sierra, or that which awaited him if he returned to the world where he had been born? Until now he had not known how difficult the choice would be.

"We may think of it as a dividing line between many things," he said presently, trying to speak lightly. "Or, we may dream that it is the river of life of the old allegories—it's lovely enough just now to be—and that we have reached the farther shore, where it is very appropriate that we should find the ground covered with immortelles."

"Do you call these immortelles?" asked Eleanor. She had gathered some of the flowers, which she was arranging together as she spoke. "I should call them golden daisies."

"It is a pretty name at all events; and I am not botanist enough to dispute it. But to my fancy they remain immortelles—the flower that does not die. I have an idea that they can be preserved very perfectly. Will you give me one to try?"

She might have reminded him that they were growing all around him, and that he had but to extend his hand to take as many as he liked, but instead she gave him two.

"One," she said, "is for your experiment in preservation, the other is for another experiment. You know the old fashion of telling fortunes by the petals of the daisy? Pluck off the petals, saying alternately on each: 'To go—to stay'; and let us see what fate will bid you do."

Smiling a little, he obeyed. "To go—to stay"; he repeated monotonously, as the petals dropped one by one from his fingers. "To go—to stay—to go—" The last fluttered to the earth, and he looked up at Miss Dering.

"The oracle echoes yourself," he said.

"Of course"; she replied. "Did you think I would give you a flower which would answer differently from myself? And so fate has settled the matter. You will go with us."

He did not contradict her. At this instant it seemed to him that he had no power of resistance left. The river flowing by in the sunset glow became more than a dividing line between two possible lives—it became a flood, bearing away on its swift current all thought of everything save the woman beside him. As he looked at her he said to himself that of the many pictures of her which this journey had given him, he would longest remember the one she made now—seated on the ground amid the golden daisies, with the soft wind from the Sierra blowing her sunny hair about her face. If they had been indeed on the farther, the immortal side of that mystical river of which he had spoken, it seemed to him that this face could hardly have worn a fairer or sweeter aspect than it wore for him now. And everything aided its influence, the awakening of old powers, the yearning of desires which he had fancied dead within him, the softer charm of nature, even the oracle of a flower! Was there nothing to speak on the other side? He looked toward the Sierra, the stern heights which lift their great heads forever to the sky, the solemn hills "from whence cometh help." Had they help for him?—inspiration?—counsel?

"Well," said Mr. Dering, speaking suddenly in a satisfied tone behind them, "I must say that I am very glad that we are safely out of the Sierra, and have only one day more of riding before us. To-morrow night we shall be in Santiago."

His daughter sighed. "I wish I could share or even sympathize with your satisfaction, papa," she said; "but I am only sorry for the end of our journey. I have never enjoyed

anything quite so much, and I am glad there is at least one more day of riding before us!"

"I only hope that your gladness will continue when you feel the scorching heat of the sun on a dusty, unshaded road," her father returned. "Riding in the Sierra is all very well—though I am by no means so enraptured with that as yourself—but riding elsewhere in Mexico is the very devil! We must get up at four o'clock, and do the greater part of our traveling in the early morning hours. I hope, by the by, that you are not intending to leave us to-morrow, Trescott?"

"We won't ask Mr. Trescott his intentions now," interposed Eleanor. "He has fulfilled his promise of seeing us out of the Sierra, and we mustn't press him to do anything more. Perhaps to-morrow he will decide to go on, and if so he knows that we shall be very glad; but we'll wait until to-morrow for his decision."

An hour or two later supper was over. In view of the early start of the morrow, Mr. Dering had already retired to his tent and the camp was quiet. The last stain of sunset had long since faded out of the west, where the sky was now a great violet arch, thick sewn with stars. In the east the moon rode in serene majesty, undisputed sovereign of the night, flinging her silver radiance far and wide upon plain and hills, distant heights and gleaming river, making the last as silver as herself. In this fairy light the whole picture was touched with an almost mystical enchantment—at least to the eyes of the two who had wandered quite away from the camp, and following the hill found higher up the stream a strangely beautiful spot. It was a natural rampart, like the battlement of some fortress or mediæval castle, where the action of the forces of nature had stripped the rock bare, leaving a ledge rising sheer from the stream, which washed its base some thirty feet below, while the rounded mass of the hillside rose behind it. Strewn over this long but narrow level space were a few scattered stones, and on one of these Eleanor sat down.

"It is a throne which has been waiting for you since the beginning of time," said Trescott, looking at her with a smile. "We will make it a judgment-seat as well as a throne. For now the time has come for the fulfillment of my promise; and when I have told you my story, you shall decide whether I go with you back to our world, or whether I return to the Sierra."

As Eleanor glanced at him, it might have been seen, even in the moonlight, that she paled a little. Now that the moment of fate was come, she had a sense of shrinking from the responsibility she had invoked.

"Need you tell your story?" she asked hurriedly. "I have heard something of it—enough for me to understand."

"I haven't doubted that you had heard something of it," he replied. "But there's everything in the point of view from which a story is told, you know. Not that I have any intention of going into details; but I should like to tell you myself, in a few words, how my life was broken short, like a forest tree which a storm has snapped in two. The trunk stands, but it can never be a tree in any real sense again. So it is with me. And I don't pretend that I am altogether the victim of a woman's falsehood. What the woman who ruined my life said was false; but she could not have said it, and above all, it would not have been believed, if I had not been playing the part of a fool—dangling after her, feeding her vanity, and indulging one of those superficial fancies, which, begun in idleness and folly, often end in passion and crime. So when she said to her husband: 'Philip Trescott wrote that letter,' he believed her; and I have no right to blame him for believing her. And is was because we were friends, comrades from boyhood as well as of later life, that he was beside himself with rage—and that—what you know followed. I have often wished that I had not yielded to the instinct of self-preservation, and had allowed him to kill me. As it was, I did not mean to kill him, only to wound so as to incapacitate. But the bullet meant for the shoulder found the heart— Even yet, I wonder why I didn't shoot myself then."

His voice ceased, and in the silence which followed—a silence that the river filled with its low murmur as it swept along the base of the cliff where they sat—Eleanor had time to think that it is a terrible thing to see a human soul laid bare, and that for such suffering all attempts at consolation would be at once impertinent and vain. Presently she said very gently:

"You did not shoot yourself because you were brave. Suicide is the coward's refuge. You have borne your pain courageously, and, by bearing it, expiated all that was your fault. Why not try to feel now that it has been expiated and to take up your life again where it was broken off?"

As he looked at her, she saw all the somber shadow of the past in his eyes.

"A tragedy such as I have known breaks a man's life hopelessly in two," he answered. "For then came the trials; no doubt you've heard the end of *that*. At the court-martial the woman could have saved me; but as she had sacrificed me once to her husband's jealousy, so she sacrificed me the second time to what shadow of reputation remained to her. I waited for her to speak, but she did not speak; and I was dismissed from the service a disgraced man. Then I understood that she had revenged herself because I had never laid myself altogether at her feet; and I understood again that our own deeds make the whips which scourge us. Well, I left the country, drifted down into Mexico, and finally to this region—attracted by its wildness and remoteness, by all that makes other men dislike it. For a while I was at the Santa Catalina; but the social associations were more than my sick soul could endure. I went away—out into the Sierra—and there, for the first time, I found something like peace. Nature seemed to lay her mighty hand upon me and soothe my pain, as no other influence on earth had power to do."

Again he paused, and again the murmur of the river, which seemed the very voice of nature, filled the silence. He sat for a minute or two motionless, with his eyes fastened on the great mass of the mighty Mother Range, as if from afar off he felt its influence; and then, still gazing toward it, went on:

"You told me once when I said that the Sierra had given me peace, that it was ignoble to seek peace before one had won it in the heat and dust of conflict. But if you have ever known what it is to suffer horribly, savagely, incessantly—yet, what folly! How could you know?"

"Perhaps I can imagine—in some degree."

"In some degree, perhaps, you can; for you are one of those whom sympathy teaches many things. Let me tell you, then, that when one has so suffered and has found relief, *any* relief, one is too well content, too grateful, to ask anything more. That was how it was with me when you blamed me for being satisfied with such content. A man should hardly be blamed who, taken out of hell, asks simply to lie on the green earth and look at the sun."

His words, his tone, roused such a sudden, wild inclination to tears, that she could not answer for a moment.

"I was presumptuous," she said. "My only excuse—and it is a poor one—is that I did not know the depth of the wound I touched. I knew that you must have suffered, but—I never guessed—"

As her voice faltered, he turned quickly and laid his hand on hers, with a close, passionate pressure.

"Don't!" he said. "Don't reproach yourself! Your words were like the call of a trumpet, only they had an effect which you never intended—they wakened me to a new pain."

"No—no."

"Yes"; he removed his hand. "And now I must tell you about that; and I must not spare myself, for you are to judge as well as to sympathize, you know. It comes to this, then—I am mad enough to love you, and I haven't the faintest possible right to do so!"

Would he ever forget the look on her face, as she turned it toward him!

"Why not?" she asked, or rather breathed softly.

"Ah!" He caught his breath sharply. "For two reasons," he said almost sternly. "First, because I am a broken man, without prospects and without energy, the murderer of my best friend—"

"Stop!" she cried. "You shall not call yourself such a name."

"He who kills is a murderer; and I killed him, not only by the bullet which ended his life, but by the criminal folly which made the bullet a possibility. There is no changing that fact, God Himself—as I have often felt with a sense of despair—cannot change it now; and, this being so, I could never think of offering a blood-stained hand to you."

"It is not blood-stained," she said passionately. "A man's hand is only stained when he has shed blood wilfully, when he had an intention to kill. It is the intention which makes the deed a crime or an accident. With you it was an accident."

He shook his head. "Not altogether. I have never been able to lay that comfort to my soul. But, whether I could or not, the fact remains that in the eyes of the world my hand is blood-stained, and therefore not fit to touch, much less take yours."

With a gesture of exquisite sweetness, she extended her hand and laid it on his. "Let this show you what I think," she said.

Deeply moved, he bent his head and kissed the hand. Then he placed it gently back in her lap.

"You are goodness itself," he said, "and I understand exactly what you mean and why you mean it. You are very sorry for me, and you wish to reinstate me in my own self-esteem. Well, be sure, if anything on earth could do it, your belief in me would. But I dwell too long on what I am or am not, which is, after all, beside the question; for the second reason why I have no right to love you is—a woman."

Again a silence; but this time a very brief one, and in it Eleanor Dering heard no longer the murmur of the river, but, like the heroine of the old ballad, only the beating of her own heart—beating so painfully, and to her senses so loudly, that she almost feared it was audible to the ears beside her. But she made no sound or sign, and after an instant Trescott went on:

"If I were speaking to another person, I should have to explain much, but not, I think, to you. The case then is this: In my wanderings in the Sierra I had, as you know, the excuse of prospecting, and it was with this excuse that I went to the house of a woodcutter of the Sierra, who had brought me rich samples of ore. I didn't expect and didn't desire to find anything of real value; but, because I didn't desire it, I found a mine for which a real prospector would almost have given his head. Having found, I felt bound to stay and work it; and, besides, it was an excuse to remain in the mountains and let nature do the healing work, of which I have spoken. Then presently I began to feel the first pleasure which I had felt since my life was broken off short, in watching a girl, a daughter of the woodcutter. And this pleasure was due to the fact that she was a purely natural creature, absolutely without artifice, absolutely primitive in all her instincts—in short, if you can understand what I mean, she was a perfect embodiment in human form of the scenes and the influences which were surrounding me."

Miss Dering's voice had a tone of involuntary constraint in it when she said:

"I think I understand perfectly. But was not this fancy due to your own condition?"

"Partly, no doubt; but, putting my fancy aside, I believe that if you saw her you would recognize that, unconsciously to

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herself, the great scenes amid which she has lived have molded and influenced her character and her thoughts. I watched her long and closely, just as I liked to watch the wild fawns out in the forest, and I never saw her do a thing, or heard her utter a word which was not serene and noble."

"It is saying a great deal."

"It is saying simply the truth. Indeed, I should be an ingrate if I failed to say it, for she was as kind to me as only a woman knows how to be to a man whom she feels to be sorely wounded. She helped—may God deal with me as I should deserve if I ever forget how much she helped!—in healing my wounds. And then one day I found that she was about to be handed over by her father to a man whom she detested. I interfered, and brought such pressure to bear on the father that he was forced to send the man away. But I saw that there was only one real way to save her, and that was to marry her myself. You see"—for Eleanor had started—"I felt that I was, for all practical purposes, a dead man. I had given up my home and my country, I desired nothing more than to bury myself in the Sierra; and it seemed as if the best I could do with my ruined life was to make it a protection to one to whom I was sincerely attached, and who cared for me far more than I deserved. So, while I did not tell her that I loved her—I have never told her that—I told her that, if she trusted me, I would be faithful to her."

His voice sank, and silence followed, which Eleanor presently heard herself break by asking: "And you have, then, married her?"

"Not yet"; he answered. "It is not easy to be married in the Sierra; and—there seemed no need for haste. She has been satisfied to wait. She would be satisfied with anything, so long as I did not break faith with her. And so I have lived, forgetting, or trying to forget, more and more that there was any other life—until I met you."

Silence again. How the river sang over its stones, with what liquid sweetness of melody its pouring water filled the silver night! And, hark! coming clear and plaintive from a group of trees which crowned the hill behind them, the cry of the whippoorwill, sounding far and wide over the sleeping valley!

"I met you," Trescott repeated, as if those words told

everything, "and, having met you, what could I do but follow you? I said to myself that it would only be for a few—a very few—days, and that their pleasure was worth whatever I should have to pay. For you not only embody all that is highest and best in my old life, every social charm, every intellectual grace of civilization, but you are more than that—you are yourself, individual, exquisite, so rare and fine and noble, that if we part now, if I never see you again, and if I suffer all the pain which must be my portion in not seeing you, I shall be thankful even for this pain, because it has its root in having known you and loved you and felt the sweetness of your companionship, your sympathy and your compassion."

"Oh, hush!—hush!" Eleanor cried with a stifled sob. "You break my heart!"

In an instant he was kneeling beside her, holding both her hands.

"Have I hurt you?" he said. "I am a brute as well as a fool! Don't you understand?—don't you see? There's nothing for you to regret—nothing! If the Sierra soothed my pain, you have—"

"Made you suffer more!"

"Wakened my soul, taught it that there are things so divine that one would willingly buy them at the price of any pain! And you have also given me strength to go back to the world where my place and my duties are, or would be, if—if the other obligation which I have made for myself here did not prevent. Tell me—you know everything now—what shall I do? Shall I go, or shall I stay?"

"It is too much," she said passionately, "too much to ask me to decide!"

"But you only can decide. Don't you see that I can't trust myself? Every instinct of my nature, every feeling of my heart, urges me to go with you, to return to the world where I belong, and where I may meet you, see you, perhaps some day even win the right to love you— And all that interferes with this is my word, just my word, given to one with whom most men and women of our race and class would feel that it was sheer folly, sheer madness, to keep faith! If I go, I must break my promise, and perhaps break her heart—God only knows about that—and besides abandon her to a savage

brute; while, if I stay, I must give up everything which could make life have once more a meaning for me, and commit mental and moral suicide. There is the strait in which I am placed. So what can I do but put the matter in your hands —these kind and tender hands—and bid you decide for me?"

She drew her hands out of his clasp.

"Will you go away," she said, speaking very low, "and come back in about a quarter of an hour? I—will think over what you have told me, and give you my decision then."

A quarter of an hour later all the night seemed to Trescott's fancy filled with the mournful cry of the whippoorwills, as he went back to where Eleanor sat, quite motionless, her hands clasped around her knees, looking as steadfastly as he had looked toward the great heights, where they had journeyed together during a few golden days, and where the other—the dark woman—awaited his return. Not until he stood immediately before her did she remove her eyes from the Sierra and look at him. Then, in their expression, he read his doom.

"I have thought it all over," she said very quietly. "I have weighed—everything. And I don't see how it is possible for you to do anything but go back."

"I knew you would say that," he answered as quietly as herself. "There isn't anything else to do. To-morrow I will turn my face again toward the Sierra, and let you go back to the world without me. After all, it is expiation—and it is justice. What right have I to look for happiness? It is better so."

"It is not better so," she answered, and now her voice was firm and clear. "You have expiated long and bitterly what was a folly and an accident, rather than a crime, and you have a right to your life, to success and happiness and —and love, like other men. But you can't build a new life on broken faith and ingratitude. Other men might do so, and never feel a pang of self-reproach; but not you. If you come with us now, nothing would ever enable you to forget that you had repaid kindness and love with desertion and betrayal. Therefore, you must go back."

"Yes, I must go back."

"But you must not stay," she went on. "You must find a means—there are open and honorable means—of avoiding what would be in the end misery not only to yourself but to

this woman. Think of the mental as well as of the social inequality between you!—think, above all, of the fact that you do not love her!"

"And that I do love you!"

"Then to marry her, no matter how much you might give her in other respects, would be to do her a grievous wrong. Don't fancy that because she is ignorant and humble she would not feel it. Nothing can take the place of love to a woman. If, then, you will let me advise you—for your own sake and hers—you will tell her the truth. It is the only brave and honest thing to do."

He knelt down again beside her; and taking her hands again in his own, carried them to his lips.

"You are right," he said. "As long as I was dead it did not matter what became of me, and I might have made her content. But now I am alive—and she would feel it—"

"Yes, she would feel it."

"And so I will try to do your bidding in this also—if I can. It will be hard, for it will hurt her, but I will try. And if—if I succeed—"

"Let us say nothing of that!" she interrupted quickly. "It is not good to make plans for possible happiness on another's loss. Do it because it is right, because the truth is due to her and to yourself. Whatever may follow is in God's hands. Let us leave it there. And since it is possible that, after we part to-morrow, we may not meet again, I want you to remember just one thing: that the pain of which you have spoken is not all yours, but I am glad to bear my share of it, if since we met I have helped you in the least. For I have known from the first that your burden is very heavy. But it will be lifted—I am sure it will be lifted—and you will yet do your duty to God and man with courage and honor. Now we must go back to the camp. You know we are to start very early in the morning."

It was so early when they started the next morning that the moon was still shining—though now in the western sky—and the light which filled the sleeping world was a beautiful mingling of moonlight and a glow from the east, which was rapidly growing incarnadine before the coming of the sun. It was in this strange, mystical radiance, with the sinking moon on one side, and the rosy dawn coming up the sky on the other, that

Trescott put Eleanor on her mule and held her hand for the last time.

"Good-bye"; he said—and in his face, as he looked up at her, was all that was left unsaid.

"Good-bye"; she echoed. And then, leaning a little from her saddle, she pointed to the flushing dawn. "'Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away!'" she said very softly and sweetly. "Have no fear. The day will break—the shadows will flee away. So, good-bye—and God bless you!"

It was with this gentle benediction still sounding in his ears that, at the foot of the hill, he saw them ride away toward the east, momently growing more radiantly glorious, while he turned his horse's head and, crossing the river, set his face toward the west, the shadows, and the Sierra.

IX.

It was not yet fully daylight when Trescott rode by one of the many pack-train camps which are constantly seen in this valley, since through it pass all the trains which convey goods and supplies from Santiago to many places in the Sierra. He hardly noticed the ordinary scene—the long row of pack saddles and bales of various kinds, the patient animals, the men stretched out in their blankets around the smoldering fire. Even less did he observe that, at the sound of his horse's tramp on the hard white road, one of the men raised his head and looked toward him, then sat up, and then rose to his feet—still regarding the now diminishing figure of the horseman with a glance in which recognition was mingled with disappointment and anger. He watched the figure until it disappeared and, as he watched it, an expression of dark malignity settled over a face which nature had apparently formed for such expressions. He muttered a curse, then turned and kicked one of his sleeping companions.

"Wake up, Pépe!" he growled. "I have something to tell thee. *Nombre de Dios*, what a sleeper! Wake up, man, I say!"

Pépe rolled over, uttered a curse or two on his own account, and finally sat up.

"What dost thou want, Cruz?" he asked, looking up at the tall figure standing over him. "It is no more than the *madrugada*. What need is there to start so early?"

"Start at noon, if thou likest, lazy one! I have not waked thee to talk of starting, but to tell thee that I am going back a day's journey or so. Take the mules on to Santiago, deliver this letter to Don José Medina, tell him I was taken ill on the road, but that I will be there in a day or two, and wait for me. Say nothing to any one else, and make Tobalito hold his tongue."

"Pépe was by this time wide awake, staring at his comrade.

"For what art thou going back, Cruz?" he asked.

Cruz swore at him roundly. "Is it business of thine what I am going back for?" he demanded. "But I may tell thee that I am going to Santa Rosa to visit a woman. I thought of her when I saw the town in the distance yesterday, as we crossed over the mountain by the short cut, and I said to myself that I would go there to-day, for we shall be too hurried when we return, with our loads of merchandise, to stop."

"Well, good luck go with thee!" said the other, giving his blanket a roll around him and lying down again. "*Adios.*"

Cruz, who was the only mounted member of the party, saddled his mule, and after a brief breakfast of cold *tortillas* and beans, set forth—not in the direction of Santa Rosa, which lies to the north, but straight west toward the Sierra.

He rode all day, taking care not to come within sight of the horseman whom he knew to be in advance of him, and whom several times he was in danger of overtaking, for Trescott, having no reason to press his horse, rode slowly, especially since by afternoon they were well among the hills and mounting higher with every step. Only once the man behind left the trail which the other was following. On this occasion he turned aside and sought a small ranch deep among massive heights. Here he found a friend who gave him hearty welcome—a friend who belonged to the large class of retired bandits, once very numerous in this country, but whose ranks death is now thinning. After they had exchanged greetings, patted each other on the back, even as if they had been high-born *caballeros*, and, with many compliments, drank to each other out of the same bottle of *tequila*, Cruz, resisting the hospitable entreaties of his friend that he would remain for the night, broached his business—it was to borrow a rifle. He had left his pack-train to go back and search for a strayed mule, the search would take him into a wild part of the Sierra, and he

must spend the night there alone. Mountain tigers, as Pablo knew, were very bold when it was only a question of a single man; therefore he would like, as a measure of precaution, to have a rifle, which he would return without fail in a day or two.

Pablo was not so indiscreet in questioning as Pépe had been. Mountain tigers made a good enough excuse for him. He produced with alacrity his rifle—a treasured weapon, which he had carried in the Sierra for many a day, as one of the band of Francisco Mora, who was called the king of the Sierra, and who reigned there like a king until the government was contemptible enough to put a price on his head, which so quickened the zeal and energy of his pursuers that he was taken and shot, and his faithful followers had to put away their rifles, under pain of being shot likewise. All of this Cruz knew—he not only knew about the adventurous past of Pablo, but especially why the rifle bore such marks of service and why its owner handled it so lovingly. As he fastened it to his saddle, the latter looked at it with a sigh.

"So I carried it," he remarked. "And it never failed me. Many a cross it helped to put up in the days of Francisco—take care of it, Cruz, and bring it back safely. I would rather lose one of the *chiquitos* than this rifle."

"I will take care of it and bring it back," Cruz promised; and then, with fresh salutations and good wishes, he rode away.

The ex-bandit looked after him with a sympathetic but also a presaging gaze. He, who had known long what it was to stalk a human prey, with what fierce excitement such hunting fills the veins, was at no loss to read aright the fire in the dark, somber eyes which had looked into his own.

"He wants to put up another cross," he said to himself; "but he will do well to take care that he does not put up two. If they come to me I shall certainly say that he had the rifle. I have no mind to be shot at this late day for his misdeeds."

As nightfall came down upon the great heights, Trescott was still climbing wearily upward along a scarcely discernible trail. He knew that he should have reached before this the place where he intended to spend the night; but he had rested too long at mid-day and traveled too slowly after starting; so

sunset and swift-falling twilight found him on a long, steep ascent, in one of the wildest parts of the outlying Sierra.

It mattered little to him, however. The deadly lassitude and depression which follow any great mental or moral, just as it follows any great physical, effort were upon him. He felt shattered, utterly overcome, utterly indifferent to any further blow which fate might have in store for him. What did the trifle of being belated or lost among the mountains matter to one whose life was belated and lost? A shadow, such as had scarcely rested upon his face since he had first sought the house of Miguel Lopez in the depths of the Sierra, rested on it now. The reaction from the brightness and happiness of the last few days was intense; the sense of loss acute. All the exaltation of mood, all the hopefulness which he had drawn from Eleanor Dering were gone with her. Dark upon his soul fell the old misery, and with it a new despair—the consciousness, the certainty, that he had only dreamed of freedom, of new life, of sunshine, and possible happiness. These things were not for him. The woman whose spirit had for a time wakened and borne up his own was gone, and he knew—knew with a positive intuition—that he should never find strength and confidence enough in himself and his destiny to seek her again. All that remained to him was such obscurity and such peace as the Sierra might give.

And yet he felt as if even that had been taken away from him. The Sierra had now no message of peace, no soothing for his wounded soul. He had once told Eleanor that its greatest power of soothing lay in its freedom from human associations, in the fact that among the great hills there was nothing to remind him of his past life, or of anything which was a source of pain. But now— Ah, now all this was changed! Where could he now turn that he would not see, with that inward vision which in absence beholds so clearly, and beholding burns the heart like a fire, the presence that had passed with him through the wild forests and the deep sylvan glades, and robbed them of repose forever? What had the Sierra now become to him but an empty and desolate region, such as the fairest region that earth knows must become when love has entered and gone out of it? Enchanted solitudes she had called the scenes where they had wandered together for a few brief, happy days; and solitudes indeed they now remained to him,

while she had taken the enchantment with her when she rode away into the rosy, golden dawn.

All these thoughts accompanied him as he climbed upward where only the day before they had descended together; and when he caught the sound of a horse's tread on the stony trail below, it was a proof of how keenly he felt the loneliness which encompassed him that the sound was almost welcome to his ear. At length he gained the height up which he had been climbing, and found a comparatively level summit on which something of sunset light was yet lingering. And here his eye was caught by one of the wayside crosses so common along the way. The sight of it recalled the day he had pointed out such a cross to Eleanor Dering, and she had said that she was sorry for the man who had died there, because, "even for the unhappy, life holds many chances and death none." How he could hear her voice uttering the words!—and what was it he had answered?

"There are men for whom life holds no chances. And for such, a quick call—a death in the sunlight—and a cross by the wayside is no ill fate."

Well, he was ready to say the same thing again, with added emphasis; ready to envy the man to whom the quick call had come here. For what friend was like death to give peace to the tortured and weary spirit, to lift the burden from galled shoulders, to cut knots and solve riddles which were past all human cutting or solving? He drew up his horse and, with his figure outlined against the sky, stood looking at the rude, pathetic memorial of tragic death. Into his mind came the words which had been Eleanor's farewell to him in the morning: "Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away." Would the day indeed break, the shadows flee—?

The sharp crack of a rifle rang through the forest. There was the wild rush of a startled horse, the sound of a falling body—

The day had broken, the shadows fled forever.

(THE END.)

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

IV.

THE implications of poverty are more distressing than poverty itself. Did the poor invite from us merely food and clothing, they would be provided for without much difficulty. But the implications of poverty give the problem a most complex character. Neglect of health, undernutrition, ignorance of sanitary precautions, lack of that acute regard for physical well-being which comes with civilization, are to be noted on all sides among the poor. Furthermore, one finds among them a low sense of personal responsibility, a narrow outlook on life, and a peculiar kind of fatalism which render them provokingly resigned to everything that happens, and kills initiative that might lift them from their usual surroundings. Poverty implies, too, enforced association of poor with poor, promiscuous association of wicked and virtuous, of refined and degraded, often under the same roof. The poor cannot pick their dwellings, nor their companionships, nor their friends. They accept those whom fate throws near them. They cannot pick their bankers, hence they go to the loan shark. They cannot choose their grocer, hence they must trade where they will be trusted but cheated. They cannot select their neighbors, hence they are preyed upon by borrowers who rob them of half of their insufficient store of necessaries.

The atmosphere and environment in which the poor must live greatly effect their lives. Hence, in assisting them, we assist not some vague average individual, but a number of concrete persons, living in these conditions, subjected to definite temptations and weaknesses. Varied obstacles are in their way, for some of which they are to blame, for many of which society, and not they, is responsible. The relief of hunger, pain, danger, is always of first importance. There are no implications to be considered when the poor are hungry.

But the true understanding of their condition depends on our insight into all of its implications and our wisdom in helping them will depend on the manner in which we meet and remove these. Undoubtedly much of the indifference of otherwise good persons, persons of real spiritual sense, toward the poor, is due to systematic failure to see in poverty anything but hunger and rags. Hunger and rags are not the chains of the poor. Their chains cannot be seen unless one looks into the world of the poor. The active friends of the poor know this. Others ignore it; and to the heavy burden that the poor must carry is added the inexcusable indifference of thousands who might befriend them, did the thousands understand.

The implications of giving in charity are quite as important as the relief given. Cardinal Newman says somewhere that charity has no reserves. It must have them. The giver must accept reserves from his relations to others who give in charity, from his understanding of all of the elements in the condition of those who receive aid. No doubt the Christian impulse acts most beautifully when a personal bond unites giver and recipient. When the latter seeks intelligently and the former gives in person and kind, there is no "problem" of charity, no "method" to follow, no "trained worker" to engage, no check to be drawn, no "appeal" to be made. But this is not usually the case. There are so many poor to be cared for and so few who wish to give the care; there are so many among the poor who are dull or timid or deceitful or personally to be blamed, or deliberately lazy, that organization and system are absolutely necessary. There are so many among the well-to-do who have no knowledge of the poor, or having information, have no heart, or having heart, lack good judgment, that it is necessary to rouse one class, instruct another, and direct a third. Without organization and system this cannot be done.

Let us regret the need of organization and system as we may; let us admit frankly every shortcoming that can be alleged against them; let us admit to the fullest the possibility of unorganized personal service of the poor by the well-to-do; let us emphasize as we may the particular personal character of social service as Christ taught and exemplified it. After all is said, the need of organization and system in charity is imperative. Restraint, discrimination, direction, which constitute the very

purpose of all social institutions, must be introduced into the service of the poor. Men will differ concerning types of organization and relative efficiency of methods. They may judge results by different standards. But the aims that all friends of the poor must have in mind are impossible without system of some kind, without organization of some type or other. It is practically impossible nowadays to know who is one's neighbor; or, knowing, to understand how to be neighbor to him as Christ would ask and his condition would invite. Organization and system aim to provide neighbors and neighborly service to all who need them. Beyond that it has no mission whatever.

I.

Charity is primarily personal and individual. This primitive character of charity, so perfectly symbolized in the story of the Good Samaritan, is never to be lost from sight. It is realized most happily in this age, in small towns and cities where the poor are relatively few in number and are easily known. They retain individuality, since poverty is robbed of many of its worst implications. Within family circles, and in uncounted isolated cases, the direct personal character of charity may be found. It is the nearest approach to the Christian ideal. It is to be welcomed and sustained whenever possible. But one sees at a glance that the whole problem of charity can never be met in this way. This method may supplement organization and system. It can never replace them.

II.

Modern charity must be organized. They who feel a sense of duty toward the poor, and obey the impulse to serve them, should know one another, understand one another, and cooperate in their work. Wise division of labor, selection of individuals with aptitude for particular tasks, utilization of experience, avoidance of waste effort, and gradual creation of policy in dealing with recurring conditions, are of vital importance. These ends are obtained by organization, which is, after all, the short road to efficiency in all kinds of social action. Once a body of representative men and women is well organized,

they develop a breadth of view and habit of observation which are of highest value in relief work.

A second advantage is found in the fact that organized charity gives us an organ for the social conscience. From among the ranks of the strong and well-to-do come many who feel their duty toward the poor. Isolated, they are merely individuals doing their duty. Organized, they acquire power and prestige. They express whatever social conscience society possesses, and, by their example and effort, develop that conscience. Organized charity forces information concerning the poor into circles where the poor are unknown. It goes to those who have knowledge but lack sympathy, and endeavors to awaken slumbering Christian feeling. It goes to many who aid the poor generously but unwisely, and suggests intelligent restraint and wisely ordered purpose.

A third service given by organized charity is that of acting as attorney for the poor before society at large. Poverty is seen as a whole in its organic relations to society and its institutions. The social processes which come to view in the facts of poverty, and subsequent processes going out from them are certainly sought and to some extent understood by organized charity. It goes before city councils and executives, before legislatures and governors. It sends representatives before courts and into committees. It accepts service when called upon by social authorities to give information or advice. Organized charity inaugurates social movements in the interests of the poor, watches the enforcement of laws and asks for their enactment. Back of this activity is the keen understanding of social causes in poverty, of the constructive *rôle* of law, and of the power of public opinion in bending social forces to the relief of the poor.

There is no practical way of reaching any of these results except through organization of men and women who are devoted to the poor. There is no other way of meeting the implications of poverty; of presenting, in the fight against them, forces as strong as those which poverty reveals. Organized charity means simply association and co-operation among those who serve the poor. It means that as astronomers and chemists and economists, as business men and priests and laboring men, obey a natural instinct for association and a laudable desire for increased efficiency, so also they who engage in charity

work seek efficiency, wisdom, re-enforcement through association. If it be objected that the distinctive personal and spiritual character of charity lends itself poorly to organization, it may be said in reply, that charity is not more spiritual than worship which is organized, nor more confidential than the confessional, for the wise conducting of which preparation is made by organized discussions and conferences.

It is true that philanthropists when organizing charity will produce one spirit; that Catholics will develop a distinctly different one; and that Protestants will be unlike both in their work. But it remains equally true that there are points of contact as well: problems that must be met in common, resources of which all may avail themselves, and duties toward society at large, toward rich as well as poor, in urging which all may join.

One might, with some appearance of justification, say that in urging these points to the credit of organized charity, one invades the domain of Church and home and school. These are the normal agents which share in forming Christian character. It may be claimed that these shape the social conscience and express it; that they act as attorney for the poor before society.

That all three should do this kind of work is beyond question. That they actually do so, and leave nothing for organized charity to undertake, would scarcely be maintained by the narrowest opponent of organization. Much of the awakened social conscience found in religion is to be credited to organization of charity within its lines. It is no surprise nowadays to see the layman who is active in organized charity enter the seminary to lecture to future priests on the work.

No institution is universal in its effects. Organized charity is not without drawbacks. Obvious as are its advantages, its disadvantages are equally so. But that does not affect the case in its summing up. Organization is favored as an endeavor to reduce the average mistakes in dealing with the poor, and to render those which are inevitable, less harmful. It should be judged as all institutions and Christianity itself are judged—by what they do rather than by what they fail to do. If there are particularly complex problems in charity that can be met only by organization, then organization is necessary, as explosives are necessary in spite of accidents, and railroads are

necessary in spite of collisions and killings. If then, not organization in itself, but some organizations that one has known, be condemned or opposed, the issue is merely an accidental one. Rightly understood, organization is not a substitute for individuals in charity work; it is a scheme to increase their number and efficiency. It does not indicate that an impersonal, inhuman view of the poor is taken; it means that deepest concern for all the poor is felt, and effort is made to reach them by the increased efficiency of those who give themselves to the work. The idea of organization is closely allied to that of system, in the discussion of which the thought now in mind is completed.

III.

Modern charity must be systematic. The law of giving may not be derived from the verbal demands of those in need. They may know best of all that they are hungry and cold, but they may not be trusted implicitly beyond questions of acute distress. The danger is direct, of enervating the poor if too ready compliance with their requests is found. "I have observed," Franklin is quoted as saying, "the more public provisions are made for the poor, the less they provide for themselves." There are many among the poor who know what they need and who want nothing beyond it. Their representations may be taken as in the fullest, wise and true. For such, there is no charity problem except that of giving just what is asked. But in general, the risk of encouraging laziness, of making fraud easy and successful, of overlooking very poor judgment, is present in relieving the poor. Some practice of discrimination is necessary. We must look not to the poor, but beyond them, to find its principle. Hence the law of giving may not be derived from the requests of those in need.

Neither may the law of giving be derived from the mere impulse of the giver. There is no guarantee that a good impulse is a wise one, or that a favoring providence is so pleased by good intention as to shield those who have it from penalties of their mistakes of judgment. The poor have a right to protection against their injudicious friends. That one enjoys giving is no valid reason for giving. That one feels that one ought to give justifies giving, but does not direct it. That one seeks supernatural merit by giving in God's name does not

wipe out the duty that one has of refraining from such conduct as may aid deception, encourage idleness, and degrade a fellow-man. Unwise giving has the unfortunate power of accomplishing all three.

The law of giving must be derived from an intelligent judgment of the whole condition of the poor viewed as possessing average human traits, responsibilities, and rights. Their first right is to relief. Their second right is to self-sufficiency, to reconstructed character and normal social relations. No whim of a poor man and none of a giver can assure the wise review and correct apprehension of a case. The view that will be objectively true and morally right will be widened and deepened. To day's need, once the poor are fed and clothed, must be seen in relation to yesterday's and to to-morrow's. Social causes, social environment, social situations, must be looked into, for it is not so much the fact of poverty as its relations that will give us understanding. That a man now works twelve hours a day says little. That last year he worked fifteen and now twelve gives us one history. That last year he worked ten and now twelve gives us another. It is similar in the case of poverty. The facts to-day can be understood only when seen in relation to facts of yesterday. And wisdom in dealing with facts to-day must come mainly from looking at the facts we desire for to-morrow. It is always well to know how much the individual had to do in his downward way and how much he may do in his own restoration. If many fell among robbers regularly, and each Good Samaritan knew of only his own case, much would be missed until some Good Samaritan with wider knowledge, saw all of the instances in their relations, after which probably his impulse would be to order a regiment to exterminate the whole robber tribe. But while only isolated cases of brigandage were thought of, this larger service would never be rendered. In a word, judgment in giving relief should rest on past and future, as well as present views of the case.

That this will be often unnecessary, often impossible, sometimes ill-advised may be granted. But we must, as a rule, look forward in the case to find our aim in giving, backwards to find an explanation, and then into the case to find our work and obey our wisdom. Mercy is not forgotten, but wisdom is added to our effort; efficiency is not impaired, it is augmented. The self-respect of the poor is protected and hope is let into

their lives. The doing of all of this is system. It means wiser methods, larger views, truer perspective. It brings to the scattered generous impulses of men the multiplied energy of association, the re-enforcement that comes when many work together. Just as education reaches power through system, as business becomes possible by system, as religion becomes stable and strong through it, so charity seeks its wisdom, its efficiency, its wider mission to men, through system. And as system in business has its cost, and system in education, its penalties, and system in religion, its drawbacks, so system in charity has its cost and its penalties and its drawbacks. But, beyond these, it has a power, a justification, that the observing eye cannot miss.

System is the inevitable companion of bigness in any domain of life. Small undertakings present no problems; mass and complexity offer many. Everything in modern charity makes system necessary.

However direct one's defence of system may be, one may not close one's eyes to the obvious objections and difficuities presented to a fair mind. Objection is made against trained workers, need of whom is one of the implications of system. It is claimed that they become impersonal, professional, mechanical in work that is peculiarly individual and personal. Objection is made against the payment of salaries, because this converts a profoundly spiritual activity into a mercenary profession. Fault is found with the keeping of records, showing history of cases of distress relieved, because it invades the privacy of the poor, and offers to the curious, an opportunity to know the details of misfortune that humanity and culture would hide. Objection is made to a certain regularity of procedure in cases of charity, because it introduces delay, divided responsibility and indefiniteness. This is known as red tape. Claim is made that there are too many "principles," too much literature, statistics, schools of philanthropy, methods. Even wit and humor, which often reveal a deep stratum of feeling and keen philosophy in society, are directed against the alleged shortcomings of systematic charity with telling effect. Thoughtful men, however, will not adapt their views to suit current humor, nor will they mistake a caricature for a photograph.

Sometimes an individual is confused with an institution, and when the former merits criticism, the latter is apt to receive it.

Again an objection, true of every form of organized life, is hurled with particular emphasis against organized charity. Many of those who base their judgment on such restricted views might find reason for modification if a well-rounded, healthy estimate of the whole situation were made. There are real difficulties to be met. Vigilance is necessary to prevent system from becoming an end instead of being a means. There is danger of losing sight of the personality of the individual poor, of dealing in averages instead of in men and women and children. It is undoubtedly true that system in charity work does at times chill the free and buoyant impulse to service which is the crowning glory of Christian character, and does rationalize where feeling loves to have its sway. System does spend much money in salaries and administration expenses which may appear out of proportion to amounts spent in relief. But this is because no one of equal efficiency will work unpaid. It may think of the poor as types, and at times forget that they are individuals after all, each with feelings, rights, stomach, heart, and soul. System may produce impractical persons who roam among the poor, and finding a "case," turn to their Book of Principles and Methods in order to find out what to do, much as though a sociological guide book were directing their feelings and aims It may be that the scientific worker goes among the poor with her hard face never brightened by the bounding light of a big emotion and never softened by the relaxing look of pity. Yet, after all is said and admitted, what have we but system to replace system.

As these objections are sometimes advanced, they contain much exaggeration and denote the usual ratio of misunderstanding. Qualitatively they are the inevitable results of system, paralleled in every line of social institutions which man has devised. Quantitatively many of the objections have real force, but they constitute no indictment that will hold in the court of enlightened sense.

IV.

Organizations of charity should co-operate. System is one thing; a particular system is another. There are institutions in modern charity work whose wisdom may not yet be finally proven, as there are methods which may be reasonably ques-

tioned. Particularly we Catholics have occasion for much solicitude on account of the peculiar organic relation conceived to exist between our charity and our faith. Catholics are much inclined to institutional life for orphans for reasons that are evident, if not always wise. We insist on the spiritual motive in giving and oppose publicity with varying degrees of fervor. We are firmly set against salaries in any kind of charity work, and are keenly alert to protect the privacy of the poor. We carry the fullest understanding of the moral and religious laws of life into every detail of charity work, and never abate solicitude for the fullest respect of all of the personal human rights and the conscience of the poor, whatever the consequences or burdens that result.

With the whole soul of faith entering into each feature of charity work, the Catholic is sensitive and, very often, uncompromising. He believes that he detects signs of currents and counter-currents in general charity work. He sees efforts made to secularize all charity, to base it on the universal point of view which is the starting point of philanthropy replacing religion. Even in New York, where frank recognition of the *rôle* of religion in life is written into charter and constitution, restless forces appear to work against the policies and ideals for which we stand. It is not surprising, then, that doubt concerning co-operation with other forms of organized charity should be met in Catholic circles and that the difficulties in the way of it should have great prominence in our literature. Nor is it strange that the tendency is to minimize relations with others and co-operate reluctantly at all times. Unfortunately it is sometimes justified. But at times it is at least constructively unfair to secular and non-Catholic charity workers. The Catholics who go among workers of other types, who learn their methods at first hand and co-operate, often become much broader. Great eagerness to do justice and respect feeling is actually found, whatever evidences of the contrary may be shown. Were Catholics to understand their own position fully, and to express it frankly when identified with other charity workers, the very best results would undoubtedly obtain. The International Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in St. Louis in 1903 formally adopted a resolution favoring such action: "As American citizens it is our duty to co-operate with citizens of all creeds in all that pertains to the

elevation of our fellow-beings; but in this co-operation we should be guided by our rules, which wisely forbid the exposure of the misfortune of the poor." In May, 1908, the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, the Hebrew Charities, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society met in the same week in Richmond. All took part in one joint meeting. The President of the National Conference, which includes representatives of the secular and Protestant charities and philanthropies, was none other than a Catholic, one of the most active Vincent de Paul workers in the United States.

No social group, no great organized interest in society, is possible except when members look for points of agreement among themselves, unite on them, and overlook the forces that might separate them. Charity organizations need obey only this general social law. They need only look for the work, methods, and aims in which they do agree, in order to be in position to increase efficiency. While Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, men of every religion and of no religion, are jumbled into the mass of the poor, charity workers of all kinds will meet, will find themselves facing the same problems, each needing the other in many ways. But, above all, this need of their union is found in the indirect work that charity organizations must do in society at large, in order to effect the redemption of the poor.

V.

Organizations of charity should undertake social reform work for the sake of the poor as well as for the relief of individuals and families.

It was hinted a moment ago that the charity organization is an organ of the social conscience and is in addition attorney for the poor before society at large. In these capacities, it must undertake such reforms as are directed toward the protection of the poor in any way. All legislation that makes industry safer for laboring men reduces the number of orphans that society must care for. All precautions that employers can be induced to take to make trades less harmful to health, reduce the number of needy families that will be deprived of their natural support when the broken-down father or mother is thrown out of work. All movements which secure facilities

for healthy play and schooling and health inspection for children, increase chances for right development of them and may reduce the number of criminals or idlers that the next generation must punish and feed. Movements which suppress and banish loan sharks, and provide loans for worthy poor, with no interest or only nominal interest, which aim to brighten and cheer the home, are all of highest importance.

Every day we see more clearly that environment is vital; that law and lawmakers have neglected measures to protect the poor; that there are sequences of social cause and effect in the lives of the poor; and that many measures of social reform are vitally necessary in the work of redeeming the poor. Heretofore the individual and the family have absorbed attention. While neither has lost its importance, social reform has claimed its recognition. The concept of charity must be widened, until it is seen that the spirit and the letter of Christ's law of social service are complied with to the fullest in this work of social reform for the sake of the poor, quite as well as when we feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

VI.

The evolution of the charity worker is a varied process. Things have antecedents. There is a technique in producing a social conscience as there is in producing a statue. Neglect in either case mars the work and discourages effort. The attitude of many Christians toward the poor baffles analysis. There are, as suggested, whole classes in society who scarcely know and surely do not realize that there are poor. There are whole classes which feel the luxury of pity for the poor without longing for the delight of helping them, resembling those who believe, as Goldsmith remarked, that "they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it." There are classes which aid the poor by throwing money to them and feeling that they have honored God and satisfied humanity in doing that. There are classes which complain that all the poor are to blame for poverty and nothing can be done. And there are wise and consecrated classes of men and women who honor the race, who know and love the poor, know and love the God of the poor, and who are very saviors to them that sit in the darkness of poverty and in the shadow of death.

There are methods employed to procure funds for charity, made apparently necessary perhaps, but none the less undesirable, which are unworthy of the Christian, and constitute a sad enough commentary on the social spirit of the followers of Christ. Rightly developed, social conscience would put an end to them forever.

The problem of training the charity worker—even the Catholic worker—is not easy to solve. But some system is necessary. The emotions of children ought to be developed. They should early be accustomed to go to the poor, to accompany elders in their personal service. Conversation in the home should be so directed at times and always so guarded that children are brought to see and feel the bond that unites strong and weak in God. Our schools should undertake, in similar spirit, to incorporate understanding of poverty and its relations into the mental formation of the young. College and university should understand their duty toward the poor and toward the young whose Christian formation is entrusted to them. All of this, properly supplemented by the priest and his teaching, ought to be able to revive the spirit of neighborly service which is extolled by Christ. Future employers of labor, future physicians and lawyers, future legislators and social and political leaders, who pass through Catholic homes and Catholic schools, who sit every Sunday throughout the year before the pulpit ready to receive God's word from the preacher; all such who, arriving at the height of power and efficiency, do not know who is neighbor to them, feel no impulse to generous service, and fail to measure up to the Gospel standard of the Christian man, offer a distressing commentary on either our understanding of our mission or the efficiency of our methods in carrying it out.

It is not desired, nor is it necessary, that every one engage in personal service of the poor. Nor can it well be tolerated that so few do. A bishop in a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants complained recently in a public speech that he was unable to find representative men enough to organize a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul in the city, though he could have all of the money needed for the relief of the poor. Something very definite can be aimed at in the vague suggestions now made. We can aim to have active workers enough to do all of the direct relief work that is needed.

We can aim to have a big brother for every lonely little fellow in our cities, between the two of whom a personal bond of companionship can be developed, thus going back through system to the sweet individual personal touch between strong and weak symbolized by the Good Samaritan. In this way, through system, we undo system. We can rouse the hidden Christian homes that would admit orphans and take them from street and from institution, introducing them to the warmth and love and individuality that home confers. We can possibly rouse Christian men and women, in positions of trust or power and out of them, to lend spirit and force to reform movements that will bring hope, cleanliness, protection, and cheer into the dull, dead homes of the poor, removing the larger social obstructions to self-help.

This is monumental work; great enough to sap the energies of half a civilization, worthy enough to vie with every other aim of advancing humanity, imperative enough to justify for the moment the cessation of art and learning if only such cessation would insure what is sought. But inspiring as is the ideal which is thus outlined, appealing as is even the hope that some day this might be realized, one of the chief results of such an accomplishment would be in the character, lives, and aims of, not the weak, but the well-to-do. A rich man is as dear to God and as important to humanity as a poor man, much in the same way that a man with cuffs is as important as a man without them. Being rich or poor is an accident, as having or not having cuffs is an accident. The man is the important thing.

The Christian community is a social body, and the unity of that body is dear to the heart of Christ. That there are rich and poor is a matter of indifference in itself. That there are some enjoying every advantage, and others deprived of them, shows disorder. That some are gay and joyous and others degraded and in distress, while the former ignore the latter and these hate the former, shows that somehow Christianity fails and Christ is disappointed. The story of the vine and the branches is true everlastingly as the sum of Christian philosophy and theology, symbolizing the will of God in human society. To vary the figure, congestion occurs when too much blood is centered in capillaries or other vessels at any one spot. Headache results when much blood presses on the brain. Treat-

ment aims to restore normal circulation. Society is suffering likewise from congestion. Wealth and learning, leisure and opportunity, sympathy and hope, are congested in a small portion of the social body, while millions starve and suffer and cease to hope. It is the indirect function of charity in the scheme of God to restore normal circulation; to relieve congestion where the body is burning and vitalize where the body is starving. Granting that Christian virtues have definite functions in the Christian body, charity has this great office to perform; and they who are most blessed by charity are they who give, not they who receive. The strong and well-to-do need neighbors in Christ's sense quite as badly as the weak and suffering need them. The rich need neighbors in order to adjust themselves to eternity, the poor need them in order to adjust themselves to time and the world. Contact with the poor, thought of them, sympathy for them, is a better corrective of selfishness in aims, narrowness in views, materialism in motives, than are preaching and missions and lectures. Some apostle is needed to impress this lesson on modern society. The strong need the weak as much as the weak need the strong. It is unnecessary to insist that the poor do not exist for the sake of inviting virtues in the rich. Many are selfish, because experience of life has developed selfishness. The way back to normal Christian views and conduct is by paths of unselfishness. These lead us among the poor and lowly, among whom Christ loved to linger. Let men once understand this, and a day might come when there would not be neighbors enough to go around.

BISHOP GRAFTON AND PRO-ROMANISM.

BY LEWIS JEROME O'HERN, C.S.P.

SOME time ago Doctor Charles Chapman Grafton, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Fond du Lac, published a work entitled *Christian and Catholic*, in which the bishop "attempted to be Roman Catholic without the Pope." It seems that the effect of this effort was to hasten the Romeward movement of a large number of Episcopalians, who otherwise might have lived and died in good faith and communion with the Church of England. Some of the bishop's closest personal friends are among the seceders.

Now Bishop Grafton strives to erect a fresh barrier to stem the Romeward tide, whose flood-gates he himself was, at least partly, instrumental in loosing. This he has attempted to do by the publication of a small brochure called *Pro-Romanism and The Tractarian Movement.**

"The Tractarian Movement" is a separate article reprinted from the July (1898) number of *The Living Church*. "Pro-Romanism" occupies the greater portion of the work.

Its author no doubt entirely satisfies himself, but will hardly receive the unqualified approval of all his fellow-churchmen. We are acquainted with at least one conversion to Catholicity which was hastened by the reading of the pamphlet.

"Pro-Romanism" begins by saying: "The Church is now undergoing some trials. It would not be fair or wise to ignore them. The Church's cause may seem to some to have received a check in the desertion of a few to Rome. Towards them we must continue our love, while we condemn their action and repudiate their argument. . . . Reviewing the field and the course of battle, the points gained and lost and the causes thereof, we think one mistake has been an overzeal and desire for the reunion of Christendom. We have centered our hopes upon it, looked upon it as the one thing needful, and we have

* *Pro-Romanism and The Tractarian Movement*, by Charles Chapman Grafton, S.T.D., Bishop of Fond du Lac. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company. 1908.

made it an idol. Persons have so dwelt upon it as to give it a reflexive, suggestive, hypnotic power. The idea so takes possession of them that when exercised in respect of Rome, they are hypnotized by it, and no reason or argument can break the spell. They can for the time see Rome, and nothing but Rome."

In these introductory remarks the bishop realizes that reunion with Rome presents to those who have dwelt upon it a vision of such surpassing beauty and loveliness that "no reason or argument can break the spell." To "break the spell," however, is his purpose; and in attempting to do this he has not hesitated to make statements which are not accepted by modern scriptural authorities, are incompatible with known historical facts, and are unpardonable in one of Bishop Grafton's supposed knowledge and scholarship.

"The foundation of the principle of the Anglican Church was expressed," says he, "in its declaration in Convocation in 1534, that the 'Pope of Rome has no greater jurisdiction conferred on him by God in Holy Scripture in this Kingdom of England than any other foreign bishop.'" *

Papal Supremacy and Infallibility are thus at once seen to be the storm-center around which the battle is to rage; this the chief citadel against which the heaviest artillery is to be trained.

Let us examine into the soundness of this "Foundation principle of the Anglican Church," viewed in the light of recent biblical criticism and unimpeachable historical research. "The Anglican Church," says Bishop Grafton, "holds with the Eastern that the Rock on which the Church is founded is Christ. Rome, while admitting this, says: 'It is also Peter and the Roman SEE.' But our Lord did not say: 'Thou art Peter, the Rock, on whom I will build My Church'; but 'upon this Rock,' which evidently refers to Christ, whom Peter had just confessed to be the Son of God." †

The Rev. Professor Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., is an eminent divine of Bishop Grafton's own church; his fame as a profound theologian and a conscientious thinker is world-wide. He studied at the University of Virginia, the Union Theological Seminary of New York, and also at Berlin. From 1874 to 1891 he was Professor of Hebrew, and since 1891 has been

* *Ibid*, page 9. † *Ibid*, page 38.

Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary. In 1898 he was ordained a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Among his published works are: *Biblical Study*, *Messianic Prophecy*, *The Authority of Holy Scripture*, *The Bible*, *The Church and Reason*, and *The Incarnation of the Lord.* His great attainments and services to scholarship have been recognized through honorary degrees by a number of institutions on both sides of the Atlantic, including Princeton and Williams at home; and Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Oxford abroad. In a notable article on "The Real and the Ideal in the Papacy" this distinguished scholar says:

"The Papacy has a much firmer basis in a number of texts of the New Testament, and in Christian history, than most Protestants have been willing to recognize. . . . Jesus in His vision of His Kingdom, when St. Peter recognized Him as the Messiah, said (Matt. xvi. 17–19):

Blessed art thou, Simon, son of Jonah,
For flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee,
But My Father which is in heaven;
And I say unto thee: Thou art Peter,
And upon this rock will I build My Church,
And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.
I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of God,
And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven,
And whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven

"*All attempts to explain the 'rock' in any other way than as referring to Peter have ignominiously failed.* (Italics our own.)

"St. Peter was thus made by the appointment of Jesus the rock on which the Church was built as a spiritual house, or temple; and at the same time the porter of the Kingdom, whose privilege it is to open and shut its gates. The Church is here conceived as a building, a house, constituted of living stones, all built upon Peter, the first of these stones, or the primary rock foundation. It is also conceived as a city of God, into which men enter by the gates. These conceptions are familiar in the Old Testament. The significant thing here is the primacy of St. Peter. He is chief of the Twelve, who elsewhere

in the New Testament are conceived as the twelve foundations of the temple and city of God." *

As if realizing the adamantine strength of this text and the weakness of his interpretation, Bishop Grafton adds that "the Roman argument that God gave a special supremacy to Peter is unsound, for if given to Peter, it was a personal privilege, and personal privileges are not transferable. The allowed transference of such a power must be *expressly* stated in the original grant, and *explicit* evidence given of its transference."† (Italics our own.)

Herein he proves too much, for he believes that the power to preach the gospel, to baptize, and to forgive sins is in the world to-day, and yet in the "*original grant*" the "*allowed transference*" is not "*expressly stated*," nor "*explicit evidence*" given of its transference. Whence, then, arises the necessity of explicit evidence concerning the transference of Peter's supremacy? Once more we quote the opinion of the greatest living biblical scholar of the Protestant Episcopal Church:

"It is evident that Jesus, in speaking to St. Peter, had the whole history of His Kingdom in view. He sees conflict with the evil powers and victory over them. It is, therefore, vain to suppose that we must limit the commission to St. Peter. We could no more do that than we could limit the Apostolic commission to the Apostles. The commission of the primate, no less than the commission of the Twelve, includes their successors in all time to the end of the world. The natural interpretation of the passage, therefore, *apart from all prejudice*, gives the Papacy a basal authority, as it has always maintained. Therefore we must admit that there must be a sense in which the successors of St. Peter are the rock of the Church, and have the authority of the keys in ecclesiastical government, discipline, and determination of faith and morals."‡ (Italics are ours.)

The Petrine text, "feed My sheep," also receives a unique interpretation at the hands of Bishop Grafton. He says:

"In the restoration of St. Peter, on his threefold profession, our Lord said: 'feed My lambs; shepherd and feed My sheep.' He was to feed the little lambs of the New Dispensation and

* *North American Review*, February 15, 1907, pages 348-349.

† *Pro-Romanism and The Tractarian Movement*, pages 36 and 37.

‡ The Real and the Ideal in the Papacy," by Professor Briggs, *North American Review*, February 15, 1907, pages 349-350.

guide and feed the sheep of the Old into the New Kingdom, which he did. Rome argues that here authority was given over the shepherds; but this is not stated, but on the other hand clearly denied; for when Peter asked concerning John, 'what shall this man do?' our Lord said, 'what is that to thee?' He was to have no control of jurisdiction over the other Apostles." *

Only Bishop Grafton can see in the words, "what is that to thee?" a denial of Peter's authority over the shepherds. The three preceding verses (St. John xxi., 18, 19, 20) are concerned with the death by which Peter should glorify God; and Peter's question in reference to John—"what shall this man do"—plainly refers to the death of John. St. John himself tells us that Christ refers to this, and not, therefore, to the shepherd's charge:

"Then went this saying abroad, among the brethren that this disciple should not die; yet Jesus said not unto him he shall not die, but *If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?*"—St. John xxi. 23. (King James version.)

Professor Briggs says: "There are two other passages upon which the Papacy builds its authority. The chief of these is John xxi., where Peter is singled out from the seven who were with Jesus on the shore or the Sea of Galilee after His resurrection, and the command was given to Peter to 'feed the sheep.' Here Jesus appoints St. Peter to be the shepherd of the flock of Christ, which, in accordance with the usage of the time with reference to the kings of David's line, and with reference to Christ Himself as the Good Shepherd, implies government of the Church. It is all the more significant that this passage singles out and distinguishes Peter in the presence of the sons of Zebedee and others, the most prominent of the Twelve, and that the narrative is contained in the Gospel of John. Here again it cannot be supposed that this is a commission to St. Peter as an individual. He is given an office as the chief shepherd of the flock of Christ. If the flock continues, the chief shepherd must be the successor of St. Peter, to carry on his work as shepherd." †

Bishop Grafton next appeals to what he terms "the action of the Apostles" themselves, in support of the Anglican position. "The Anglican believes," says he, "what the action of

* *Pro-Romanism and The Tractarian Movement*, pages 37-38.
† *North American Review*, February 15, 1907, page 350.

the Apostles shows them to have believed. They recognized no supremacy of Peter over themselves. They, as superior to Peter and John, *sent* them to Samaria."*

Is this view well taken? There are four lists of the Apostles in the New Testament, and Peter's name appears at the head of each list. St. Matthew, who was himself an Apostle, is the author of one list, and he expressly calls Peter "The First," *i. e.*, the Primate or Chief one. (St. Matthew x. 2.) Naturally we look to the Acts of the Apostles for an authentic record of apostolic faith and practice. Do we find it stated there that the Apostles "recognized no supremacy of Peter over themselves"? It has been well said by a distinguished Anglican that the former half of the Book of the Acts "might be described as the acts of Peter; for he is mentioned oftener than all the rest put together (his name occurs more than fifty times, the next after him being mentioned only eight times); he takes the leading part everywhere; he is mentioned directly, others obliquely; he answers for all the Apostles; and his actions and speeches are recorded in full."†

Doctor Dollinger, one of the old Catholics praised by Bishop Grafton for their learning,‡ gives in *The First Age of the Church* the following summary of St. Peter in the Acts:

"It is Peter who appoints that one shall be elected to the place of Judas, and presides at the election. It is Peter who stands up with the eleven on Pentecost day to preach the Gospel. And it is to Peter and the eleven that the multitude reply. It is Peter, though accompanied by John, who performs the miracle on the lame man at the gate of the temple. It is Peter who, on that occasion, explained in Solomon's Porch the power of Christ. It is Peter, though both he and John are arrested, who makes the defence. The punishment of Ananias and Sapphira, the anathema on Simon Magus, the first heretic, the visiting and confirming the Churches under persecution, were all Peter's acts. If he was sent with John by the Apostolic College to the new converts at Samaria, he was himself member and President of that College."

This does not look as though the Apostles "recognized no supremacy of Peter over themselves."

A final word from Professor Briggs on this point: "Peter

* *Pro-Romanism and The Tractarian Movement*, page 39.

† *The Prince of the Apostles*, by Rev. Spencer Jones. The Lamp Publishing Company, Garrison, N. Y., page 41. ‡ *Pro-Romanism and The Tractarian Movement*, page 25.

was certainly the chief of the Apostles, according to all the Gospels, during the earthly life of our Lord. The early chapters of Acts represent him as the acknowledged chief of the Apostlic community down to the Council at Jerusalem . . . in fact the Council of Jerusalem decided for St. Peter, and St. Paul himself abandoned his earlier unflinching adherence to theory in favor of the Christian expediency of St. Peter, in all of his subsequent life, as is evident from his own later Epistles and from the story of the companion of his travels."*

As was to be expected, Anglican Orders comes in for a unique defence at the hands of Bishop Grafton. He says: "So far as Rome is concerned, it is obvious that during the past half century she has placed more and greater barriers in the way of reunion. She has done this by additions to the faith, and has finally closed the door by a final rejection of our Orders. Good came out of this, as it was a demonstration to us Anglicans that the Pope was not possessed of any special gift of infallibility. For if there is one thing as clear and certain as that there is a God, it is that we are possessed of valid orders and a true priesthood. . . . It is clear that the Edwardine form of ordination, the form in dispute, retained the proper Episcopal minister, with laying on of hands, with gift of the Holy Ghost, with determination of the office and the recognition of the *Sacerdotium*."†

To those who have studied the question impartially it is convincingly plain that in the Edwardine form of ordination every word and idea suggestive of the true *Sacerdotium* of Christ were utterly eliminated. This is not to be wondered at when we know for certain that Cranmer, who compiled the Ordinal, did not recognize any distinction between a priest and layman. Being asked one day by Henry VIII. whether in the New Testament any consecration of bishop or priest was necessary, or whether mere institution to office was sufficient, Cranmer replied: "In the New Testament he that is appointed to be a bishop or a priest *needeth no consecration* by the Scriptures, for *election or appointment thereto is sufficient*."‡

Hooper, who was associated with Cranmer in the compilation of the Anglican Ordinal, also denied the Eucharistic Sacrifice, speaking of the Mass as "a horrible idol." The same

**North American Review*, February 15, 1907, page 349.
† *Pro-Romanism and The Tractarian Movement*, page 5.
‡ *Cf.* Estcourt. *The Question of Anglican Orders Discussed.*

ideas were held by Cox, Ridley, Pilkington, Matthew Parker, Sandys, and others, who are justly styled "Fathers of Anglicanism." Leo XIII., in the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*, sums up the whole matter as follows:

"In the whole Ordinal not only is there no clear mention of the Sacrifice, of consecration, of the *Sacerdotium*, and of the power of consecrating and offering sacrifice, but, as we have just stated, every trace of these things, which had existed in such prayers of the Catholic rite as they had not entirely rejected, was deliberately removed and struck out."

In this connection Bishop Grafton forgets that Leo XIII. was not the first to reject Anglican Orders as invalid, for they had already been so pronounced by two of his illustrious predecessors—Julius III. and Paul IV.—and the same judgment was passed upon them by the Greeks, Russians, Jansenists, and Old Catholics.

The bishop speaks tenderly of these last-named as "a small but *learned* and increasing body." (Italics are ours.) Is it not strange that *with so much learning* they have not been able to see a fact which, to Bishop Grafton, is "as clear and certain as that there is a God"?

Having swept away, as he supposed, the scriptural basis for the papacy, the bishop now makes his appeal to history as follows:

"The Church in Britain had been founded independently of Rome, and for centuries existed apart from her jurisdiction. When the Monk Augustine came, about 597, the seven British Bishops refused to transfer their allegiance from their own Metropolitan to him. . . . The development of the papal power in England, after the Norman conquest, by the rise of the feudal system and the influence of the forged decretals, was constantly resisted. . . . When at length the oppressions had become intolerable, God delivered the Church, and her bishops recovered their ancient rights."*

Whatever excuse there may have been in the past for maintaining such views, the original historical documents, which have been placed at the service of the public by the opening of the Vatican library, render such statements at the present hour inexcusable. As Doctor James Gairdner, an Anglican Churchman, says, in his preface to *The English Church in the Sixteenth Century:* "The copious stores of documents now

* *Pro-Romanism and The Tractarian Movement*, pages 6-7.

available have *rendered many long cherished views untenable.* (Italics our own.) . . . It is to be feared that the truth on very important subjects will have much prejudice to encounter before it can win general acceptance."

Rev. Spencer Jones, Episcopal Rector of Moreton, in Marsh, England, who has written much concerning Papal Supremacy in the British Isles, says:

"An *Ecclesia Anglicana* not in conscious dependence upon the Holy See in spirituals is a phenomenon unknown to history before the reign of Henry VIII. We take the period according to its precise limits, *i. e.*, from A. D. 597 to 1534; and we assert that in no single year, from the former date to the latter, did churchmen in England regard themselves as otherwise than in conscious dependence in spirituals upon the Holy See."*

The Rev. Paul James Francis, Episcopal Rector of Graymoor, New York, the editor of *The Lamp*, says:

"Our study of Anglican Church history prior to the Reformation leaves, we think, no room for doubt or question as to the dependence of the Church of England in spirituals upon the See of Rome from the coming of St. Augustine to the reign of Henry VIII. Nor can it be successfully disputed that the bishops and clergy of the Church of England during this time in many ways expressed their belief in the Roman Primacy as having authority over them *de jure divino* and not simply *de jure ecclesiastico.* How then did such a radical change of attitude take place under Henry VIII. towards the Papacy? The account of the English Reformation so long current among Anglicans, to the effect that the Church of England was weary of the Papal yoke and eagerly embraced the opportunity afforded by Henry to shake herself free from 'the usurpations of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities,' has been so thoroughly discredited of late years by our best historians, both secular and ecclesiastical, that no man who has due regard for his reputation as a scholar will any more venture to uphold the old-time tradition about the 'Blessed English Reformation.'

"It has been slain by the cold logic of facts.

"The substitution of the King for the Pope as 'Supreme Head' of the Church of England, so far from being in any sense the free and willing act of the English clergy and peo-

* *The Prince of the Apostles.*

ple, was accompanied in the teeth of national opposition by sheer brutality of force coupled with political trickery and fraud. It has been truly said: 'Henry VIII. fixed his supremacy on a reluctant Church by the axe, the gibbet, the stake, and the laws of præmunire and forfeiture. . . . By such sweet methods did bluff King Hal dethrone the Pope in the hearts of the English people. . . . The King substituted himself for the Pope, the Spiritual Head, wholly and solely because the Holy See would not violate the moral law and gave him a dispensation for either bigamy or divorce.'" *

Bishop Grafton has read the early history of the English Church to little advantage if he does not know that, in 1382, a Doctrinal commission, perhaps the largest and most representative ever held in the Pre-Reformation Church, including among its members the Primate and the Bishops of the province of Canterbury, condemned not merely as erroneous or untheological, but specifically as *heretical* the proposition that "after Urban VI. (the reigning Pope) no one ought to be recognized as Pope, and we should live after the manner of the Greeks, under our own laws."† He has studied church history to little advantage if he does not know that the English Church, speaking through its Primate, Arundel, in 1414, with the assent of the bishops and clergy, declared the belief in the Papacy to be a part of the Catholic faith. He has read English church history to little advantage if he has not heard of the Convocation of 1559, presided over by Bonner, Bishop of London. This was twenty-five years after the Convocation of 1534, at which date Bishop Grafton tells us "the foundation principle of the Anglican Church was expressed, that the Pope of Rome has no greater jurisdiction conferred on him by God in Holy Scripture in this kingdom of England than any other foreign Bishop."

Was this the sentiment of the bishops in 1559? Let the Anglican editor of *The Lamp* tell us:

"If the English Church, as represented by the whole bench of bishops, was really longing for deliverance from the yoke of a foreign Pontiff, now is their opportunity to speak out, with the certain knowledge that any anti-papal utterances on their part would win for them the Queen's (Elizabeth's) favour. But by a unanimous and entirely spontaneous agreement, braving the royal displeasure, they take just the opposite stand. On January 24 the clergy in Convocation drew up a set of five

* *The Prince of the Apostles*, pages 167, 168, 169. † Wilkins' *Concilia*. III., 157.

articles, declaring the belief of the Church of England in (1) the Real Presence of our Lord's Body and Blood in the Holy Eucharist; (2) Transubstantiation; (3) the Sacrifice of the Mass; (4) the divinely appointed Supremacy of St. Peter and his Successors over the universal church; (5) that the authority to deal with matters of faith and discipline belonged to the pastors of the Church and not to laymen. If the Anglican Church voiced her real faith and convictions at any time during the sixteenth century, it surely was in the Convocation of 1559. And as that was the last time that a free synod of the English Church has declared what its belief is concerning the Papacy, and as moreover such declaration is in entire accord with all previous synodical utterances of *Ecclesia Anglicana*, save during that brief period when in violation of *Magna Charta* Henry VIII. under gag-law forced the English clergy to confess a supremacy in which they did not believe, the question naturally suggests itself, why should not this come to be regarded as the true faith of the Church of England, inasmuch as the witness of the Holy Ghost must always be consistent." *

The "gag-law" of Henry VIII., then, is the explanation for the rejection of Papal Supremacy in 1534!

In the face of these accepted historical facts, Bishop Grafton tells us that "the Reformers appealed in all they did to the Fathers and the Ancient Church. Thus they kept the Church one with the Church of antiquity. Rome, on the other hand, holds, as Cardinal Manning said, that 'the appeal to antiquity is both a treason and a heresy.'" †

Here is what Manning really said: "And from this (Truth is the same forever) a fourth truth immediately follows; that the doctrines of the Church in all ages are primitive. It was the charge of the Reformers that the Catholic doctrines were not primitive, and *their* pretension was to revert to antiquity. But the appeal to antiquity is both a treason and a heresy. It is a treason because it rejects the divine voice of the Church at this hour, and a heresy because it denies that the Voice is Divine. How can we know what antiquity was, except through the Church? No individual, no number of individuals, can go back through eighteen hundred years to reach the doctrines of antiquity. We may say with the woman of Samaria: 'Sir, the well is deep, and Thou hast nothing to draw with.' No indi-

* *The Prince of the Apostles*, pages 187-188.

† *Pro-Romanism and The Tractarian Movement*, page 34.

vidual mind now has contact with the revelation of Pentecost, except through the Church. Historical evidence and Biblical Criticism are human, after all, and amount at most to no more than opinion, probability, human judgment, human tradition. It is not enough that the fountain of our faith be divine. It is necessary that the Church be divinely constituted and preserved." *

From the midst of its context, Cardinal Manning's sentence exalts the witness of the Fathers and the Ancient Church to the security of historical memory, speaking with the certainty God has bestowed on His deathless teacher of Truth.

As a distinguished fellow-churchman of Bishop Grafton has said: "There is in fact no institution in the world that appeals more constantly to history than the Papacy. 'The magisterium of the Church,' says Schanz, 'as the living organ, not of revelation, but of tradition, could not define a doctrine without historic evidence.'" †

Many other statements there are in Bishop Grafton's book which deserve the attention for which truth, when brutally butchered, always cries aloud. But it would be going beyond the limits of this paper to analyze them here. The chapters on "The Roman Doctrine of Purgatory," "Devotions to Mary," "Indulgences," "The Spirit of the Papacy," "Its Venality," "Its Attitude to Freedom," "Its Lust for Power," and "Its Superstitions," would all require a separate treatment. His discussion of these subjects is such that, a current periodical has said, it "might easily be mistaken for the utterances of an A. P. A. lecturer."

But in reference to these chapters, and the value he places upon them as ancilliary to his main argument concerning what he calls "the foundation principle of the Anglican Church," we urge upon Bishop Grafton consideration of the following, taken from St. Cyprian, whom the late Archbishop Benson, of Canterbury, so glorified, and whom Bishop Grafton himself so freely admires:

"He who forsakes the chair of St. Peter, upon whom the Church is built, let him not feel confidence that he is in the Church of Christ." ‡

* *Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost.* Chapter V., "The Relation of the Holy Ghost to the Divine Tradition of the Faith."

† *The Prince of the Apostles*, page 217. ‡ *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, page 195, edit. Baluzii.

BETWEEN THE SANDHILLS AND THE SEA.

BY A. DEASE.

IT is nowhere easier to lose one's way than amongst sandhills; even in the comparatively small stretch that lies between Dangonnel and Tillaroan landmarks are difficult to recognize, and wandering there in search of the old Abbey and the graveyard, that we knew to be near the sea, we found ourselves circling round, instead of keeping onwards; so, catching sight of two figures on the shore, we decided to go and ask them for directions.

Drawing nearer, we saw that there was only one man, the other figure being a donkey, rendered shapeless by the masses of dripping seaweed that filled the creels upon its back and fell in shining brown masses over its whole body. We were high above them on the hill, but a path winding from the smooth stretch of beach to the loose sands at our feet showed that, by waiting where we stood, we would soon have them within hail.

"The Abbey is it? Faith, then, 'tis a contrary way to be goin' from this." The old man, shriveled and bent, pulled himself upright to answer our questions, resting both his hands on the thick crooked stick that helped him along. "Maybe 'twould be best for ye to come along of me to the highroad above, an' I'd set you on the way. Without that ye'll be wantin' to go climb them banks till you come to Con Teirney's fishing cot; an' after, when ye'll come to the last toepad on the right, ye won't take it, but wheel to the left a bit further on, an' ye'll come to where ye'll see the ruin, only there's an ugly gripe, an' a couple of walleens—" We thought that this was certainly a case where the longest way round was the most desirable, and we therefore followed Peter Keane, as we learnt the old man's name to be, in the direction whence we had lately come.

He was the owner, or rather the holder, of five acres of land, for which he paid two pounds twelve and sixpence a

year to the agent. Landlords are merely names in those parts, all are absentees, and most have never even set eyes on the place or the people who supply the incomes that are spent elsewhere.

On reaching the highway, we waited to receive instructions before parting with our guide, but having come so far he announced his intention of accompanying us all the way.

"G'wanomerat!" He emphasized his parting word to the donkey with a whack of the stick, mercifully in a place where there was a comfortable padding of seaweed. Evidently the animal understood this adjuration, for it proceeded immediately to "go along home out of that," whilst its master led us once more in the direction of the sea. A dull haze hung over the islands that block the full stretch of the Atlantic, but between them the waves showed gray and leaden, with angry ridges of white foam, and even in the bay where the gulls and terns had come for refuge there was a big heaving swell on the incoming tide, and we could hear the dash of waters against the rocks, even before we entered the graveyard.

The founders of the Abbey had done well in choosing their site if they wished to live remote from the world. With the sandhills behind, and the broad seas before, the rest of Ireland felt no nearer than the country over the ocean, and the islands are merely stretches of rock, bleak and rugged, without vegetation or sign of human life. One really felt that churchyard to be on the verge of eternity.

The builders of old did not lay their foundations in the sand; they chose the only head of rock for many miles, and piled their masonry upon it at the point where it juts the furthest into the sea. Then the westerly gales blew in, and the flying sand gathered in layers round the walls and over everything, and when graves came to be needed, it was in the sand, hardened by time, and bound to firmness with bent grass roots, that the bodies were laid to rest.

Nothing remains of the monastery that once was there; little even of the Abbey itself. There are two gable ends pierced with early Norman windows, where ivy has grown up and sea and land birds meet, and quarrel, and finally nest; and between these ends, with a broken wall around it, is a great gray altar slab, weatherstained and worn, but with the five crosses of consecration still imprinted on it. There are graves,

seemingly, on graves, and weeds and nettles everywhere. Some of the mounds have bare crosses over them, some slabs, and heavy ugly monuments, but many, nay most of the graves, are nameless.

One reason for our visit was to seek the originals of some epitaphs we had seen in a magazine, and which were said to have been copied from tombstones at Dangonnel. On paper they were delightful, but truth compels us to acknowledge that they did not exist on stone.

"It's a many I've seen comin' here," said Peter Keane cheerfully. "The Lord have mercy on their souls! There's not much place left in it now. That's where me an' herself'll lie. over beyont where the Widow Duggan's husband do be buried." Then Peter pointed to another grave still further away. There was nothing to distinguish this grave from the others, but the old man told a real romance of the sea about it.

North of Tillaroan, between the gravelly shore of Killawurity and the sands of Dangonnel, a high mass of cliff stands boldly facing the Atlantic. Even at low tide the waters swirl and eddy round its feet; but when the waves come dashing in, breaking against the granite walls and thundering through the caves that pierce their rugged surface, they form a sight not easily forgotten. There are great pieces of rock, too, detached from the cliffs themselves, cruel, jagged points, that in a storm are hidden by the angry waves.

Since we have known the cliffs of Tillaroan a lighthouse has stood upon their heights, warning passing ships to keep away. Sailors traveling that coast know that they cannot seek the shelter of the bay without a local pilot to guide them through the narrow channel, seemingly so fair and wide, yet holding death at every point but one, in the merciless rocks that lie beneath the water.

The village stands in the shelter of the headland, and when the fishing boats are out it is only an abode of women and of children. Thus it was the night that Owen Colohan lost his life. He happened, for some reason, to be at home just then, but there was not another seafaring man in the place, excepting Dan McGlinchy. Daniel, in his day, had been a first-rate seaman, but he was one of those who do not care for work, and when the others went away to fish he preferred to remain behind, ostensibly to mind his lobster pots, but incidentally to

be within convenient reach of a public house. A storm had sprung up early in the afternoon, and when the evening fell it was raging so wildly that not an eye was closed in all the village, women and children had to keep awake to pray for those who were at sea.

Fierce as was the gale, there was always a hope that their own dear ones were away beyond it, but that some one was in danger from it became known in the village early in the night.

Sounds of distress came moaning through the darkness, and by the light of fireworks sent up at intervals, those on shore could judge that the sailors, whoever they might be, had tried to run for the Bay of Dangonnel, but, missing the channel, were lying now close to the hidden reef, and God only knew how long they could keep from drifting on it. Still a man who knew the coast could even yet have saved the ship, and, fragile as a curragh is, it has been known to live where other boats were useless.

There were curraghs in plenty on the strand: the question was who would dare his life on such a quest. A narrow question, embracing only two men, Owen Colohan, strong with a lad's strength, and Dan McGlinchy, than whom no one better knew the coast. Which would it be?

"Toss," said Daniel hoarsely—"Heads!"

A coin was thrown, turned in the air, and fell. Some one struck a light, and man and boy bent forward. The flick of the match lit up two anxious faces. Owen's, young, keen, cleanly, little touched by the passing of eighteen blameless years. And the other— There was one black sheep in the parish, and his face it was that now showed gray and livid before the match died down. For an instant their eyes met above the coin that lay, with head upturned: then young Owen's hand went lightly to it.

"Tails," he said quietly. "'Tis me!"

Then in the dark they moved towards the curraghs, loosened one and carried her across the shingle. A lantern was set in her bows, and close beside it was the bottle of holy water, without which no man from thereabouts will ever put to sea.

Quick as the toss had been, some besides the two concerned had seen what happened. If the lad chose to go why should they prevent it? Dan had his wife and children, all

still young, and Owen's mother was an aging woman, God help her— Owen knew that she was amongst the crowd that was gathered round, and having tested both his oars, he turned to say one word to her. There was no fear in his face, for the call of the sea was upon him. She would have let him leave her with a muttered blessing from her strained white lips, although she felt that death was almost certain. Then, with a sudden instinct—or did some murmur warn her what he had done—she seized his arm.

"Is it you to go?" she questioned with sudden fierceness. "Clean and honest, is it you?"

"Let me go, Mother!" But he left her cry unanswered.

"Is it you?" she repeated, clenching her strong hands about his arm. "Don't dare to go before the throne of God with a lie upon your lips."

And all this while the precious moments were slipping by.

"Let me go, Mother agrah! He has his wife an' the childer at home."

"An' no good he is to them! Owen avick, come back out o' that." She was pleading now, but yet she held him strongly. "I wouldn't say you nay, had it been the will o' God."

Then he bent his head and whispered in her ear, and even those about them could not hear the words he said. Afterwards the people learnt them, and Peter told us what they were. He was ready to go—less than a week before he'd been to the priest, when the station was in Shane Devine's—but Dan—Dan wanted time. She loosed her hands and turned upon McGlinchy.

"Have you done your Easter? Are you ready to meet your God?"

As far as animal courage went, Dan was no greater coward than his neighbor, but now, in the dim light, the Widow Colohan saw there was awful terror in his eyes. Then she went again to Owen.

"Go, avick," she said. "God love you now and forever!"

For a minute or more they watched the tiny light cresting the huge waves, then as it disappeared in the darkness the agonizing keen of a heart-broken mother was taken up by the winds and carried sobbingly to heaven.

Meanwhile the ship was drifting nearer, nearer to destruc-

tion. Hope had almost died away, when Owen's light, the merest speck, gave it sudden life again. Twenty pairs of eyes were strained into the darkness, twenty pairs of ears sought for sound of human voice. "Lower a rope!" The captain's order was obeyed almost before it had been spoken.

The dot of light was close to now, tossing up and down in the black chasm of waters. Owen dared not go too close, and over and over again they flung the rope towards him, but never near enough for him to grasp it. When at last it hit the curragh the force of the blow made the frail craft fly; but Owen had it safely held. Keeping only a single oar, he made the line fast about his body. "Heave to!" very faintly they heard his call. The cord tightened; the spray flew from it on his face; a second pull and he felt the curragh glide from under him. He was hanging in space against the side of the ship, clasping his oar with both his hands to protect himself from crashing against the timbers. Once he flew out, but, as he came back, the oar received the shock.

A second time the lurching vessel flung him from her and those on deck heard a splintering crack, a crash, and the burden at the rope end hung limp and inert, and hurriedly they drew it in. His chest was bare and wet, but not with the cold sea waves. A warm crimson flood told its own tale, and the broken oar that had failed in its task lay shattered on the rocks below. Once again the thought of safety passed away from the crew; then the lad opened his eyes.

"Hold up my head," he said.

They did his bidding pityingly, not yet daring to hope that he could guide them.

"Turn sharp to the right," he went on faintly. "Keep straight on. Now to larboard, but quickly. Put up a bit of sail if you can."

It almost seemed that he was wandering, but desperate men try desperate remedies, and with the sail up the ship bounded through the darkness.

"Can you see the lights of the village yet?" he asked. And when they answered "No"; he bade them keep ahead.

"We see them now."

"Then turn, turn right about to face them."

A moment later the sailors did not need to be told that they were saved. The great jagged rocks that had threatened

their destruction stood up now a solid breakwater between them and the storm.

He was still breathing when they laid him in his mother's arms, and all the long hours, whilst a barefooted lad of Dan McGlinchy's was away over the mountains for the priest, she half knelt, half sat, holding him to her and wiping the lips from time to time through which the life-blood was slowly draining. With the dim light of early dawn the priest came in and spoke the words of absolution over him. It was peace already, and very soon came rest. And they had buried him there only a few feet from where we sat listening to his story. One question we had to ask, and that was whether the time he gave to Dan McGlinchy had been made use of to good purpose.

"Didn't herself see to that," said Peter. "I was only a gossoon meself that time; but the old folk did use to be sayin' he went to the priest that very morning. Anyways, 'twas a good day for his wife and childer, for wasn't he the changed man with the fret he got; an' many's the blessin's did the widow woman get for the hand that she had in it. 'Didn't my Owen give his life for that one to get time?' says she, 'an' 'tisn't me that'll see him lose his immortal soul after.' Me mother, God be good to her! used to be sayin' that she seen her huntin' Dan along the road home, when she seen him next or nigh the public house; and never would a station be from this to Killwurity but the Widow Colohan was in it, an' who would it be takin' her along on th' ass' back but Dan himself, an' he beside her with the priest as well."

We crossed the stile leading back to the sandhills, and turned for a last look at the graveyard by the sea. It stood out against the sky, with the waters only showing on either side of it. The sun, sinking towards the horizon, was vainly struggling to pierce the heavy clouds, but it only succeeded in showing a faint light, just enough to recall the great radiance beyond.

Behind us Peter Keane had gone on his knees, and a glimmer of brightness seemed to fall upon his upturned face. His shapeless hat and the blackthorn stick lay on the grass before him, his head was bare, his hands joined, and his lips moved in supplication to heaven for the souls who still were waiting.

TAULER'S SERMONS IN ENGLISH.

EVER since John Tauler's Sermon's were first published, in the latter half of the fourteenth century, his fame as a spiritual writer has been established and has gone on increasing. There is a vehemence in him that has the urgent power of a leader. And there is a rare maturity of knowledge of spiritual conditions displayed in his writings. But the best reason for the constant reference to him by all kinds and schools of writers on devout subjects, is that his teaching is integral, combining the ascetical and the mystical in proper proportion and perspective. Scarcely any author who treats extensively of the ways of God in men's lives but quotes Tauler. And some of them, like the famous Abbot Blosius, are content to summarize him for the best expression of their own plans of attaining to the most perfect states of prayer.

Tauler is named and is a mystic. But it would be a sad error to suppose that these Sermons constantly carry one's soul far up into the dim regions of contemplative love. No, by no means; for there is not a simple Christian duty but is explained and enforced in these living words of wisdom, nor any ordinary Christian privilege whose plainest value is not exposed and fully commended, and that in many places with much variety of illustration. The parish priest who would have his instructions savor of Christ's love, and be fragrant of the unction of the Holy Spirit, can do no better thing than read Tauler in preparation for his Sunday discourses. Take as an example the following on Holy Communion:

> This holy sacrament banishes sin. It puts sin to death, and causes a man to grow strong in a virtuous life, ever imparting new graces. It safeguards him from future dangers, and from the snares of the enemy, snares incessantly being laid for us. Without its strong help one may easily fall, either by inner or outer sinfulness. Besides this the holy sacrament has a great grace when offered for the souls in purgatory; many souls would suffer there till the last day were it not for holy Mass, especially when offered by very devout

priests. This blessed observance works wonders in purgatory, especially during this part of the year. Each one should assist at Mass with deep longings of spirit, uniting his fervent intention with every Mass offered in the whole world, especially remembering those who are dear to him, whether living or dead. We thus feel ourselves present, not only at the Mass being celebrated before us, but at all the Masses being offered in the whole world. I strongly counsel any interior man to hear Mass every day, and to do so in a very recollected spirit. That will suffice; for the deeper his turning inwards towards God, the more fruitful is holy Mass to his soul.

What is the reason why so many who receive this holy sacrament—full of graces as it is—show little or no improvement, even though they remain in the state of grace? The blame is their own. They take no diligent account of their venial sins; they do not look on themselves with disfavor. These defects hinder the influence of grace. A man must scrutinize his life closely and watch his conduct strictly and take measures to stop any habitual venial sins. Especially should he guard against idle words—and all words are idle that are not spoken thoughtfully. This he should do to the best of his ability.

Thus the ordinary practices of religion are treated in a spirit just as practical as it is refined with the sentiment of a contemplative. The new translation is to be furnished with an index of topics, which will enable a priest to sort out readily the matter necessary for preparing sermons, ordinary Sunday addresses to the people. Such an author as Tauler is an enemy to the commonplace spirit, too often the defect of those whose calling requires constantly repeated instructions on the same list of subjects to the same congregation.

If the approval of saints may canonize an author, then is John Tauler enrolled among the souls of the just made perfect. Listen to St. Paul of the Cross, certainly a competent judge of the worth of all kinds of spiritual writings; for besides being (as every saint is sure to be) a contemplative, he was also a most practical leader in the devout ways common to all fervent souls. In advising one of his Passionists about bearing the stress of care and disappointment incident to the office of rector, St. Paul says of our author:

My dear Father Rector, now is the time to dwell in the

> depth of Tauler, I mean in interior solitude, and to take the repose of love in *sinu Dei*. There you will learn to perform well the duties of your office of rector, and to become a saint.

Let a saint praise a saint—the one lifted high on our altars, the other deeply enshrined in our inner affections; for all who read Tauler devoutly have a worshipful mind towards him. St. Paul of the Cross took especial delight in reading Tauler, whose full meaning on the obscured teaching of contemplation he could so fully understand, having been granted himself the rarest experimental knowledge. He esteemed Tauler so highly that he made the latter's teaching a matter of frequent conversation among his more intimate associates—all men of highly developed spirituality. Sometimes at the mere mention of this favorite author the saint's countenance became inflamed, tears would rise to his eyes, and his holy joy would break forth in burning words of praise. Those parts of Tauler's writings in which he treats of the union of the soul with God, St. Paul had made entirely his own, for he experienced in himself what he read in Tauler's vivid descriptions. (See *The Oratorian Life of St. Paul of the Cross*. Vol. II., ch. xi.)

It was such allegiance as this, and given by such souls as St. Paul's, that won for the powerful Dominican of the fourteenth century the surname of the Illuminated Doctor. Approved by such witnessing, and further tested by widely extended use, Tauler is to be reckoned as a most enlightened and trustworthy guide to Christian perfection in all its grades. And he is especially helpful in showing the simplest and shortest way, namely, steadfast self-abnegation, joined to restful acquiescence in God's outwardly shown good pleasure, above all, ready responsiveness to the inward touches of divine grace. Whosoever grows fond of John Tauler has a plain mark of God's particular favor in the career of perfection.

It is not a little surprising, therefore, that the Catholic English-speaking public has no version of Tauler in their own language. The Protestant English have indeed some of his sermons, more or less mutilated, translated by Miss Winkworth.* To this fragmentary gift of our author's doctrine no less virulent an anti-Catholic than Charles Kingsley contributed an elab-

* *The History and Life of the Reverend Doctor John Tauler, of Strassburg; with Twenty-five of his Sermons*. Translated from the German, with additional notices of Tauler's Life and Times, by Susanna Winkworth. London. 1857.

orate preface. Mr. Kingsley was as stupidly ignorant of Tauler's spirit as Miss Winkworth was incapable of finding it out. But the latter was honest, and gave a little taste of Tauler with a good heart to a small and wondering public of Protestants. As Tauler's sermons are between 140 and 150 in number, her work was indeed but a taste of the full spiritual meal of the intensely Catholic friar preacher. She wrote for those whose stomach would revolt at pure Catholic teaching, and she candidly owns that she rejected those discourses which were "too much imbued with references to the Romish ritual and discipline to be suitable for the common Protestant people."

Recently an English Protestant minister, Mr. Arthur Wollaston Hutton, has procured and published a translation of another fragment of Tauler, about thirty more of the Sermons.* His work is conceived and executed in a spirit of entire fairness. Different from Miss Winkworth, his purpose is rather critical and biographical than devotional, as he says:

> My idea has been rather to present these sermons of Tauler's in such a form as may aid towards a more accurate historical appreciation of the man and his teaching. I have had no thought of either pruning or adapting. He was a Dominican friar of the fourteenth century, and he held all the beliefs of his age and of his Church, without any trace of reserve.

The translation of Mr. Hutton is an accurate rendering, except that in various instances lack of familiarity with Catholic terms has rendered it somewhat obscure; and a too rigid adherence to the exact letter of Tauler's primitive German may account for further obscurity; because the original German is anything but clear in some places. Taken as a whole, Mr. Hutton's book is useful to Catholics, trying as it often is to one's patience in seeking for a clear understanding of long and perplexed sentences. The Introduction also gives a brief sketch of Tauler's career, which is of value. Its further estimate of his teaching, and especially of his mystical doctrine, can hardly be called satisfactory. But that is a topic not to be easily managed by a non Catholic, even one as sincere and well-read as Mr. Hutton.

For information about all that may be said of Tauler, *pro*

* *The Inner Way.* Being Thirty-Six Sermons by John Tauler, Friar-Preacher of Strassburg. A new translation from the German. Edited, with an Introduction, by Arthur Wollaston Hutton, M.A. London: Methuen & Co.

and *con*, we refer the reader to the late Father Dalgairns' article on the German mystics in the *Dublin Review* of March, 1858. This defence of our great and truly holy preacher is perfect; the examination into his teaching in spirit and letter is sympathetic and worthy of the Oratorian's learning and spiritual gifts.

John Tauler was born somewhere near the end of the thirteenth century in the city of Strassburg on the Rhine. His family seems to have been a good one, in the worldly meaning of the term, for it is said that his father was a town counsellor. "It is said" and "it seems"—such words as these—are scattered through all the accounts of his life, which, apart from his activity as a preacher, is in great part shrouded in obscurity. At eighteen years of age, perhaps a year or two earlier, he entered the Dominican novitiate in his native city. He had, doubtless, fallen under the gentle spell of those friars, who at that time, and in Strassburg and its neighborhood, had rendered distinguished services to religion in the domain of the interior life, men like Blessed Henry Suso. These were destined to be Tauler's masters in the higher kinds of prayer.

After he had taken his vows he received the best training his Order could command, and was second to none in Christendom; for he was found to be a young man not only of intense religious fervor, but also endowed with high intellectual gifts. His studies were long and were conducted under the foremost teachers of his age. He made most of them at his Order's house in Strassburg, spending eight years there, in addition to the two years of novitiate. For a higher course four years more were given to him at the Dominican "Studium Generale," at Cologne, a privilege accorded only to the more intellectual members of the scholasticate. It is thought that by this time he had been ordained priest, or was at least in holy orders. In his own city he must have heard Eckhart preach, possibly Tauler became his disciple there, as, to some extent, he certainly did afterwards. Eckhart is by many reckoned as the most refined of the German mystics, some critics rating him highest of them all; certainly he was a man of philosophical endowments of a very high order. Tauler would have met him again in Cologne, where Eckhart had the misery of being formally accused of pantheism. He was cited before the Inquisition there, tried, and acquitted. Considerable mystery still hangs over the question of his being tainted with some such

errors, which are too easily alleged against writers who deal with the more intimate state of union between the soul and God.

At Cologne Tauler studied thoroughly those Fathers and Doctors with whom he afterwards showed so full an acquaintance, and whose words he so frequently quotes, such as St. Augustine, St. Gregory, and St. Bernard, especially the first named. As to mystical writers, he was fully possessed of the works of St. Dionysius, and Hugo and Richard of St. Victor; these he is fond of quoting in his discourses; and it may be said in passing that his quotations and references uniformly exhibit a thoughtful choice of passages always adaptable to the uses of ordinary intelligences.

Of course so bright a student was made an adept in St. Thomas Aquinas, then and now and ever to be the foremost of all the scholastics. His frequent use of Albertus Magnus shows Tauler to have liked him well and to have assimilated his peculiarly scientific temper. The Scriptures he knew perfectly, quoting them, as it were, instinctively, and always with aptness, as well as with signs of deepest reverence. Frequent references to those pagan classical authors who were of a philosophical turn are found in the sermons, as well as other evidences of a mastery of the authors of antiquity.

Thus was Tauler prepared for his career. Could he have a better preparation—even had his lot been cast in our own day? Could he have been associated with nobler or holier company? He was worthy of these early privileges of a formative sort. And his Order can boast of only a few names more distinguished in leadership of souls to the perfection of Christian virtue. Many have thought that he studied also at the university of Paris, at that time in a flourishing state of intellectual prosperity. This is antecedently probable, but lacks some elements of certain proof; the same may be said of the question whether or not Tauler received his Order's scholastic degree of Master of Sacred Theology. There is less room for doubt here, however, since this diploma was seldom withheld from one so long retained in the pursuit of learning, so naturally eminent for mental excellence, and so fruitful in his public apostolate.

It was about the thirtieth year of his age that Tauler quit regular attendance in the schools and began his active career as a preacher—somewhere about 1329. Besides the equipment of learning, systematic, elaborately assimilated, tested by the

severest trials of thesis and examination, he was a young man totally devoted to the perfect practice of the Christian and religious virtues. His spirituality was of the quieter kind, variously called the interior life, the mystical states, the life of recollection, in contradistinction to the use of elaborate methods of prayer and the stated practice of devotional exercises. These latter, of course, such men as Tauler faithfully observe, but with incessantly repeated inward glances and inward searchings of soul, rather than the usual sincerity of more externalized characters.

We give our readers a brief contrasted statement of both kinds of spirituality, that is to say, contrasted and yet not separated. It is taken from one of Tauler's Sermons for the second Sunday after Trinity:

> God's searching of the soul is both active in making it act, and passive in making it directly receive His action. In the active way God causes the soul itself to work, and in the passive He Himself does the searching and acting. The first is in the external order, the second in the interior life, and the interior is as high above the external as heaven is above the earth. The active and outward life is in external devout practices and good works, according to God's guidance and the suggestion of God's friends. This is especially seen in the practice of virtue, such as humility, meekness, silence, self-denial. The other is far above this, namely our entering into our soul's inmost depths in search of God, according to His own words: "Lo, the kingdom of God is within you" (Luke xvii. 21). Whosoever would find God and all His Kingdom, all His essence and nature, let him seek where He is. It is in the soul's deepest depths that God is nighest to it, much nigher to it there than is the soul to its own self. Let a man enter that house, leaving outside all that is self, all that belongs to the life of the senses in forms and images and imagination; yea, he must in a manner transcend even his reason and all its ways and all its activity:—when a man thus enters his interior house in search of God, he finds it all turned upside down, for God it is that has been seeking him; and God acts like a man who throws one thing this side and another that side looking for what He has lost. This is what happens in the interior life when a man seeks God there, for there he finds God seeking him.

This is all roughly put, but it vividly portrays the two extremes of a good, prayerful life, its active prayerful benevolence

viewed in contrast with its deeply retired contemplation. And this quotation, which has been selected almost at random, also shows something of that urgent spirit, that masterful impact of teaching peculiar to Tauler.

His mystical tendencies were strengthened, as we have already seen, by close personal association with men whose spirituality was like his own; these were mostly members of his own Order, but also some of the secular clergy, even laymen. Such company had a definite influence on Tauler's character. Who could live with Blessed Henry Suso and fail to be a saint? He was one of the most beautiful characters of the era. We are fortunate in having his autobiograghy, and that even in English. It has, we fear, gone out of print—a touching, gentle, plaintive narrative of a noble spirit's marvelous journey through darkness into light. Father Hecker was so much charmed with it that for many years he carried a copy of it in his coat pocket for use while traveling back and forth on the missions. The influence of such men on Tauler, young, ardent, wholly devoted to divine thoughts, a mind naturally bright and perfectly possessed of all that study could give, must have been exceedingly powerful and permanent.

As to his external ministry, Tauler's lot was cast in troubled times, the epoch of the papal residence at Avignon, to be followed not long after his death by the Great Western Schism. Men's minds were disturbed fundamentally, too, about curious questions affecting ordinary Christian doctrine and morality, for heresies were numerous and widespread, War was universal and seemed destined to become chronic. Among the clergy abuses were rife, simony and sloth too often prevailing in both high and low places, and secular motives, not to say guiltier ones, influencing many members of the Church's ministry. In the midst of it all, however, God placed many saintly men and women. The Avignon popes, though almost unavoidably subservient to the French monarch, were generally zealous pastors of the Church, and always good men. That they were unequal to many of the greater tasks is true; that they were wholly incompetent is untrue. They were aided by many saintly bishops and parish priests; and the religious orders, taken generally, were faithful to their vocations. It is to be noted that just in this sad age of Avignon, whose misery was but a portent of the more frightful sorrows of the Great Western Schism, many heroic servants of God were granted the Church. To them she

owed her preservation. Churchmen, monarchs, and statesmen, of every degree of sincerity or of treachery, kept the Christian world in a state of turmoil, the most tremendous, perhaps, the religion of Christ has ever experienced. Look at history; it is their deeds and misdeeds that monopolize nearly every page. But the humble saints of the cloister are, with very few exceptions, unchronicled. Yet, as a matter of fact, the whole of Europe was caught and fascinated, and over and over again brought to penance by multitudes of holy missionaries of all orders. Contemporary with Tauler was St. Catherine of Siena, the most marvelous woman saint, as some good judges say, since the days of Mary of Nazareth, exerting a feminine, nay a motherly, mastery over all ranks in Church and State, and ever in the interests of peace and mutual affection for the sake of Christ. She was a member of Tauler's great Order. The same Order was destined, in the next generation, to train and set forth St. Vincent Ferrer, the most amazingly successful missionary to the Catholic people, nay the most miraculous ever known since the days of the Apostles.

Any one of such spirits as these did more good work for God and holy Church, a thousand times over, than all the statecraft and management and temporizing and expedients, whether peaceful or warlike, of all the others put together. It was the preaching to the people of the love of Jesus crucified that saved religion then, as it can alone save it now or in any age whatsoever—the preaching and the practice of the maxims of the crucified Redeemer. Among these fierce lovers of heavenly peace, these ardent champions of patient love, Tauler's place was very important. He was one of many great preachers whom Providence gave to the Rhine country, members of the various religious orders as well as of the secular clergy, who strived incessantly to divert men's minds, not only from the allurements of sin, but also from the perplexed condition of religious affairs, and to fix their thoughts on the serene glories of the interior life of God in their own souls.

Though preaching in Latin to an occasional audience of the educated, Tauler usually preached in German to all classes of the people. The mighty German tongue was a crude dialect in his time, but its strength was as remarkable then as now, though it lacked elasticity and all elegance. Tauler made it a fit medium for an eloquence truly majestic. His field of activity was all the Rhineland, from Basel or even Constance down

to Cologne. His opportunity was given him by his great and learned Order, everywhere venerated if sometimes feared, and which had houses and churches in most of the larger towns. He was an ideal preacher, as is plainly evident from the least acquaintance with his sermons. With soundness of Catholic faith and its simplest spirit he combined thorough learning, gentleness of heart, dignity and fearlessness of address. It is true that his denunciations of the vices prevalent at the time verged on the extravagant, and excited hostile criticism. On one occasion some of his violent sermons alarmed his Dominican brethren in the convent in which he was dwelling—no cowards themselves we may be quite sure—so that they reproved him and forbade him further use of their pulpit. But the people of the town, though raw and bleeding from his stripes, were yet deeply and religiously moved; Tauler was no mere destructive. Their leaders, therefore, petitioned the friars to restore their hard but not merciless master to them, and he was readily allowed to resume his discourses, a fine witness to our mystic's mingled boldness and gentleness. And, in fact, neither he nor any other preacher could do much good in those desperate days without offending not only shameless sinners but the usual multitude of timid and time-serving Christians.

But these sermons, on the ordinary themes of a good and a bad life, have not come down to us, with the exception of a few of very doubtful authenticity. What are known as Tauler's Sermons are quite different. They are discourses on the spirit of a perfect Christian life, and the means of attaining to it. They may be called conferences on ascetical and mystical subjects. They have ever been cherished as a priceless treasure of holy reading for souls who are seeking by the more interior methods to make themselves perfectly and instinctively responsive to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. They were addressed to religious communities, mostly in convents of Dominican nuns. But it is plain that they were not strictly private conferences. From often repeated expressions, and many plain references, it is certain that they were really sermons—for the most part at any rate—delivered in the public oratories of these communities, in the main room of which were assembled congregations of the people, including both clergy and laity, the sisters meanwhile being within their cloister, the grating of which formed one side of the sanctuary.

It is to the zeal of these nuns that we are indebted princi-

pally if not entirely for what is known ever since as Tauler's Sermons. They made notes of his preaching and afterwards compared and arranged them and gave them to the public. This was done with intelligence enough as to ordinary ascetical and mystical matters, though with some defects as to theological terms and quotations from Scripture. These discourses, we are glad to learn, are now, for the first time, translated into English one and all, and are about to be published. The translator is the Rev. Walter Elliott, of the Paulist Fathers.

As to further details of Tauler's life, the reader is referred to the brief *History*, so-called, which will be prefixed to the volume of the Sermons above mentioned. Therein is given an account of the most important event in his spiritual career. Perhaps we may call it his second conversion to a life of perfection, as he doubtless would himself; there also will be a touching account of his death. His activity in later life seems to have centered at the Dominican house at Cologne, in which city he preached continuously for many years, the "eight years" mentioned in the *History* referring only to the last eight years of his life. He was also confessor and spiritual director of a convent of nuns of his Order in Cologne. But at the end he returned to Strassburg, and died there June 16, 1361, and was buried in the Dominican convent.

Tauler's fame rests wholly on the solid and magnificent foundation of the Sermons, to be given entire for the first time in English by Father Elliott's translation. The little book known as *Tauler's Imitation of Christ* is undoubtedly spurious. A few brief spiritual letters to nuns and some little ascetical instructions, together with some equally short and devout poetical pieces, may rightly be ascribed to him. The *Divinæ Institutiones*, so often quoted as his, are but a collection of maxims taken partly from Tauler's Sermons but also from Ruysbroek and other mystics. A beautiful book of *Meditations on our Savior's Passion*, attributed to him, has in recent years been given a good English dress under the learned and sympathetic editorship of the late Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. The book is worthy of our great author and has some of the characteristics of his powerful style. But there is no extrinsic evidence of its authenticity.

IN SICILY.

BY JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

I.—MESSINA.

YOU ask me to tell what I saw in Catania at the celebration of the feast of St. Agatha, in February, of the year nineteen hundred and eight. *Per Bacco!* the thing is easy enough to write about; but where shall I begin? Might I put in a word or two about that entrancing ride along the coast from Messina? I can never forget it when I think of Sicily—the green glint of the waters washing up from the blue depth of the Ionian Sea to curl and break in little storms of spray, first on big, misshapen rocks and then on black and white stretches of wind-swept sand; the *fichi d'India* so foreign looking and so huge that made the railway seem like the road of an Oriental garden; the blue, green, orange, and red-schemed dress of the peasant women at the village stations; and the great bank of moist morning cloud that clung to Etna with taunting indifference to the hunger of my eyes and kept me waiting almost a day for my first sight of *Il Monte*, cruel old Sicilian despot, destroyer of cities and of men, irresponsible tyrant who kills and gives life as best pleases him, and yet, despite every crime, reigns forever supreme in the wondering affection of his simple subjects. And the vines and the crags and the castles and— What? Hurry? *Vabbene!* But first may I say a word about the morning that dawned so cold and gray over the sullen hills of Calabria the day before, when I was passing in between Scylla and Charybdis and looking with quickened blood on the coast of Sicily where it runs out in a long low cape of shiny sand bearing a line of clean, pretty colored fishing huts and a lighthouse, *Il Faro*, on the point?

And to go a little further back— No? *Diamine!* Then I shall have to leave out some of the best part, for I cannot tell you of the previous night when the swift steamer carried me out of the Bay of Naples. Ah, *Che bellezza!* that ten-mile

sweep of lights along the shore from Posilipo to Torre del Greco! Down by the sea a line of lamps stretched from Mergellina and the Via Carraciolo to the Port and along the road to San Giovanni; higher up was the shining of the Corso; and above all the brilliant, gleaming beacons of San Martino and the Vomero. The music of serenading mandolins and the frantic hubbub of the porters die away. We are getting well out into the bay. Over yonder must be Nisida and Procida; here I turn unseeing eyes towards old Vesuvius hiding in the dark. Castellammare is in that farther corner. Soon we shall run in between Capri and the Punta di Campanella, and then head for Sicily in the open sea. The wind is fresh and cool, the moon in its last quarter; low hung stars peep from behind the Sorrento hills and flash in between the little and the great St. Angelo. Every shadow here is full of history. It is a place that all the world has always talked about and loved each nook and corner.

And then to think that earlier that very day I had been at Cuma, the oldest Greek settlement in Italy and the mother of Naples. Coming from Cuma I had seen where St. Paul having set sail from Reggio "after one day, the south wind blowing, came the second day to Pozzuoli." And had I not remembered Horace's luxurious Roman as I looked out over the waters of Baia, and Virgil's trumpeter as I gazed at Cape Miseno, and— "Stop?" *Ha ragione, Signor direttore;* I must begin to talk about Sicily?

But it is a gloomy recollection that day of my landing from the Naples steamer in the sickle shaped harbor of Messina—gloomy because now that busy and proud and beautiful city is a sepulchre. And it was beautiful. Looking from the ship one saw back of Quay and Corso a low line of palaces and tall massive churches and the high spiral tower of San Gregorio, where once stood a temple of Jupiter, and still beyond, the ruined fortress of Castellacio which the great Emperor garrisoned four hundred years ago. Before him, Frenchman and Saracen and Roman and Carthaginian and Greek had held this city; and first of all had come the pirate pioneers who gave it birth. *Povera Messina!* City so typical of the whole rich and beautiful island, because pursued by misfortune so relentlessly. Half ruined by wars in the seventeenth century, stricken with a fearful plague in the eighteenth, nearly destroyed by earthquake in 1783, forced to count its dead by

thousands during the cholera of fifty years ago! Poor Messina, struggling so desperately to maintain its life too fatally near that terrible death-line, which nature has traced from Etna to Vesuvius, and now at length struck down in a visitation that seems almost final.

Other Sicilians have usually said hard things about the Messinesi, and an American friend of mine, after living among them for years, was no more kindly in his comments. A seaport town, with so checkered a history, it may well have deserved the name it bore, though my own acquaintance with its citizens was too slight to let me form an opinion. I recall now that my first experience in the place was that of being asked to pay a franc for being landed from the steamer, but I gave the boatman half a franc and went unmolested on my way. A boy who carried my bag guided me through an archway to the nearest church and the priest there directed me to the Cathedral. Here, after some discussion and my display of suitable credentials, I was allowed to offer Mass; not, however, until a padre had questioned me about the financial panic in America, obviously—and indeed I heard him say so—for the purpose of ascertaining from my voice if I was really and truly an American. From what I had been reading in the Italian papers, my sole source of information, I gave him an explanation of the crisis quite sufficient for the purpose in hand, and he allowed me to vest and to proceed to the altar. Whenever I think of that morning I shall always recall the distressing, noisy, reckless way in which the boys served me by fits and starts, and the red wine which I had never before seen upon the altar. Occasions of distraction come often to a traveler, but a certain unpleasant pre-eminence attaches to that morning in the Cathedral of Messina.

Messina has probably not attracted a fair amount of attention from the tourist who, coming from Rome by the night express or from Naples by steamer, very often hurries on to Palermo with its wealth of interests, or to Taormina, the great show-place of Sicily. Yet there is—or was—much beauty in the old city by the straits. Set in the shadow of bald and rugged hills that go sweeping southward toward Etna, it made a pleasant picture to the traveler approaching it from the sea. There was something unique in the impression produced by the long row of two-storied palaces with handsome columns that

ran along the untidy Corso. This Palazzata and Montorsoli's Fountain—Neptune between symbolical figures of Scylla and Charybdis—we find frequently reproduced in pictures of the Marina. Running out easterly from the south end of the town, and curving round to the north and west, a hook of land, the Sickle, locked in almost completely one of the best harbors in the world and gave great commercial importance to this city of less than a hundred thousand inhabitants. Oranges, almonds, olives, and wine figured chiefly in the export trade, together with lemons, which went out yearly in many thousands of tons. A Sicilian confided to me his wonder at the immense cargoes of lemons consigned to America, and asked me how Americans used them all. He said a torrid summer in America involved so great an increase in the lemon trade of Sicily that Sicilians were ever imploring the summer sun to beat down relentlessly upon America.

The Cathedral was perhaps the most interesting sight of Messina, fire, earthquake, and restoration having made it a sort of symbolical monument of the city's history. Its granite columns had been taken from an old pagan temple on the lighthouse point. The building itself, originally constructed by the Normans, retained Gothic tombs and Gothic windows. The high altar, ornate with elaborate carving and beautifully inlaid with precious stones, was the repository of a mediæval copy of the famous letter which the Blessed Virgin is said to have sent to the Messinesi by the hands of St. Paul; and the feast of Madonna della Lettera has always been celebrated with great enthusiasm on the third of June.

Relics of antiquity in Messina are naturally rather scarce in consequence of the frequent calamities experienced by the city. Two very beautiful fountains by Montorsoli are noteworthy, that of Neptune near the Municipio and that of Orion near the Duomo.

The inhabitants used to say—truly I presume—that the importunate beggars haunting the city were not natives, but Calabrian intruders who came over daily from Reggio in the two-cent ferry to share Messina's prosperity. I have also heard a Calabrian speak with scorn of the inhabitants of Reggio as low people "quite as despicable as the Sicilians." The frequent instances of this sort of detraction strongly impress upon the observer a sense of the intense and incurable provincialism

which has been so great an obstacle to the constructing of a United Italy.

The fish market, usually crowded with fishermen and bargainers and gay colored fish, was one of the notable spots of the city; but the thing that looms brightest in my memory of Messina is the ride to the Faro or Lighthouse point. A keepsake of it is the crumpled trolley-ticket which lies on the table before me at this very moment and records that I paid forty-five centesimi for a second-class ticket from the Stazione Marittima to Granatari. That was a memorable ride—alongside the Giardino a Mare, then out past pleasing villas and an old monastery King Roger had founded. Across the boat-studded waters of the strait, behind San Giovanni, rise the rugged cloud-swept Calabrian Mountains. I pass small fishing hamlets and the lakes of Pantani, known for their oyster beds and inviting little restaurant. A walk from the terminus of the tramway through the village of Faro brings me to the lighthouse, and on the way I converse amicably with two carabineri about the fishermen's strike, which has been giving trouble to the police and keeping Messina almost empty of fish for the last few days. The soldiers invite me to lunch with them, but I stop instead at a little stone cottage where tiny waves run up a gravelly beach and splash and sing merrily beneath my window. The good housewife fries delicious fresh fish, and serves it with a plenty of bread and wine and apples, and is content with a lira as her pay.

I was a solitary visitor at the lighthouse, and the keeper, when he had at last been found, insisted, despite my protests, upon accompanying me to the top, being unwilling to risk the chance of my jumping off the roof. In the mind of an Italian an American, while highly respected, is liable to do pretty nearly anything extraordinary. The keeper was of use, however, for he helped me identify Stromboli and the Lipari Islands, just visible to the north over the long miles of intervening sea. Down at my feet the racing tide ran into one of the Charybdis whirlpools, perhaps the very one where Cola lost his life when diving to please the emperor. Looking eastward over the straits, I saw, on the Calabrian side, a picture-village built upon old Homer's Scylla; and Cannitello was straight across, scarcely two miles away. Along the edge of the hills beyond were Bagnara and Palmi. The white trail of the creeping smoke

showed where the Rome express runs when it dashes through the coast towns of Gioia, Rosarno, Nicotera, on its way to San Giovanni and Palermo. Over behind those hills lay Sant' Eufemia and San Roberto and many another town about which the poor Calabrian exile is asking to-day, as he seeks to learn if his old parents still survive and if his native village still exists.

In a guide book you may easily discover the name and standing of Messina's good hotels; in fact, at the present time you may see pictures of them in the papers any day. But I do not believe that Baedeker even lists the place where I spent my night at Messina. That morning I had approached the city from the east when I landed from the steamer; at night I entered it by train, returning from an excursion to the west, after a long, tiring, and vexatious day of hasty plans, confused telegrams, and missed appointments. I had been tasting the bitterness of a friend's unpunctuality and had been made a target by the fiendishly tormenting boys of Cefalu. I cannot say what Messina looked like as I entered it by night, for luck gave me a solitary compartment, and I think I had been sleeping a couple of hours when the porter called "Messina." It was half-past eleven. A quickly summoned cab, a hasty drive to a near-by inn, a room engaged for thirty cents, and a race to a restaurant, where I sat at a little luncheon with my watch on the table before me, are the most vivid of my recollections. When the hands of the watch should point to midnight, I must begin my morning fast. I felt uncomfortable enough in that Via Garibaldi *Trattoria* at so unseemly an hour, and doubly out of place when *canzonettista* and her friends invaded the room to order a midnight supper. I wonder where they are now, those people, and what has happened to my Messina restaurant, and whether or not any one died when the walls fell in on that little Albergo d'Europa, where I lay awake most of the night listening to a cat wailing an accompaniment to clattering dishes, and loud-shouted orders in the kitchen below my window.

The next morning after Mass, in the Church of the "Annunziata," I took the *diretto* for Catania, and what I saw deserves never to be forgotten. The traveler beholds a long succession of romantically beautiful scenes—gardens of olives,

lemon trees, almond blossoms, and high-tinted wild flowers, framed in the magic colors of the Ionian Sea that dances white and blue and green, beyond the rough rocks and the shining sand. Etna peers over the nearer hills awhile, then reveals itself full length, snow-streaked, cloud-crowned; and all about are the evidences of past conflict between the mountain and the sea. Every hill we cross or tunnel through is a frozen lava stream. The stone fences, the roads, the very houses are built of lava blocks. The tall cactus-looking bushes, with immense racket-shaped branches, are the famous Indian fig. Oranges gleam golden in the green setting of their own foliage. Date trees, pines, palms, and olives catch the eye by turn. Huge oxen that plough, men that dig, women that wash clothes knee-deep in a wayside stream, shepherds and goatherds that loiter comfortably along the beach, seem so many figures from stageland. Dancing waves lap the eerie rocks of lava islands, romantic castles set upon lonely promontories watch the sea, wild, fantastic crags that once were fiery fluid streaming towards the ocean have made themselves into a patient framing of the picture. The bright colored boats, the painted carts, the glad tinted clothing of the peasants publish the Sicilian's passion for color; the farms and gardens that stretch up the hillside in fertile terraces bear witness to the patience of his labor. Castles and picture towns, here and there embosomed amid the hills or perched upon mountain tops, record the story of his adventures and his wars; and the broad, gravelled beds of dry torrents tell of the one respect in which nature has been a bit niggardly to him.

My Sicilian companions in the train were very courteous and much pleased at the enthusiasm which I did not attempt to conceal. One interesting bit of information they gave me was that the grapevines growing plentifully along our way were American vines, and it seemed good to hear that from this young country of ours old Sicily had learned something about how to grow the grape.

I had an interesting group in my compartment—a young university student, an automobile agent, a school director, and a woman. The educational man, a veteran Garibaldian, was evidently a man of some importance in Messina. The conversation—as is usual in Sicily—was, in large measure, a wholesale

condemnation of the central government. Sicilians keep ever lamenting the lack of improvements and protesting that the millions obtained by the confiscation of religious houses in Sicily were taken out of the island and used to make roads in Upper Italy. The schoolman delivered this epigram: "The Bourbon government was despotic and enlightened; our present government is despotic and *bestia.*" An amusing and characteristic feature of the conversation was the cool non-chalance with which this company of chance acquaintances discussed topics which would be tabooed by our more prudish English-speaking peoples.

Lovely scenery without, and interesting talk within, have made the time speed quickly. We are at the end of the two hours and forty minutes allotted to the express to cover the sixty miles between Messina and Catania. Houses and shipping appear to the left. The train stops and I am in Catania. It is the thirtieth of January, and the celebration of the Feast of St. Agatha, the patroness of the city, has already begun. *C'è da vedere!*

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A SEQUESTRATED FRENCH CONVENT.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

GRAVELINES is a little gray French town steeped in history. At Gravelines was fought a battle in which the Spanish Count Egmont, reinforced by the timely arrival of an English squadron, vanquished the French governor of Calais, who had sallied out and captured Dunkerque and the villages about it. The site of the battle is out there among the immense golden cornfields, where they are reaping with the sickle to-day as they reaped in the days of Queen Mary. Occasionally the plough will turn up trophies of arms and armor, relics of the battle of Gravelines.

No one troubles himself about the battle to-day, except an occasional English schoolboy. The people of this corner of French Flanders are peacefully occupied in making money—these by the tedious harvest of the sea; those by the shining cornfields. Gravelines, encircled by its triple fortifications, walls and bastions, moats and drawbridges, is quite wealthy, we are told, although it is not easy to imagine big fortunes being made in such a dead-alive place. It is only quite awake of a market morning. The shops are few and small. The colored house-fronts, with their outside shutters, are oddly reticent. The old town, with its rough cobbles underfoot and its smells on every hand, is dreary despite its associations. Only now and again a door of the blank house-fronts will open and you will catch a glimpse of shining garden beyond the *entresol*. These Flemish merchants keep their houses entrenched from the world. A glimpse as a house-door opens and shuts makes it easier to believe that there are fortunes in Gravelines which run well into six figures.

Yet Gravelines has a moldering and decaying air. A potent factor in its prevalent sadness is no doubt the great convent of the Ursulines, which takes up quite a quarter of the town's space, lying shut up and deserted in the midst of it.

So disproportionate is the size of the convent to the size of the town that one suspects the town to have grown round the convent rather than the convent to have been an appanage of the town. In any case, the convent was here while yet the English owned Calais, before Mary's heart was seared with the lost town's name. For four hundred years it has dominated Gravelines. Now it lies derelict—soon to be scattered stone from stone at the will of the eldest daughter of the Church.

It was originally a convent of the Poor Clares, an English foundation and an aristocratic one, for each noble dame was supposed to have twelve quarterings in her escutcheon. After the capture of Calais by the French, the Clarices, suspected of treasonable communications with their mother-country, were expelled, as the Ursulines were expelled last September, and it has since then, down to the time of the second expulsion, been a convent of Ursulines.

The strangest thing in the present situation in France is the real or apparent acquiescence of the people who hold the votes and therefore the controlling power in their hands in the things that are being done. Gravelines is clerical, although it has at present a radical mayor, elected not by the votes of Gravelines but by the outlying hamlets which considered their interests neglected for the interests of the town. We were able to get at the root of the matter because of the fact that we were lodging in the house of a French-Englishman, an anti-clerical and much given to meddling in local affairs, thereby apparently not increasing his popularity. Indeed, with fuller knowledge, we came to the conclusion that a certain unfriendliness towards ourselves on the part of some of the people of the fishing-village was directed not so much at us as at our host. The fishing village is still, judging by the attendance at the Sunday Mass, overwhelmingly Catholic. True, the curé's collection was painful in its meagerness; and even the sou for the chair, which was obligatory in the days of the Concordat, was paid not over willingly; but, then, the French grow thriftier and thriftier in the affairs of this world and the next. Yet no vessel will go out to sea without the prescribed number of Masses for its safety being offered. It is a condition which the sailors exact from the masters. And the altar in the church, specially given to the cause of the seamen, drowned and living, is hung with all manner of *reconnaissances*. Yet the will of these people must

remain very inoperative, since the work of expulsion of the religious orders goes steadily on.

Our anti-clerical host, who was a pseudo-Catholic and acknowledged that if the present curé of the Petit Fort had been in office at the last elections there would probably not have been a radical mayor in Gravelines, was ready to assist us when we expressed a desire to see the convent. Through him we made a somewhat unwilling acquaintance with the aforesaid radical mayor, one Valentin, who was the prime mover in the expulsion of the Ursulines. One wonders that M. Valentin should thrive and occupy an honorable position among the clericals of Gravelines. He is a printer by trade and sells photographs and stationery, besides publishing an unclean little rag of a paper once a week. He was a soldier from the south before he became a printer in Gravelines, and is a short, rather dirty-looking man, with a moustache and imperial, his complexion giving one the idea that printer's ink had somehow got mixed with it accidentally. In fact, he has the look of a revolutionary cobbler much in need of a bath. I don't know that any one holds him in esteem: yet this is the man who by repeated knockings at the door of headquarters in Paris, with the assistance of the Jewish *sous-préfet* of Dunkerque, finally brought about the expulsion of the Ursulines.

However at the moment he was not able to forward our designs very much, owing to the fact that the convent was temporarily the property of one of the rich Catholic merchants of Gravelines, who had bought it at the first sale as a friend of the nuns. In France all considerable property sold by auction must be put up a second time. We were on the eve of the second sale at Dunkerque; but for the moment the convent was in the hands of good Catholics. Finally we succeeded in getting the keys, although evidently we were the object of some distrust on the part of the good people who had charge of them; and no wonder, considering the company we kept. Our host indeed told a cock-and-bull story of us as possible purchasers of the convent. I felt it might have been more efficacious if he had told the truth—that here were two sympathizers with the nuns, one of whom desired to write of the convent for other sympathizers. But perhaps we should not have been believed.

Anyhow, after several failures, we found ourselves unex-

pectedly in possession of the keys, with the warning given to us as we departed that we should probably never find our way out, a warning which fell on deaf ears.

We knew the convent from the outside as a great dreary place of blind walls, with only the façade of the chapel behind locked iron gates and the front of the chaplain's house looking upon the world.

It was a golden August day; and there was a fair in the Place, which was crowded with country people. The Hôtel du Commerce and the many *estaminets* had their rows of people sitting out in the sun sipping their variously colored drinks. The steam round-abouts blared, and the children shrieked with joy as they flew down aëriel railways holding on to pulleys. There were even a couple of nuns in charge of some children at the corner of the Place near the convent, of whom we asked a question about the house of M. *l'aumônier*. A good many curious eyes watched us as we turned the key with some effort in the double lock of the door. If there had been time we should probably have had a crowd. But the key turned, the door gave, and we were inside in a shuttered darkness which hardly allowed us to see, when we had recovered from the strong sunlight, the débris that littered the floor, the dirt and desolation of everything. Plainly no one had cleared up after M. *l'aumônier*. In the convent there was no such litter, though the nuns had had only a few hours of warning. From the floor we picked up a picture of the Sacred Heart with an English inscription and the visiting-card of an English priest. This latter reminding us, with a sense of wonderment, that barely twelve months ago, and not somewhere in the Middle Ages, was the convent desecrated.

It was a relief to leave the shuttered and disordered rooms for the *aumônier's* garden, thought hat too was sad enough, with everything overgrown, nature fast taking back her own, and the ordered garden becoming a wilderness. A bough of beautiful pale roses flapped in our faces as we emerged into the garden, where we could imagine the priest with his breviary, pacing to and fro in the summer weather.

By a door across the garden we entered the convent proper, finding at the end of the first corridor the broken door by which the enemy took possession. This was in the early morning of September 28, 1907. Only the preceding evening

did the nuns know for certain that they were to go. They say that no one in Gravelines believed till the last moment that the expulsion would really take place. Why should it? For four hundred years the nuns had carried on the work of education among the children of the townsfolk. They had helped the poor in their need. At the time of their expulsion a peasant of the neighborhood came forward to testify that in three generations his family had been helped by the nuns to the extent of four hundred pounds. M. Valentin got his warrant not from Paris but from Dunkerque. The *sous-préfet* there had had in his hands for some time the act of expulsion, pending the decision of the Council of State in Paris, for the nuns had appealed against their expulsion. So suddenly did the blow fall, that it came on the very eve of the day when the school-children, scattered over land and sea for the summer vacation, were to return, and the nuns had been busy all day making preparations, with not the slightest idea of what was about to happen. A hundred ladies of Gravelines stayed up with the nuns that night, setting things in order against the hurried flight. The men were fortifying the convent, so that there should be at least some trouble before it was taken. At half-past three in the morning M. *l'aumônier* said his last Mass, giving Holy Communion for the last time to the nuns and their friends.

They had just finished breakfast when the cry came that the troops were in the street. Within a few moments the convent was blockaded by a company of the 110th Regiment, with seventy gendarmes. What an employment for those strapping fellows we saw running so lightly about the barrack-square at Gravelines, fetching water from the great spouts with gargoyle heads, over against the old church, which for centuries have supplied Gravelines with water! They seemed light-hearted boys as they indulged in good humored horse-play with one another; strapping fellows too, though an English Tommy Atkins would have been amazed at the disorder of their undress. One wonders what thoughts were in their hearts when they, inheritors of a great military tradition, were given the task of expelling the harmless nuns, whose only sin was that they had served God in quietness and their fellow-creatures for Him.

To be sure the resistance was merely formal. Catholic

France, except in Brittany or La Vendée, seems to take these despoilers easily. The convent bell began to toll in the darkness before dawn to tell the townspeople the hour had come. Two or three workmen arrived in a cart escorted by gendarmes. Then came M. Brisac, the *sous-préfet* of Dunkerque, displaying his Jewish sallowness in his uniform of a "civil-general."

As the clock struck six the *sous-préfet* ordered the Police Commissary to summon the nuns to render up their convent. That functionary knocked three times at the convent door, summoning the nuns to open in the name of the law. There was no answer, except that from the windows of the chaplain's house a woman's voice could be heard calling: "Down with the robbers!" The cry was taken up by the crowd which had gathered in the street. Then the workmen's tools were brought into requisition. There was the grating sound of the tools against the locks and hinges. It took twenty minutes of hard work before the doors were opened. At last they fell back with a crash and the messengers of the law entered, breaking down door after door, till they came upon the sacred enclosure which had been inviolate for four hundred years.

They sought the nuns first in the chapel, which was empty, and they found them eventually praying in their cells. After that the work of expulsion was simple and easy enough. Within a few hours the nuns had left their convent; within a few days they had said good-bye to Gravelines forever.

It took some time, that work of expulsion; and no wonder, for never was there such a maze, such a rabbit-warren as the convent. If the nuns had chosen to lead their evictors a dance, they might have held them at bay for an indefinitely long time. We had hardly listened to the keeper of the keys when she told us that we should not see the convent in an afternoon and that we should never find our way out. We went near to proving the truth of her words.

For myself, I may say that my visit to the convent was one of the most eerie experiences of my life. A wall twenty-five or thirty feet high shuts in the many convent buildings. The Place and its crowd seemed nearly as far away from us as they might from one of the quiet dead in the graves out beyond the gates. There were literally miles of corridors; twisting staircases up, twisting staircases down; mysterious passages, low, unlit places, fast-shut doors, a relic doubtless of the seizure;

all eerie and strange. No wonder those evictors lost their way last year.

Perhaps it was the mephitic vapors of an old, old place, into which the air had never entered freely, for the convent buildings going round their gardens were several stories in air and beyond was the thirty-foot wall. Anyhow, one felt curiously nervous and did not dare stray away from one's companions. It would be so very easy to get lost. Doors slammed somewhere in the labyrinth and one's heart was in one's mouth. We climbed up one of the corkscrew staircases and came out in a long corridor, ankle deep in chaff and straw. There was an unpleasant feeling of its association with illness, as one sees it laid down in the London streets; but it was only the bedding of the nuns which they had found time to scatter before their flight.

All down the long corridor were the black apertures of the open cell doors. The day was dazzlingly bright outside, but it might have been shadowy dusk for its suggestion of terrors within. At first I would not be afraid. I reminded myself that in this place had been nothing that did not belong to God. I approached one of the cell-doors and found on it the little picture of the Sacred Heart with the inscription: "Cease, the Sacred Heart of Jesus is with us!" which is so familiar to Catholic lips and hearts. How *could* one be afraid! I looked within. Half the cell was taken up by a coffin-shaped bed, a mere hollow box, half-filled in yet with the chaff and straw, which, without mattress or paillasse, had made a good enough bed for the brides of Christ. By the bedside was a little wooden set of shelves. There was hardly room for any other plenishing. Fifty such black open doors followed one another down the long corridor, ankle-deep in chaff and straw. My companions had climbed yet another corkscrew staircase to an upper corridor, calling to me not to climb up till they found out what was above. It was of course the mephitic vapors; but a panic seized me. I stood at the foot of the staircase. On one side stretched the long corridor with its many doors. On the other side was a fast-shut door. Supposing—supposing—that door were to open and a very old nun to come forth, asking by what right those echoing male footsteps sounded in the sacred enclosure of the convent! And how they did echo—the voices and the footsteps! And one of the party was a traducer of the nuns. I looked from the closed door to the dwindling per-

spective of open doors, and I fled upstairs to the solace of companionship—to another corridor of cells, knee-deep in chaff and straw like the one below it.

Never was such a place for losing your way. We thought to have our correct bearings and came out at a place we had left behind us long ago. We doubled back on our own footsteps like one of the unfortunates lost in the Australian bush. Never were such loops and twists and turnings. And always the low doors and the cobwebbed passages, cheerful enough when the nuns were here, with fire and light and human speech and human faces, but now somewhat terrible.

The cloister ran round a rose garden fast going back to desert, the roses and snapdragons and poppies still reaching long arms out of the undergrowth to clasp the feet of the desolate Calvary in the midst of the garden. Last year the garden would have been ordered and beautiful. Last year the cloister windows, clear and bright, would have looked on roses. The cloister walls, where we saw the marks of crucifixes and shrines, would have been white and bright. Now the cobwebs draped everything, and far down here in the well of the buildings was a chilly darkness.

Under our feet in the cloisters were the graves and the memorial brasses—some wonderfully preserved—of those noble dames, the Clarices. We walked above the bones of those good ladies of long ago. Since the visit was an unexpected one we had not provided ourselves with writing materials, and it was a few days later that we came back, this time accompanied by a small Irish and Catholic boy, his thoughts more intent on the fruit in the nuns' garden than any associations of the place, instead of the incongruous and uncongenial anticlerical. We came back to transcribe what we could decipher of the inscriptions on the brasses of the Clarices. One, by the way, had a wonderful representation of a nun, perfect from coifed head to sandaled feet.

I and the small boy wandered to the garden while the industrious one, on his knees, by the aid of a candle-end, transcribed the lettering. The inscriptions were sometimes Latin, sometimes English and French. Now and again they were indecipherable. The footsteps of the centuries had worn some away completely. But here is one of them which we transcribed.

Hic Requiescat Corpus Æ. D. M.
Purissimæ et Venerabilis Matris ac Dominæ
D. Mariæ Socii nobilis Angliæ Heroinæ
Primæ hujus Cœnobii Abbatissæ
Fundatricis et auctricis
Præcipuæ
Obiit virtute singulari et sancto
Patrimonio Prædita XXI Novemb.
Anno Dom. M.D.C. XIII.

Another inscription of later date would go to prove that the Ursulines of Gravelines, who had succeeded those noble Dames Anglaises, the Poor Clares, gave hospitality to an Abbess of the Order. Her inscription runs:

Here Lieth the Body
of Rev. Mother
Mary Josephine Frances Summers
Abbess of the English Poor Clares of Aire
Who Departed this life Nov. XXI
Anno Domini 1831
Aged 53. Professed 26 years.
Requiescat in Pace.

The one who rose at last from his knees, having deciphered these inscriptions, was startled to find himself alone, with a sense of being lost in the labyrinth. Again it must have been the mephitic vapors that made his head swim and his heart beat. We were quite out of sight and hearing in the kitchen garden of the nuns, where a small boy, innocent of nerves, was rifling the fruit trees, although it was only round one twisted passage, through the community-room, by the side of a staircase, and there was the open garden door. But it was a place where one needed clues.

The garden, its fruit and vegetables rotting to decay, must have been a pleasant place last year. The thirty-foot wall made a glorious wall for fruit. Fig trees, nectarine, plum, pear, and apple trees had been trained upon it; and between the fruit trees were empty niches where the guileless shrines of a convent garden had been last year. The flower and vegetable beds were a wild tangle. The statue of St. Roch, with his dog and his wounded knee, was almost breast high in prairie grass.

The door of the grape house was broken from its hinges and the purple clusters dropped with their own richness. There had been pitiless devastation in the garden. M. Valentin, with that philanthropy characteristic of his class, had thrown open the convent gardens to the children of the town. And what havoc they had wrought! The fruit must have been under-ripe when they were there, for now what was left of it hung golden on the boughs or purple on the ground where the beautiful fig tree had been torn from the wall and left to lie. Great branches of the other trees were broken and lay upon the ground. The fruit garden was of a piece with the ruin and desolation everywhere.

In the chapel the altar had been torn from its foundations and only a heap of masonry left behind. The chain of the altar lamp had been wrenched and a length of it dangled in the dimness overhead. One forlorn statue yet occupied its niche, as though it had been overlooked and forgotten. What will become of it and of the stained glass windows when the convent is razed to the earth? For we have since heard that the sale of the convent to the nuns' friend has been upset; and the town, represented by M. Valentin, has acquired it for six thousand pounds, a grotesquely inadequate sum, even for the site.

In the wall of the chapel is a tablet telling of a foundation for Masses by two Seigneurs—father and son—and the bequest directs that, at the end of every office in choir and after the conventual Mass, two Religious will sing: "O Good Jesus, grant the grace of conversion to England, our fatherland." And the choir will repeat three times in answer: "So be it."

One wonders over this bequest of the two Seigneurs living under le Grand Monarque, and over what tie there was between them and England. Also, if the trust holds good to this day. Fancifully one wonders if these prayers of the undowered English nuns may not have found an answer when heretical England opened her doors to those robbed and driven out by the eldest daughter of the Church. They seem to have been excellent business men those Seigneurs—father and son—and to have tied up their trust pretty tightly. By the way, heretical England made as generous a provision for the priests and nuns turned out of France in the revolution as though they had been her

own children. Eight thousand priests and thirty bishops found refuge in England in 1793. England not only harbored them as she is harboring the French congregations to-day, but gave them support as well. By orders of the government appeals were made for their sustenance from the Protestant pulpits of the country; a great house at Reading was given by government for their lodging; and the University of Oxford printed, at its own expense, four thousand copies of the New Testament and of the Roman Breviary for their use. Who shall say that these things have not brought, will not bring, a blessing to a people of so much honesty of purpose and liberality of mind and action?

The great parlors with their grilles, the community-room, the refectory, were all echoing silences. The convent itself, except for the dust and the spiders, except for the chaff and the straw ankle-deep in the corridors, had a swept and garnished air. Only in the community-room, with the pious texts set in the walls, were some odd moldering fruits lying in the deep window ledges, as though they had been laid out with the intention of drying them.

Our anti-clerical friend, who had been on the lookout for *oubliettes* and other things out of which might have been manufactured some musty scandal, found nothing at all. Once his hopes rose high, as we discovered a subterranean passage; but it only led under the street to the *externat*, where the nuns taught the poor children of Gravelines for so many generations. Again he lit up the wine cellar; and, entering without stooping, received a blow from a beam that dazed him for a time. I think he was half-inclined to ascribe it to the malice of the Poor Clares. At the last we were at fault for a few minutes. Our friend turned pale as we considered the possibility of being shut in all night; and he flatly refused to accompany us on our second visit.

"*A bas les Voleurs!*" stared at us from the dank outside wall of the convent as we closed the door of the chaplain's house behind us, with a feeling of relief. Certainly the air was poisonous and there was a suggestion of death about everything. The poor nuns hoped to come back. Well, *Messieurs les Voleurs* have made that impossible.

NEW LIGHT ON IRISH HISTORY.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

THE oft-quoted saying that "history is a conspiracy against the truth" is too sweeping to be true in itself. It would be more correct to say that a great deal of what passes as history is a travesty of the truth, and this is more especially the case with history written in a partisan spirit, and above all the history of a conquered people set forth by their conquerors as an apology and justification for the conquest. There is even a danger of the story of a nation's extinction being misrepresented when the writer is one of the vanquished race, inspired with a traditional hatred of the victor.

Irish history has suffered much at the hands of prejudiced historians. It must be confessed that many histories of Ireland are little better than political pamphlets on a large scale. But any impartial critic must admit that the greatest errors lie on the side of the apologists of the English conquest. For hundreds of years they have had the ear of the world, and they have succeeded in persuading many Irishmen themselves that the invaders from Great Britain had to deal with a race that, whatever had been its glories in earlier times, was lagging behind the civilization of the rest of the western world. Ireland, we are told, had not recovered from the miseries of the Danish wars. Much of the land was a roadless wilderness. It had no trade, no manufactures. Its tribesmen gained a poor living from a primitive agriculture and the keeping of cattle. The culture of the once famed "golden age" of Ireland had disappeared in the destruction of the monasteries by the northern pirates, and there had not been time to restore it when the long wars with the Normans began.

But history is being rewritten. It is becoming, as the Germans say, "objective," that is, inspired by *objective* facts viewed in a judicial spirit, not by the *subjective* views of the writer. It is no longer the fashion to repeat the traditional view without testing it by careful consideration of every frag-

ment of contemporary record. This process is at last being applied to Irish history, and the result is a startling revelation for those who have so long accepted the old view of the centuries between the first raids of the Norman barons in the reign of Henry II. and the devastating conquest under the Tudor sovereigns, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.

This period has been dealt with in a very remarkable book by an Irish Protestant writer, Mrs. Alice Stopford Green.* Mrs. Green is the widow of John Richard Green, whose *Short History of the English People* made him famous some thirty years ago. She not only helped her husband in his work, but she has herself been all her life a painstaking student of history, and is the author of many books on the subject that have won her a well-deserved reputation. She is the daughter of a Dean of the Protestant Church of Ireland, and was educated at home.

Her latest work throws a flood of new light upon the story of four centuries. It deals only incidentally with wars and battles, for the writer's researches were directed to discovering what was the condition of the Irish people in the four centuries that ended with the wars of Elizabeth's viceroys. It is divided into two parts. The first deals with trade and industries in mediæval Ireland, the second with the state of education and learning. In her preface Mrs. Green says:

> Many reasons have prevented the writing of Irish history. The invading people effaced the monuments of a society they had determined to extirpate; and so effectively extinguished the memory of that civilization that it will need a generation of students to recover and interpret its records. The people of the soil have been, in their subjugation, debarred from the very sources of learning, and from the opportunities of study and association which are necessary for the historical scholar. . . . It was the fashion among the Tudor statesmen, very confident of their methods, to talk of "the godly conquest," "the perfecting of Ireland." The writers of triumphant nations are enabled to give the story of their successes from their own point of view; but from this partial tale not even the victorious peoples can learn what the warfare has implied, nor know how to count the cost, nor credit the gain.

Most readers of Mrs. Green's book will find on its first page

* *The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing, 1200-1600.* By Alice Stopford Green, London: Macmillan & Co. 1908.

information that will come to them as a surprise. Even after the waste and ruin of the Danish wars Ireland was famous through western Europe as a rich and prosperous land. The monk Adhemar of Angoulême wrote of it in the year 1000 as "that very wealthy country," and centuries later a writer, whose report is preserved in the State Papers of Henry VIII., described it as "none other but a very Paradise, delicious of all pleasaunce, to respect and regard (*i. e.*, in comparison with) any other land in this world." It was this reputation of Ireland that lured the first Norman adventurers across the narrow seas from Pembrokeshire. Henry II. came after them, received their assurances of fealty, and made treaties with the Irish chiefs. But before long it was clear the result would be not the English domination of Ireland, but the building up of a new state of things, in which Norman baron and Irish chief would be semi-independent rulers of what both regarded as their common country. As Mrs. Green puts it:

> Norman, French, and Welsh knights seized lands, built castles, declared themselves conquerors, and, themselves vanquished by Irish civilization, turned into patriots in their new country. "For," said a mediæval Irish writer (A. D. 1315), "the old chiettains of Erin prospered under these princely English lords, who were our chief rulers, and who had given up their foreignness for a pure mind, their surliness for good manners, and their stubbornness for sweet mildness, and who had given up their perverseness for hospitality." Successive generations of newcomers cast in their lot with their adopted land, till there was not more than twenty miles about Dublin that obeyed English law.

Just as after the Danish invasions the Danes of Ireland had been largely welded into the native race, so after the first years of strife there was a blending of Norman and Celt. Burkes, Fitzgeralds, and other families of the invaders became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." There was good prospect that a prosperous Irish nationality would be created by the cooperation of men of Celtic, Danish, and Norman-English blood. How much was actually achieved in this direction is brought to light by collecting from a hundred scattered sources facts as to the condition of Ireland in later mediæval days.

Ireland was not a wilderness peopled by quarrelsome clans. It was a busy and prosperous land, with a growing internal

and external trade, that could only exist under settled conditions. Roads and beaten tracks traversed the country. One hears of the building of many bridges. The internal waterways were largely used. There were fleets of small craft on the Shannon, and the ports were full of native and foreign shipping for the trade with the Continent. The fairs held at stated times all over the country provided for the needs of internal trade, but the trade by sea with other countries was considerable. The "ships of Ireland" were well known in the Hansa ports of Hamburg and Lubeck, at Antwerp and Bruges, Bordeaux and Vigo, and as far away as Naples. Delegates of the merchant guild of Lucca settled in Ireland. Philippe le Hardi gave a general safe conduct for Irish traders to travel in the cities of Flanders. Irish chiefs used to make the pilgrimage to Compostella, sometimes more than once in their lives. So regular, in fact, was the over-sea traffic between the Irish ports and Corunna and Vigo that it was a common thing for letters from England to Spain to be sent by way of Ireland. Bays and inlets where there are now only a few fishing boats were then busy with shipping. As late as 1570 it was reckoned that there were in Ireland no less than eighty-eight "chief haven ports." Most of these places have now lost even the tradition that a forest of masts once clustered along their sea fronts. Take one instance out of many. Ardglass, on the coast of Down, is now a quiet seaside village with a few boats. It was once the chief port of the O'Neill. Mrs. Green describes its wharves and forts; its storehouses, one of them a building 250 feet long. A few fragments of ruins and traces of the old trade road are now all that is left to tell of long-vanished greatness.

"Tall ships" from Venice were often seen at Cork, then one of many busy ports along the south and west coasts. But the chief trade was with Spain. What a picture we have of the change between past and present in this account of one of the old ports of Kerry:

> A traveller in the eighteenth century describes the relics of the ancient wealth of Dingle (a forlorn village now)—the houses "built in the Spanish fashion with ranges of stone balcony windows, this place being formerly much frequented by ships of that nation who traded with the inhabitants and came to fish on this coast; most of them are of stone, with marble door and window frames." One Rice carved on the

> house he built (A. D. 1563) two roses and beneath them a notice that "At the Rose is the best Wine." While travellers "well refreshed" themselves, "the Irish harp sounded sweetly" in their ears. The country round was full of people industrious and prosperous, every parish having its own church, many of them very large, as appears by their ruins; while several of the mountains, though but of poor and stony soil, are marked by old enclosures and other signs of former culture on their sides even to the very tops.

Their business relations with other countries led Irish traders and artificers to settle abroad. There were Irish vintners, goldsmiths, and merchants in London; Irish weavers, members of the Corpus Christi Guild of Coventry; an Irish mayor of Oxford in 1551. There was a prosperous Irish colony in Bristol. When King John of Portugal built the princely monastery of Batalha he employed two Irish master builders. In Genoa, as early as the twelfth century, Irish merchants founded a hospital for their sailors. There were many prosperous Irish traders settled in Flanders and Spain.

The language of this Continental trade was Latin. This fact alone shows that Ireland had its schools, and Latin was then the *lingua franca* of Catholic Europe. The imports were not only such useful commodities as iron and salt, but things that told of a high level of prosperity in the country—silks and satins, cloth of gold and embroidery, arms and armor, carpets, wines, and spices. The exports that paid for this trade were hides and tallow, cattle, wool, corn, and agricultural produce, polished marbles in blocks and slabs, and enormous quantities of timber from the forests, planks, laths, staves for barrels, and abundance of oak.

The fisheries were a great source of wealth, and thousands of barrels of fish left many of the ports each year. The linen industry was famous throughout Europe. The *serge d'Irlanda* as it was called, of the wool weavers was long celebrated in Italy. Irish friezes were sold in half the fairs of the Continent. Irish leather was so good that one reads of a French knight wearing "an Irish belt" as if it was something to be proud of. Many were the craftsmen, skilled in working in gold, silver, and other metals. The quantity of gold and silver used in the arts in Ireland would in itself be enough to prove the prosperity of the country in mediæval days. When the exterminating

Tudor wars began Ireland was well worth plundering. Mrs. Green says:

> Elizabeth's lieutenants and those of Henry VIII. did not journey there to make a trade in raw hides, or take their pillage of naked savages living in caves, nor even of a people who had attained the level of Hottentots or Zulus. The hardships they endured were paid with richer spoil.

Our author gives further proof of this by gathering together from a hundred sources interesting details to make up a picture of the home life of the people in town and country—the well-furnished houses, the rich farms, the decorative work expended on dress and household belongings, and indicating a leisured, comfortable life. The women held an honored place of influence. The better classes spoke Latin as well as Irish, and some learned English.

> Hospitality was lavish, "without sorrow, without gloom in the house"; and even in the towns it was held a shame to have an inn or send a traveler to seek entertainment there. In every homestead the mistress kept an oaten cake whole for the stranger. The saying ran: "Three preparations of a good man's house: ale, a bath, a large fire." . . . "Though they never did see you before, they will make you the best cheer their country yieldeth for two or three days, and take not anything therefor"; this account, like all others we have from Englishmen, was written in a time of war and poverty (A. D. 1590).

The knowledge and love of music seem to have been very common. The peasant and small farmer had well-defined rights and could easily win a sustenance from the land. The townsman had his town charter and the protection of his guild.

This state of things was destroyed by a deliberate plan, perfected by the famous statesmen of Elizabeth's days, who determined not only to extend English rule beyond the Pale, into the country of the Irish and the Anglo-Irish, but to destroy the trade of Ireland to make way for that of England, and this was to be effected by rooting out the manufactures, wasting the lands, and reducing their holders to the position of serfs under new landlords. And when the people resisted these proceedings the war became one of extermination, embittered further by the fact that the Irish clung to the old faith, and the Elizabethan adventurers were professors of the new-made re-

ligion. To use the words of a contemporary writer, "all the might of English arms, all the devices of English policy, were called into play to plunge the Irish into the abyss of the worst barbarism."

The life of Ireland in the days of prosperity before this disaster was not one of mere material well-being. The Irish of the Middle Ages, whether of the pure Celtic or the mixed Norman race, were a cultured people, eager for learning. It is not possible to summarize the evidence that Mrs. Green has collected concerning the state of education in mediæval Ireland. Its force depends on the marshaling of hundreds of details. Some points may be briefly noted. The organized study of Brehon law, and the transmission and perpetuation of Irish poetry by the bards, was kept up to Elizabeth's time. Not only Irish chiefs, but Anglo-Irish barons had the *ollamh* and the bard as officers and attendants of their household, and were themselves as proud of a reputation for learning as of glory in arms. The widespread knowledge of Latin has already been mentioned. An Irish chief, when an envoy brought to him an English document, bade the messenger read it aloud in Latin so that his council could understand it. A shipwrecked captain of the Armada, thrown on the shores of Connaught, then wasted by English war, tells how he met some savage-looking half naked people, and was surprised when they addressed him in Latin.

In the wholesale destruction of the Tudor wars much of the manuscript literature of mediæval Ireland perished, but enough remains to show how scribes were kept busy translating the books of other countries into Irish and multiplying them. Not the abbey only but the castle had its library. Irish students went to Oxford and the universities of the Continent, and many of them became professors in other lands. Beside the full stream of Gaelic lore, there was the sister current of Latin learning, of double service, because Latin was at once the language of the Catholic Church and of intercourse with other nations. It is notable that the links with the life of the Continent were closer during these mediæval centuries than the intercourse with England.

Half of Mrs. Green's book is devoted to this study of the culture of Ireland in the pre-Reformation centuries. She tells how, when the Irish schools were broken up, and Elizabeth

had founded in Dublin a college for bringing up the sons of the Irish chiefs and Barons as English Protestants, the tradition of Irish learning was kept up, not only among the refugees in the schools of the Continent, but at home by monks who lived in cabins near their ruined cloisters, teachers of illegal schools that met in secret, and scholars who, in poverty and obscurity, wrote books that were multiplied by endless copying. The printing press was in the hands of the government and employed only in turning out proclamations against Irish rebels and catechisms for the conversion of the people to the State religion. In England the press was giving the world accounts of the barbarism of Ireland before the Tudor conquest. Since silence was imposed on the defence, and much of the evidence destroyed, it is no wonder that the popular verdict was in favor of the accuser, who, by blackening the record of the Irish nation, hoped to justify his own treatment of it.

Mrs. Green has done a splendid work in her scholarly refutation of this legend and in giving to the English-speaking peoples this noble picture of pre-Reformation Ireland. It will inspire Irishmen to persevering effort for the betterment of their country. And, in the following words, it also surely has its message for Englishmen:

> The story of the English in Ireland shows with what stubborn will and long tenacity this people too is endowed. But it also demonstrates how dangerous and unprofitable a foundation for a lasting settlement is a false and perverted history. For centuries, a number of circumstances aiding to perpetuate the first error, the English have been constantly misled as to the main facts of Irish life, both political and economical. And the natural results have followed. There are men, however, in England who believe in Ireland; many desire her prosperity; many follow justice for its own sake, and recognize that right order will never be established on legends of ignorance. This book will have served some purpose if it should call attention to the importance for Ireland of a critical study of national history corresponding to its revived study in other lands. For the true record of Ireland will be powerful to efface the prejudices, the contempt, and the despair that falsehood alone can foster; and to build up on solid foundations of fact the esteem and consideration that must form the only honorable relation between two neighboring peoples.

New Books.

TEN PERSONAL STUDIES.
By Wilfrid Ward.

If we are to be guided strictly by the title of his latest volume,* the brilliant author of *Problems and Persons* has, in the present instance, withdrawn from problems to concentrate on persons. Indications there are in plenty, however, throughout the new volume that he has not abandoned his favorite field without casting "one last lingering look behind." The essays which make up the book have already appeared in various Reviews. The subjects are: J. A. Balfour; T. H. Delane; R. H. Hutton; Sir J. Knowles; Henry Sidgwick; Lord Lytton; Father Ryder; Sir M. E. Grant Duff; Leo XIII.; Cardinal Wiseman; John Henry Newman; Cardinals Newman and Manning.

The study on Mr. Balfour is confined to the crisis in the Unionist party during the years 1903–1905; when the leader, according to the belief of a great part of the political world, was completely overshadowed by Chamberlain. The latter had come out for a policy of protection, and, it was asserted, Balfour agreed with him, but had not the courage to adopt the protectionist principle. On the contrary, he delayed, and evaded anything that would commit the party either one way or the other. This policy of delay, Mr. Ward pleads, so far from being an evidence of weakness and vacillation, was a masterpiece of Fabian statesmanship. The question, the party, the country, were not prepared for any immediate resolution. The question had not been sufficiently studied, there was no possibility of evolving at the time any fiscal system that had even a chance of success. Balfour saw this; he had the courage to say so, and to resist the Chamberlain movement; with the result that, by 1905, he was master of the situation, and the Chamberlain star had suffered eclipse.

Mr. Ward draws three interesting sketches of the famous editors, Knowles of the *Nineteenth Century;* Delane of the *Times;* and Hutton of the *Spectator.* Of the three, he says Hutton, who occupied the smallest figure in public and social life, exercised the most lasting influence:

> Hutton alone of the three has left behind him, in the

* *Ten Personal Studies.* By Wilfrid Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

> thoughts which he published to help an earlier generation, a legacy which is still prized by our own (as the sale of his republished essays from the *Spectator* attests), and which will descend to our children along with the tradition of the noble and austere character, which made his great thoughts so intimately a part of himself.

The most prominent features of the Sidgwick portrait are his intellectual pessimism, combined with practical optimism; an exacting critical judgment which no system could satisfy; and a wide interest in everything pertaining to life, not excluding Catholicism. The paper on Lord Lytton, whose lofty and candid character is vividly set forth by a few strokes of Mr. Ward's brush, turns chiefly on the peculiar gifts of Lytton which were capable of making him either a great statesman or a great poet. But, like all mortals, he had to choose between incompatible possibilities. The papers on Leo XIII., and the three English Cardinals, are highly appreciative, though the writer permits himself the liberty of mild adverse criticism from time to time.

In the last one, in which he shows that his interest in the "Problems" is by no means extinguished, he holds up in contrast the characters of Newman and Manning; and though he does ample justice to the greatness of Manning, it is easy to perceive that W. G. Ward's preferences have not been inherited by his son. Newman and Manning, so runs his summing up, represented, respectively, two types of Catholicism: Manning is the man of the Counter-Reformation; Newman is the type of the patristic era. Newman's temper had little in common with that of the "liberal" Roman Catholics; it was "far more akin to that of More and Erasmus, who rejected scholastic subtlety and undue dogmatism, but were, nevertheless, filled with enthusiasm for ancient ways and venerable tradition." "He was keenly alive to the liability of the human reason to error in its conclusions of the things of God. He inveighed against those who, like Louis Veuillot, 'exalted opinions into dogmas.'" He would have found his kinship in the present day with the learned Benedictine rather than with the "liberal" Catholic. The contrast is brought to a finish by turning it as a flashlight on one of the problems:

> The modern opposition between liberalism and *intransi-*

geance is, indeed, an opposition between temporary excesses on either side at a time of transition. So far as the underlying permanent antithesis is between elements reconcilable with Catholicism it must resolve itself into that between the types which we have styled Jesuit and patristic respectively. The former is the type which rejoices especially in authority and discipline. It is proper to the Church in a state of defensive warfare which keeps the intellect under military discipline. The latter form of Catholicism is perhaps more general in the Church when she is promoting peaceful civilization, giving to individual initiative free scope and encouraging original learning and thought as important factors in her well-being. These two types are largely those symbolized by the two English cardinals. Manning, in spite of his opposition to the Jesuits, belongs unmistakably to that type of Catholicism of which they are the most distinguished representatives, and Newman rather to the type preserved in the Benedictine Order, owning as fellow-creatures such writers as Mabillon and the Congregation of St. Maur; though he added an element of active and free speculation more akin to his beloved Augustine, or to the mediæval schoolmen, than to the calmer labors of the monkish historian.

The paper on Grant Duff is founded on the Diaries, which Mr. Ward considers to be the record of a very exceptional mode of life. In order to put them in a light for sympathetic appreciation he furnishes as a background the character of that life, marked by an "unworldly, almost religious, devotion to all that is interesting in life, with little thought of personal advantage."

NAVAL ADMINISTRATION AND WARFARE.

Though, presumably, Captain Mahan writes for the profession as well as for the public, his method, which, as somebody has said, is to deal with a few large, plain, simple ideas, contributes to render his work intelligible and interesting to the lay mind in a measure very much beyond the degree in which this quality is usually found in books of experts. His latest volume,* which, thanks to the universal interest taken in the spectacular cruise of out fleet to the Orient, is likely to be eagerly read, sets forth, in a clear and highly interesting exposition, some of the

* *Naval Administration and Warfare.* By Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

principles of naval warfare which everybody can grasp and apply to one of our own greatest national problems. Of the ten essays which constitute the book, the two that obviously are meant to convey a lesson to the American public, and thereby help to educate public opinion, have for their subject the Russo-Japanese war. One which was written during the course of the war, before the fall of Port Arther, abounds with forecasts and opinions which the events, and the subsequent publication of information that was unknown to the author, strikingly confirm. The second article, written in March, 1906, is a retrospect directed to estimate the relations of the siege and capture of Port Arthur upon the naval operations of both sides; and the lesson to be learned by our own country from the mistakes made by Russia in dividing her naval strength so that it was cut up piecemeal by the enemy.

Before the outbreak of war, so runs Captain Mahan's criticism, Russia kept sending her vessels, one by one, to the Pacific; but she retained at home the Baltic squadron, till it was unable to reach the others before they were undone by Togo. Furthermore, a similar error was committed by dividing the Pacific force between Port Arthur and Vladivostock with a similar result. The dangers of this policy, says Captain Mahan, were as clear as daylight before the war opened; and Russia, which was not a government browbeaten by political turmoil, had no excuse for ignoring them. The writer describes an imaginary discussion at the Russian council board; but while he writes of Russia and speaks retrospectively, his eye is on America and the future, as is shown by the tenor of the last objection offered to despatching the entire fleet eastward: "In a representative government would doubtless be heard the further remark: 'The feeling in our coast towns, at seeing no ship left for their protection, would be so strong that I doubt if the party could carry the next election.' Against this there is no provision except popular understanding; operative perhaps in the interior where there is no occasion for fight."

The Captain's lesson to the American people is that the principle which the Russians, to their discomfiture, violated holds also with regard to the naval situation of this country. In virtue of our geographical position, the momentary location of the fleet is not of so much importance as its simple existence in adequate concentration anywhere. If war were to

begin with the fleet divided between the Atlantic and the Pacific, "one-half may be overmatched and destroyed as was that of Port Arthur; and the second, on coming, prove inadequate to restore the situation, as befel Rozhestvensky." Then, with the emphasis of capitals, the Captain lays down his counsel: "Concentration protects both coasts, Division exposes both. IT IS OF VITAL CONSEQUENCE TO THE NATION OF THE UNITED STATES THAT ITS PEOPLE, CONTEMPLATING THE RUSSO-JAPANESE NAVAL WAR, SUBSTITUTE THEREIN IN THEIR APPREHENSION ATLANTIC FOR BALTIC, AND PACIFIC FOR PORT ARTHUR. So they will comprehend as well as apprehend."

Another instructive essay in the volume treats of the value of the present cruise of the fleet in the Pacific. The Captain attaches great importance to this measure as a means of acquiring lessons of immense value which the navy could learn in no other way, except in the perilous school of actual war. Incidentally, he emphatically warns against the dangers that would arise to this country if Asiatic immigration were permitted.

HOW I CAME TO DO IT.

Who was he, and what did he do?* He was an Anglican clergyman, who fervently dedicated himself to celibacy. When any of his clerical brethern entered into matrimony he became exceedingly annoyed. "We have no business," he would urge, "to divide our hearts, but should give up our whole mind and affection to the great work committed to us, and refrain from everything that can hinder and hamper our mission." And he had all the appropriate texts of Scripture at his fingers' ends to fire at the heads of his recalcitrant brethern in proof of his position. But into this paradise of his parsonage one day entered the woman, and with her the tempter. Miss Dorothy Brown thought it would be a feather in her cap if she could trouble just a little bit the fierce aggressiveness of this champion of celibacy—and very soon Mr. Blackswhite is desperately in love. Then the texts become susceptible of quite another interpretation; and he sees that if he is to do the best possible work for God among his flock nothing can be of greater service than a worthy,

* *How I Came to Do It; or, The Celibacy of the Clergy.* By Rev. J. Blackswhite. Edited by Mgr. John S. Vaughan. London: Burns & Oates.

Christian helpmate—than, in short, Miss Dorothy Brown—and so what he does is to get married. The author—for the fiction that the work is autobiographical is not sustained—devotes some care and a moderate allowance of mild humor to clothing his statement of the Anglican position towards celibacy in the guise of a story. Thus far the first four chapters of the book. Then chapter the fifth opens with the warning that eighteen years have flown by, enriching Mr. Blackswhite in their passage with thirteen children. From that to the end the thread of the story becomes thinner and thinner, while it serves to hold together a series of arguments and answers to Protestant objections, relative to the Roman character of the early English Church, the defection of the Reformation, the unity of the Catholic Church, and the authenticity of her claims. The lectures of a Catholic priest, Father White, serve to set Mr. Blackswhite thinking seriously; some subsequent interviews and letters achieve his conquest; and what he comes to do finally is to enter the Catholic Church. The book will prove pleasant reading for converts who look back on the way that they have trod, and who may be a little impatient with their former companions who fail to discern the road. It attempts to combine two distinct kinds of intellectual work which only a master hand can successfully fuse together—polemics and the novel.

THE CONVENTIONALISTS. By Benson.

Among the rules that must be observed to secure good results in the novel with a religious or polemical purpose, the first one is that the author must not attempt to cover too much apologetic ground. A single point of doctrine or discipline, or a single historical phase is quite enough for one story. This rule is observed by Father Benson in his latest as in all his other novels. *The Conventionalists* * endeavors to depict the worldly, unspiritual, mechanical, routine temper of English Protestantism as it exists among the higher classes. Another rule is that the reader must be entertained and pleased as well as instructed—and Father Benson complies with this condition also.

The central figure of the story is a young man, the second son of an English county magnate. While still a Protestant

* *The Conventionalists.* By Robert Hugh Benson. St. Louis: B. Herder.

he displays a genuine ascetic insight, and, consequently, is thoroughly disgusted with life as it is interpreted by the temper, occupations, convictions, and ambitions of his family and his class. To the family he is a sort of ugly duckling, and rather a guy for his younger brother. He is, at the beginning, in love with a young lady, who, however, is attached to the eldest brother, the heir of the house. Falling under the influence of Father Benson, Mgr. Yoland, and Mr. Dell, an ascetic in a kind of Bohemian surroundings, he soon becomes a Catholic; and, furthermore, gives indications which set his three mentors the task of deciding whether or not they are to encourage him to join the contemplative life, or to marry the lady. His conversion is the signal for his expulsion from his father's house. The family easily reconcile themselves to his disappearance. But then the heir dies; and they are confronted with the dreadful prospect that the family acres are to pass into the hands of a Papist. Worse and worse, he soon announces his intention of becoming a monk, which to his father implies the intolerable consequence that the family property will go to the Abbey. The three messengers who bring the news of the son's resolution to the father have a terrible quarter of an hour. But the paternal indignation, and angry resolution to prevent his son's vocation, promptly vanish on finding that the latter relinquishes all claim to the estate, which, therefore, will go to the youngest son. Father Benson's characters are types rather than individuals, though Algy, the hero, and his friend, Christopher Dell, do not represent a numerous class in English society. More widely distributed is that of Lady Brasted, a convert, who loves to be "ecclesiastical" in her drawing-room, elegant in her devotions; who in her desire to be *Helpful*, busies herself overmuch about promoting conversions, vocations, and marriages; and to have a finger in whatever pertains to the cure of souls. An entertaining story which hits squarely its serious mark.

AN IMMORTAL SOUL.
By W. H. Mallock.

Though the title * clearly tells to anybody acquainted with Mr. Mallock's intellectual tastes that the purpose of his clever novel is philosophical, we must read far into the book—an agreeable

* *An Immortal Soul.* By W. H. Mallock. New York: Harper & Brothers.

task—before we perceive, to use a colloquial phrase, what he is up to. The first chapter introduces a highly refined, sprightly, somewhat unconventional young girl, living amid aristocratic English surroundings, with an aunt, while her parents and her sister are resident abroad. There is some cloud over the family lineage; and she and her sister never meet. The appearance of the one anywhere is always preceded by the departure of the other. A mutual interest soon develops between the girl, Miss Vivian, and a man much older than herself. She is under instructions for confirmation by a worthy clergyman, who becomes alarmed at the worldly society into which her new admirer leads her. He eventually falls in love with her himself. Certain neurasthenic or hysterical symptoms indicate that her constitution is not quite normal. An attack of illness supervenes, during which she falls under the care of a distinguished scientific medical man, who is acquainted with her and her family. He has her removed elsewhere, and, with the approval of her father, refuses to reveal her whereabouts.

Before she goes, Mr. Barton, the clergyman, asks her to marry him, and receives, he believes, a favorable answer. When Miss Vivian has departed, her sister, or half-sister, Miss Wynn appears on the scene. Though very much alike in external appearances, the newcomer, morally and religiously, is the antithesis of her religious, correct, ladylike sister. She is from the first a complete tomboy, and soon behaves in a very indecorous fashion. As Dr. Thistlewood, the friend of the family, ultimately discloses, her past is unmentionable. She departs and Miss Vivian returns. Then Mr. Barton presses his suit on the latter. Thistlewood intervenes by revealing to Barton the tragic secret that the two sisters are not two but one—a case of double or dissociated personality. Mr. Mallock discusses, through the medium of his characters, this psychological question, from the "scientific" and the religious point of view. He has taken his cue from such works as that of Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston, on the case of Miss Beauchamp. Incidentally he introduces into the controversy the views expressed on subconsciousness and double personality by Father Maher, S.J., in his "Psychology," relative to the case of Felida; and makes the scientist's claim that another famous case exhibited the precise characteristics on the absence of which, in Felida's, Father Maher relies to brush away the theory that, in

such cases, personal identity ceases to exist. From the novelist's standpoint Mr. Mallock's book is a clever piece of work, full of action, sparkling dialogue, and vivid pictures of character and manners. He manages the mystification element dramatically enough to make the story not a bad second to *Jekyll and Hyde;* and describes powerfully the struggle that Barton passes through when he finds out the secret. From the philosophical point of view his close is rather impotent; and he does not squarely raise the issue which is involved in the problem of these abnormal phenomena, that is, not immortality but responsibility.

IMMORTALITY.
By E. E. Fournier D'Albe.

If the widespread interest centered for some time past on the investigation of subconsciousness, telepathy, hypnotism, and spiritism has done nothing else, it has certainly assisted in completing the rout of the materialism of the nineteenth century. We can scarcely imagine a graduate in science of the London University coming forth in the days when Huxley was in his zenith, to offer, in the name of physical science, any theory in support of the immortality of the soul; or to claim that the phenomena of spiritism—real or alleged—contributed to confirm that doctrine. To-day we find all this is changed; and men of science, like Lodge, Crookes, and Russell Wallace, not to mention many minor names, in physical research, see, in abnormal psychological phenomena, strong evidence of immortality. The latest contributor to this line of speculation, Mr. Fournier D'Albe, attempts to weld into a synthetic whole some arguments based on physics and physiology, with others drawn from spiritism, to prove the existence of the life beyond.*

Any discussion of his speculations and theories on the nature of the soul, which he holds to be a substance of some sublimated quasi-material stuff, cannot be entered upon here for want of space. Suffice it to say, that the scholastic will find himself muttering repeatedly an uncompromising *Nego Majorem*, or *Nego Conclusionem*, though he cannot fail to be interested at the ingenuity of some of the speculations. In the latter part of the book, dealing with spiritistic phenomena, the writer cites a number of the best known and most discussed cases;

New Light on Immortality. By E. E. Fournier D'Albe, B.Sc., London, M.R.I.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

and follows the beaten track of theory as to their nature. He outruns his more cautious scientific brethren, by admitting that some of the alleged messages from the dead have been of a character to establish the identity of the correspondent.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Our interest in reading a book written by a foreigner about America lies, as a rule—to which the exceptions are a De Tocqueville, a Bryce, and very few others—in what it tells us about himself. Perhaps, too, we are curious to know just what kind of photographs of ourselves are circulated abroad. To estimate fairly this handsome book before us,* we must not take its ambitious title literally; but, instead, interpret it according to the definition given of its scope by the author in his introductory remarks. He declares he does not pretend to have written a book about America. His purpose was merely to mark some characteristics, not material, but mental and psychological, of American life.

The volume reveals the author as a modest, cultured, kindly gentleman, with fair powers of observation, who considers the things of the mind rather than material assets, as the genuine index of a people's rank. He has seen, during his several visits to the United States, something of New York, Washington, Boston, Chicago, and Pittsburg. He has been in the slums and in the drawing rooms. And he has supplemented his personal observation by extensive reading. He is not a fault-finder; and, in general, regarded the country with friendly eyes. What has struck him most in the national character is the great will-power, enterprise, and exhaustless energy of the people. The tribute of statistics to American greatness, which he cites on various points, has value for him, not because they show the riches of the country, but because they testify to the quality of the people who have produced the wealth. He treats of alien immigration; the conditions of labor; educational system; the negro question; the intellectual status; American art and literature; and, of course, that conspicuous figure of American life, Theodore Roosevelt, at whose inauguration the Count assisted.

The author is still old-fashioned enough to consider Boston

* *The Inner Life of the United States.* By Monsignor Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod. New York: E. P. Dutton.

the intellectual capital of the country; and the New England woman the most attractive feminine type in America. He protests against the widely disseminated idea that the American woman is flighty and frivolous, no real helpmate for her husband, but rather an expensive doll. His chapters on art and literature show an extensive acquaintance with our native authors of the past, and with the achievements of American painters; but he has a very poor opinion of the American connoisseur. "To gauge American taste in art we must not only go to the public galleries, but also to the private collections of the wealthy, and to the numerous sales. At these latter one is surprised and puzzled at the extraordinary medley of trashy daubs and real masterpieces. Who can say which of these causes more pleasure to the purchaser? Or is he, perhaps, indifferent at heart to both, and finds his sole pleasure in the consciousness of possession?"

The Monsignor's observations on religious conditions are disappointingly superficial. He dwells on the respect shown by all classes for the Catholic hierarchy, and on the recognition which the Church receives as a powerful engine for social well-being. On this subject, as on other topics, unlike some foreigners who have told the world all about America after a six weeks' stay in the country, he shows himself independent of prejudice and prepossessions. If his appreciations are not quite correct—and this is the case in many instances—the errors arise from hasty generalizations, in which special conditions in some places, or among some classes, are taken as typical. In many instances, too, he has not thoroughly digested his information. For instance—to take one illustration from the realm of ideas, and another from the world of fact—he confounds the Monroe Doctrine with Anti-imperialism, and he fancies that Tuxedo and Lenox are watering places. Again he pays the Irish the undeserved tribute of believing that they form sixty per cent of the population in the most flourishing sections of the agricultural districts. But whatever favor he may win by this statement in the eyes of Irish sympathizers, will be lost when they read that the low grog shops among the cities around New York, are the haunts of "Anarchy, *Fenianism*, and all kinds of doctrines which inculcate the destruction of the existing order." Frequently, too, we meet with some misinterpretations of facts and mistaken estimates of proportions. When, however, the Count confines

himself to registering his own personal observations he is accurate. A charming trait which the book modestly reveals is his deep interest in his poor fellow-countrymen, the Hungarians, here, among whom, aristocrat and prelate though he is, he spent a good deal of laborious time.

THE ANTI-RELIGIOUS PRESS IN FRANCE.

The appalling rapidity with which irreligion has, of late years, spread in France has, according to the admission of both parties concerned, been due to a section of the French press which openly professes the destruction of religious belief to be its sole purpose. This is clear. A debatable question, however, is whether the secular press in general, is or is not, in France at least, animated by anti-religious principles, so that it, too, pursues a policy of hostility to the Catholic Church. That this is the case is the view supported in an able volume,* written by a Catholic priest, who unfolds, in the course of his thesis a vast quantity of information regarding French journalists and publicists, which, apart from the issue of the question at stake, makes very interesting reading. The French press, M. Delfour maintains, is not free; it is enslaved to the capitalists who dictate its policy; and the dictated policy, M. Delfour, for reasons which are more or less convincing, declares to be hostility to the Church. Catholics, he proceeds to show, allow themselves to be intimidated by the anti-Catholic press, which insidiously promotes the tendency to dethrone in the intellectual world French Catholic ideas and to substitute for them German-Protestant culture—witness the abdication of M. Loisy in favor of M. Sabatier. He studies, successively, various types of enemies—declared adversaries, like M. Ranc, the collaborateurs of *Le Matin* and of *Le Progrès de Lyon*, and Anatole France; moderates, like P. Sabatier, M. M. P., of the *Journal des Dèbats*, and M. Faguet.

Analyzing the secret of the force of the hostile press, he finds it to lie chiefly in its uncompromising policy, its riches, its superiority in the methods of attack; while, for the most part, the Catholic press fears to be *intransigeante*. The French press, M. Delfour argues, is a tributary of the foreign press; and the press of the world on French religious affairs—such,

* *La Presse Contre L'Église*. Par L. C. Delfour. Paris: Lethielleux.

for instance, as the rupture of the Concordat and the Dreyfus case—utters an identical note, which is always anti-Catholic. Americans will hardly be convinced that this opinion is true. Perhaps M. Delfour has not perceived the bearing on this view of the fact that he mentions, namely, that, in its reproductions from the foreign press, French journals carefully exclude everything that manifests sympathy with French Catholicism. And one fears that M. Delfour's conviction is much stronger than the arguments he offers for it, when he declares that the press of London, Vienna, Paris, and New York form a single orchestra which follows faithfully the baton of the official director of the German press, wielded in the Wilhelmstrasse. However, after making all allowance for the exaggerations, this book draws a convincing picture of the evil. The depression produced is not mitigated when one finds that the author offers very little suggestion as to how the enemy is to be met.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE UNBELIEVER.

What is an *Incroyant*—a term which we may translate by unbeliever? Can we formulate a definition in scholastic form, constituted by the proximate genus, and the specific difference? M. Moisant says, "No." The psychology of the unbeliever offers no uniform characteristic feature, chiefly because in the first place the external circumstances amid which he develops vary; and, secondly, he is not a fatal result of heredity, of education, or of example. Instead of formulating a definition of the class, M. Moisant presents it and studies it in three different types—the mocker, the positivist, and the intellectual, represented respectively by Voltaire, Comte, and Renouvier, the anti-clerical philosopher. Although M. Moisant's purpose is to draw the psychology of the man rather than to criticize his doctrines, yet, as the man is to be studied in his writings, M. Moisant's book* is a critique of ideas, doctrines, and methods. It is a brief, keen analysis, exhibiting the main characteristics of the three philosophers, which does not hesitate to contradict conventional and traditional estimates. For instance, of Voltaire M. Moissant says: "It is agreed that Voltaire is the personification of wit and mockery. But we know now that he represents discouragement and spite. In appearance an *esprit fort*, he is, in reality, a feeble

* *Psychologie de l'Incroyant.* Par X. Moisant. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie.

soul." Comte he represents as the type of the constructive unbeliever who plays two parts: he would destroy Catholicism, and then he would provide a substitute; while Renouvier is a blend of the Huguenot and the Platonician. To these exemplars M. Moisant believes, in variable proportions, all unbelievers may be reduced.

SAXON CATHOLICISM.

The latest volume of the series published by the *Bibliothèque de l'Enseignment d'Histoire Ecclesiastique*, an enterprise inspired by the suggestions of Leo XIII., realizes the ideal inculcated by him to its initiators, Cardinals Luca, Pitra, and Hergenroether. Dom Cabrol's study * on the Saxon Church is "history in harmony with the criticism of today." The writer seeks causes and forces beneath the surface of events, and sums up the results of his analytical processes in comprehensive generalizations. One of the most interesting chapters is that devoted to a comparison and a contrast of the Celtic and the Roman Monks, which were two very different types that did not fuse together harmoniously. The Anglo-Saxon Church, as Dom Cabrol pictures it, can show no great literary glories like those of Africa, Cæsarea, Jerusalem, or Rome; nor has it any system of philosophy or any great thinker who impressed a movement upon Christian thought, as have the Churches of Gaul or Spain. On the other hand, however, it possessed a large number of men gifted with a talent for initiation and organization in practical life, who built up firm and strong the edifice of religion. This Church, too, Dom Cabrol shows, stands pre-eminent for its development of the monastic system.

> Celtic and Anglo-Saxon cloisters produced marvels of sanctity, and won for England, for ages, the title of Island of Saints. We do not mean to speak of the Celtic Church in Great Britain, the fecundity and originality of which we have spoken of, but to confine ourselves to the Saxon Church—what works accomplished does it show; what zeal for study; what progress in the arts of calligraphy, illumination, and architecture; what influence exerted by its missionaries and masters; what a spirit of initiative and proselytism; what great

* *L'Angleterre Chrétienne Avant les Normands.* Par Dom Fernand Cabrol. Paris: Lecoffre, Gabalda et Cie.

and strong institutions; what conquests over barbarism and paganism!

The volume is enriched with a number of valuable notes and a well composed bibliography.

GLIMPSES OF GREECE.

Will the author of *Helladian Vistas*,* pardon us for referring to his entertaining volume by a less resonent designation? Doctor Don Daniel Quinn, who, after some years spent as professor of ancient Greek in America, resided for a long period in Athens, where he was rector of the Lœonteion, contributed, during and after his residence there, many papers on Grecian topics, ancient and modern, to several of our magazines. A number of these papers are now printed in a volume which, notwithstanding the baldness of its style, is very entertaining reading. Familiar with classic Greece and intimately acquainted with the modern country and its inhabitants, Dr. Quinn brings forth from his storehouse, in popular form, a bounteous supply of things new and old. The book may be obtained from the author.

BUDDHISM AND IMMORTALITY.

The Ingersoll Lecturer for 1908 took for his subject the exposition of the Buddhist idea of Nirvana.† This lectureship was founded at Harvard university by a Miss Ingersoll, who devised a sum of money for the establishment of an annual lecture on the immortality of man. Mr. Bigelow opens his subject with an analysis of consciousness; and, following a prevalent school of psychology, makes the ego consist in states of consciousness. The result of asking us to conceive states without a subject to which these states are attributable is to render his ideas very confused and confusing; and we are not much helped to an understanding of the Buddhist idea of Nirvana when he makes it identical with "limitless conscience unified by limitless will"—another instance of how we allow ourselves to be cheated by abstract terms and abstractions. If, for the idea "conscious-

* *Helladian Vistas*. By Don Daniel Quinn, Ph.D. The Author,' Yellow Springs, Ohio.

† *Buddhism and Immortality*. By William Sturgis Bigelow. New York and Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

ness," which does not exist in general, but as an individual, Mr. Bigelow were to substitute the concrete term "conscious beings" he would find it necessary to recast his views.

PATROLOGY

This little volume* should be of great service to all students of patrology. It is a work which is intended to serve as an antidote to the uncritical notes Bishop Coxe added to the American edition of the Ante-Nicene Fathers. Some of the more flagrant errors into which partisan feeling led the bishop are here corrected by Father Dolan. He shows, for example, that there was truly a recognition of the authority of the Roman See by the Corinthians in 96 A. D. Father Dolan gives the traditional interpretation to the texts in Ignatius, Irenæus, Tertullian, Cyprian, and others concerning the Roman Supremacy. In regard to the Cyprianic testimony it might be noted that a few texts here and there do not explain the attitude of the Carthaginian Bishop in regard to Rome. As Duchesne says: "Cyprian expresses himself in terms of great respect for Rome, but at the same time furnishes the example of a decidedly clear manifestation of autonomy." (*Catholic University Bulletin*, October, 1904.) Nevertheless, this presentation of the controversy will do great good. It is to be regretted that not unfrequently the writer permits himself to refer to Bishop Coxe in a strain of acerbity which were better absent in one who writes as a defender of her who "presides over the congregation of charity."

ROADS TO ROME.

A third edition of *Roads to Rome*† has just appeared. The only change it exhibits from the original is that the few anonymous papers which the first edition contained have been omitted here, and the editor has added a second introduction commenting upon the criticisms which the first volume provoked; and offered an explanation of the purpose which he had in view in planning the work. He has gathered a number of criticisms from English Protestant publications which are significant from the contrary views they ex-

* *The See of Peter and the Voice of Antiquity.* By Rev. Thomas S. Dolan. St. Louis B. Herder.

† *Roads to Rome.* By J. Godfrey Raupert. St. Louis: B. Herder.

press and the contradictory character of the faults and merits which they ascribe to it. For instance, one critic declares the book to be "sad reading and controversy of the baser sort." Another says that "some of the arguments are so paltry that one hardly knows whether to congratulate the one Church on losing such weaklings, or to condole with the other on gaining them." On the other hand, a third critic says that "not the least of the merits of the book is its good taste, that all sects can read it without being hurt by coarseness or repelled by ungenerosity"; and a fourth writes that "there is much that is very attractive and beautiful in these pages, that the honest profession of a number of eager souls who have sought the light, and, as they believe, found the light, is intensely touching, and that, if read with charity and allowance, these papers may enable Englishmen to understand the modern English Romanist, especially the Romanist by conversion, better; neither to fear nor dislike, much less to despise him, but to understand and appreciate more kindly what he is, and how he has come to be what he is." This particular criticism, which may be taken as representative of a widespread sentiment towards the book, must have been extremely gratifying to the editor who conceived the project of publishing such a work. For one of his main motives was to combat the tendency of non-Catholics of a certain temper who grossly misrepresent and misinterpret the motives of any one who joins the Catholic Church.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORKMAN.

In this interesting book* Father Guitart gives the history of the relations between Labor and the Catholic Church. Beginning with the teaching of Christ, and coming down to the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII., he shows how important a factor in the regeneration and present civilization of the world has been the Christian conception of the dignity of labor, not so much for the material results, as for the part it plays in the development of the Christian life. The contempt of manual work and the utter disregard of the rights of the workman which characterized Paganism, yielded to the influence

* *La Iglesia y el Obrero: The Church and the Workman.* By Ernesto Guitart, S.J. Barcelona, Spain: Gustavo Gili.

of a religion that taught that slave and master were equal before God and that to labor was to pray.

The Rule of St. Benedict, in which the necessity and advantages of manual work are given a prominent place, and the example of that saint and of his spiritual descendants in ages of social degradation, effected an amount of good that can scarcely be over-estimated.

The Church stands out through the ages as the steady friend and protector of the workman, when he most needed help—her support was given to the Guilds, and aided largely in their formation and in extending their influence. These powerful corporations, during the long period of their prosperity, not only guarded the material interests of their members, but were centers of faith and religious practices.

In the chapter on slavery some facts are omitted which it would be more correct to state. For instance, Las Casas is extolled as a man in advance of his age in his strong opposition to slavery. That he devoted his life and energies to the hopeless task of shielding the Indian from the avarice and cruelty of the conquerors is true; but, by a singular inconsistency, while doing everything possible to secure their freedom, he advocated negro slavery and was instrumental in the promotion of that nefarious trade. His opinions on this subject were shared by most of his contemporaries, and we have no desire to besmirch an unselfish and heroic character, but he cannot justly be held up as a champion of freedom.

LAS RELIGIOSAS.

This work* is a clear exposition of the Canon Law that deals with the life and government of female religious communities. The whole matter is comprised under five different heads: Confessors; The Account of Conscience; The Cloister; Vows; Election of Superiors. This treatise is written in the same direct, plain, methodical way as the author's book on *Betrothal and Marriage*. It is a book of great practical value, not only to nuns themselves but also to their spiritual guides.

* *Las Religiosas, Comentarios Canónico-Morales.* Por el R. P. Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. Tercerá edición. Madrid: Administración de Razon y Fe.

THE NEW MARRIAGE LAWS.

This commentary on the present-day marriage laws of the Church* well deserves the warm welcome it has received. It is clear, simple, direct, cogent. The meaning and force of the new laws are brought into relief by contrasting them with the laws that are now mere history. Every intricate question is carefully analyzed, and each one of its component elements taken up in turn, so that there is no room left for doubt as to the author's opinion. The value of his judgment in debatable points is evidenced by the fact that the Sacred Congregation of the Council has repeatedly confirmed his conclusions by its decisions. This edition is considerably larger than its predecessor, containing not only the most recent pronouncements of the Congregation that deals with these matters, but also practical applications of these laws to difficulties advanced by various readers. The work is well-filled with references to standard authorities and is well-indexed. An alphabetical table of contents, however, would be a welcome addition.

* *Los Espousales y el Matrimonio.* Por el R. P. Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. Madrid: Administración de Razon y Fe.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (19 Dec.): Reports that "The Eight Hours Coal Miners Bill" was read a third time, also a Bill prohibiting children from entering public houses.——"A Penalty for Mass Going" in France gives a case where five officers of the garrison of Laon attended Mass and heard a sermon. No charge was brought against the preacher, but the colonel was deprived of his command and the other officers transferred to other regiments.——Under the heading "The Declaration of the Sovereign" a correspondence has appeared in *The Times* on the oath taken by Roman Catholic Bishops in England against heretics *pro posse persequar et impugnabo* where the word *persequar* is translated *I will persecute.* Needless to say, these words have been omitted, by the sanction of the Holy See, for the last ninety years, as pointed out by the Archbishop.——In connection with the beatification of the "Venerable Joan of Arc," the Sacred Congregation of Rites has promulgated the decree *Tuto.* The ceremony of beatification is fixed for next May.

(26 Dec.): "Conditions in India," which are evidently serious, received attention when Lord Morley sketched the plan of his proposed reforms, which did not include the blowing of disturbers from the mouths of guns.——Mr. Lloyd George, in his Liverpool speech, pointed out the advantages of "Free-Trade." Providence, he said, "intended" it. He drew a picture of the fate of the Christmas plum-pudding if Tariff Reform carried the day.——The death is reported of the "Mother-General of the Sisters of Nazareth," Margaret Mary Owen, a Mother in Israel.——Attention is drawn by a correspondent to "A New Departure." It consists in the introduction of the Paulist system of a Question Box at the entrance to the Church on Sunday evenings.——Another champion of "The Maid of Orleans" has appeared in the person of Mr. Andrew Lang, who has entered the lists against M. Anatole France and disposed of his naturalistic explanations.

The Month (Dec.): "What Sort of Neutrality?" by the Rev. S. F. Smith, is an analysis of the scheme presented by the French deputies at the recent International Moral Education Congress. It is nothing less, the writer says, than a deliberate plan to use the State schools for the purpose of rooting out all religious belief from the people.——"Dr. Gairdner on Lollardy," by Father Thurston, is an appreciative article on the work of the octogenarian historian, who, in dealing with the suppression of the English monasteries, substantially endorses Abbot Gasquet's conclusions, which had been so violently assailed.——Another noteworthy article is the concluding portion of the Rev. C. C. Martindale's account of "The Religion of Mithra," which tends to show that some of these old religions may be a source of new dangers in our own day.——"Social Work After Leaving School" asks the question, in view of the growth of Socialistic ideas, What are our Catholic laity doing? If England is to be won to the faith, the people must see Christ moving among the multitude, in the person not only of His priests, but of Catholic men and women whose watchword is service.

The Expository Times (Jan.): "The Bearing of Criticism Upon the Gospel History," by Professor Sanday, is an account of the controversy raging around the Fourth Gospel. Allowance must be made, the writer thinks, for the "personal equation," as many of the critics on the negative side take hold of the Gospel by the wrong end, especially when they charge that the author of it was utterly indifferent to historical reality, and, moreover, was not an eye-witness to the facts of which he wrote.——"The Hour of the Crucifixion" tries to reconcile the difference in the time as stated by St. Mark and St. John. The former is accepted as being correct.

The Hibbert Journal (Jan.): "Some Recent Investigations by the Society for Psychical Research," by the Right Hon. Gerald W. Balfour, deals more particularly with the subject of automatic writing and the phenomena now known as "cross-correspondence."——Following on the same line is an article by John W. Graham, entitled: "Messages From the Dead and Their Significance." It

refers to the work of Frederic Myers, who, although dead, claims that he is much more alive than when here on earth, and demonstrates this by a stream of messages from the other world.——"Psychotherapeutics and Religion," by Dr. Marshall, of New York, analyzes the mental and psychic forces back of Christian Science and the Emmanuel Movement in Boston. A conclusion arrived at is that in a certain class of diseases collaboration between the physician and the religious leader may be of great value.——The Rev. J. W. Barton, on "Church Missions as Affected by Liberal Theology," claims that what is needed in the Foreign Field is a more rational and intelligent method of imparting Christian doctrine to the heathen.——Professor James, in "The Doctrine of the Earth-Soul and of Beings Intermediate between God and Man," exposes the philosophy of Fechner, and at the same time the thinness of American Transcendentalism.——Other articles are by Miss Vida Scudder, on "The Social Conscience of the Future."——By the Right Rev. E. Mercer, "Is the Old Testament a Suitable Basis for Moral Instruction?"——By Lewis Farnell, on "The Cult of Ancestors and Heroes."

The International (Dec.): In "Evolution of the Principles of Punishment," Dr. Broda advocates prevention as being better than cure. Impulsive crime he claims is largely due to drink and to the lack of the refinements of education.——"The Prohibition of Absinthe in Switzerland" tells how the long warfare against the manufacture of the "green peril" has been brought to a successful conclusion. The new law will come into force July, 1910.——Lajpat Raj, in "The Indian Problem," gives an account of the political *impasse* in India, brought about largely by the policy of Imperial aggressiveness. Self-government is the cry. There is hardly a strata of Indian society that is not effected by it.——"Unemployment" shows that neither Free-Trade in England nor protection in the United States means "work for all." There is but one economic remedy for it, and that is to organize industry on a co-operative basis.

The International Journal of Ethics (Jan.): Professor F. Thilly reviews "Friedrich Paulsen's Ethical Work and Influ-

ence." Paulsen's system of ethics was in direct opposition to that of Kant, for while the latter defined acts as good or bad in themselves, Paulsen held that acts are right or wrong according to the effect produced.——J. S. Mackenzie writes of the late Dr. Edward Caird.——"Self-Esteem and the Love of Recognition as Sources of Conduct" is dealt with by H. H. Schroeder.——The article on "The Morals of an Immoralist—Friedrich Nietzsche" is continued.——Other articles are: "The Will to Make-Believe," by Wilbur M. Urban.——"Crime and Social Responsibility," by Carl Heath.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Dec.): "Socialism; its Development and Program," by J. F. Hogan, D.D., is a strong attack upon the principles of scientific Socialism as being utterly opposed to the tenets of Christianity. The right to property is a right that comes from nature and not from law, as Socialists would have us believe. He warns Catholics against adopting the name in their efforts to redress social grievances.——"The Betting Evil," by Rev. J. Kelleher, points out how deeply seated in human nature the evil is. He shows how the purchaser of a lottery ticket is indeed far from getting the value of his money. A picture is given of a race meeting, with the prosperous book-makers on the one hand, certain of success; and on the other, the dupes, backing their fancy, certain in the long run to lose.——"Historical Notes on the 'Adeste Fideles'" goes to prove that there is no trace of the hymn prior to the year 1745. The oldest existing manuscript can be traced to Ireland.——"The Secularization Policy in the German Empire," by Rev. J. MacCaffrey, traces the overthrow of the Catholic strength in Germany to the action of Napoleon after the treaty of Luneville, in 1801, when the ecclesiastical estates were cut up and divided among the lay princes in order to further his own political ambitions.

Le Correspondant (10 Dec.): "Young Turkey and the Balkans," sketches the events leading to the Young Turk Movement.——Commenting on one of the questions brought up, at the First International Educational Congress held in London, G. Fonsegrive, in "The Modern State and Neutral Schools," asks what are the capabilities of France

to give moral instruction in the public schools? He answers that she has none, for according to her policy all opinions should be recognized and tolerated.——H. Bremond introduces us, in his article "Poets of To-day," to a galaxy of French poets.——"The Greatness of Publicity," by Jules Arran, draws attention to the enormous strides made in the business of advertising.

(25 Dec.): Apropos of Bulgaria's reawakening, M. Lamy gives a *résumé* of the reign of "Prince Alexander of Battenberg." His reign may be divided into three periods, and its nature learned from the characteristic note of each period. In the first he was unsuccessful; in the second he was timorous; while in the third he made himself honored and respected.——Abbé Klein continues his articles on "The America of To-morrow." The present one deals with the progress of the Northwest, its railroads and cities, and includes an account of a trip to Alaska.——"The Education of Blind Deaf Mutes." Helen Keller aud Marie Heurtin are the subjects of a paper by M. Gaston Paris. Marvels have been accomplished by the first, but more marvelous still is the story of the second, who, from being a wild, savage child, grew to be a modest, intellectual woman under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy. Both cases offer arguments for the spirituality of the soul.

Études (5 Dec.): "The University of Paris" on the 17th of March will be a century old. Paul Dudon draws our attention to what the orators at the centenary celebrations should say regarding the university's origin; the motives Napoleon had in founding it; the injustice done to the Church by placing the faculty of theology in other hands than her own, etc.——It was the purpose of the recent congress for "The Study of Religion at Oxford," F. Bouvier thinks, to show that Christianity is but a natural evolution. He summarizes many of the more interesting discussions, and notices at some length the paper of Dr. Eisler, of Vienna, on the Eucharist, and the extemporaneous but none the less convincing refutation of it by Professor Dobschutz, of Strassburg.——"M. J. Turmel and M. E. Portalié again join issue. The former maintains that his point of view was misunderstood.

He was writing history, not theology, in his *History of the Papacy*. On the other hand, M. Portalié urges M. Turmel to come to the point and explain away the identity of his views with those of Herzog–Dupin; to reconcile his views on the angels, original sin, etc., with the teaching of the Church. Both of the participants enter into a discussion of some of the less important points of the controversy.——Pierre Lhaude gives a sketch of "Father Louis Colomba," the Spanish novelist, who has lately been honored by the Spanish Academy. (20 Dec.): "The Knowledge of Faith"—Jules Lebreton criticizes those who hold that we have no personal and direct intuition concerning a mystery of religion.—— "Revolutionary Justice" is practically a summary of two recent works, *Le Tribunal Revolutionnaire*, by M. G. Lenotre, and that of Hector Fleischmann, *La Guillotine en 1793*.——Xavier Moisant writes on "St. Thomas Aquinas as a Psychologist."——Joseph Brucker reviews the recent historical works on the Jesuits.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Dec.): "Christian Humanism," by Imbart de la Tour, shows that the intellectual revolution of the sixteenth century modified not only literary and moral theories, but had also a great effect upon religion. But between the fundamental principle of the Reformation and that of Catholic humanism, there is an essential difference.——The Quietist Elements in "The Theodicy of Fénelon" are dealt with by M. J. Rivière. Notwithstanding Fénelon's many contradictions, he held to one essential principle, the absolute freedom of God in regard to His work. He attacks unceasingly the statement that God was obliged to create the most perfect world; to admit that is to confound the world with God and to recognize two infinitely perfects.

La Democratie Chrétienne (Dec.): "The Fundamental Ideas of Social Reform." The writer, M. de Vogelsang, draws attention to the Social Christianity of the Middle Ages, from which we have sadly departed. To-day society is largely individualistic, but Christian social ideas are innate in man and are but sleeping, and wait for some one to rouse them into action.——"Physical and Moral Conditions for the Welfare of the Family" is the report of

a conference by Dr. L. Biérent. Alcoholism, Tuberculosis, and Care of Children are treated under the physical conditions, while Education and the Christian Ideal form the subjects dealt with as necessary moral conditions.——"The Encyclical—*Pascendi*," is a review of the effects produced by the Encyclical and the errors it sought to expose.——"The Spanish Letter" deals with the Social Economic exhibit at the Spanish-French exposition in Saragossa. It included among other things documents showing the growth of Catholic workingmen's societies.——It is with regret we read that with this issue *La Democratie Chrétienne* passes out of existence. The editor, l'Abbé P. Six, draws attention to *La Chronique Sociale*, which is already doing a valuable work in the same field.

Revue Pratique d'Apologetique (1 Dec.): J. Geslin contributes an essay on the two genealogies of our Lord given by Luke and Matthew. It is claimed that the interpretations formerly advanced do not solve the difficulty, therefore a new interpretation is attempted. The problems are solved and the authority of the evangelists safeguarded, according to M. Geslin, by the fact that Luke's genealogy intends to give the genealogy of Him who is Son of David, whereas Matthew intends merely to give a dynastic genealogy of the Messias, the King of Juda.——"Providence and Physical Evil"—an article that is very appropriate at this time on account of recent calamities. The writer, H. Lesetre, maintains that it is blasphemous to impute these physical evils to the Deity. That is the Old Testament idea of God's influence on the world. The Christian conception is that evil is part of this manifestly finite world and is to be endured in preparation for the kingdom of God.

(15 Dec.): "The Beginnings of Christian Apologetics," by J. Lebreton, describes the different meanings borne by the word "Apology" since Plato wrote the apology of Socrates.——"The Catholicism of Erasmus." His entrance into religion was, the writer, G. Planke, claims, an irreparable misfortune. Was he a Protestant? Some reply in the affirmative. The Lutherans claimed him as one of themselves, and called him "our great Erasmus";

but men who had the interests of the Church at heart recognized him as a son faithful and loyal, though perhaps somewhat eccentric and caustic.——Review of L'Abbé Bertrim's classic work on *Lourdes*.

La Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques et La Science Catholique (Dec.): In his "Knowledge of Christ," M. Abbé E. Roupain discusses the errors of those who attribute to Christ ignorance of His office as Messias and Redeemer, and shows that, by the Beatific Vision and unity of personality, the testimony to an indivisible omniscient Person still claims our assent.——Canon Hurault exposes the teaching of William of Champeaux about the Incarnation and the Redemption.——In his "Chronology of our Lord," Xavier Levrier proves that Quirinus was really in Judæa and in Syria at our Lord's birth, December 25, of the year 745, and that this does not conflict with Tertullian's statement that Sentius Saturninus was he who took the census.——The works of Father Billot, on *Grace and Free Will;* of Father de la Serviere, on *The Theology of Bellarmine;* and of Mgr. Batiffol on *The Primitive Church and Catholicism;* are reviewed at length by M. L'Abbé A. Michel.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (1 Jan.): M. Meschler, S.J., contributes an article on "Jeanne d'Arc,"——O. Zimmermann, S.J., explains, in a paper on "Personality," the variety of meanings in which this term is used in modern literature—and warns against its indiscriminate use, since our most fundamental doctrines of faith require a definite conception of "personality."——H. Muckermann, S.J., writes on "Palæontological Documents and the Problem of the Formation of Species," and shows that all the historical material furnishes hardly anything certain about the great problem of evolution.——C. Blume, S.J., gives a sketch of the history of Hymnody, and points out the reasons for its growth and decay.——J. Bessmer, S.J., in "Religion and Sub-Consciousness," criticizes Professor W. James' teaching that sub-consciousness is the source of religion. James considers in his theory only religious feelings; and purposely neglects religious concepts and ideas.

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 Dec.): "The Ancient Church

of Africa and the Modern Innovators," by Jean Hurabielle, Canon of Algiers, is a comparison between the ancient African Church and the Catholic Church of today, showing that in all essential points of doctrine the former agreed perfectly with the latter.——R. P. At, in "The French Apologists in the Nineteenth Century," gives the biography of Maurice d'Hulst. This apologist had a specially difficult task before him, namely, to give a new presentation of the Church's teaching on ethical principles so severely attacked by those wishing to separate morality from religion.——"Save the Parish," by P. Camillus, is an account of the gradual encroachments of the French Government upon the rights and property of the French Church, beginning with the laws expelling the Religious Orders engaged in teaching.

La Civilta Cattolica (5 Dec.): In "The Work of Pius X.," our attention is called to the first announcement made by his Holiness to the Universal Church that he intended to have no other programme than this, *viz.*, "To restore all things in Christ." How he has gone about this is displayed in the course of an appreciative article which deals with the *Motu Proprio*, the decree *Ne Temere*, and other documents.——"The History of Art in the Schools." A new factor in education has been introduced into the schools of Italy—the cultivation and study of art. It is a singular thing, the writer remarks, that the cultivation of the fine arts should be so neglected in a country which abounds in works of art.——"New Studies on the Question of Pope Liberius" is a continued article. The present chapters deal with the criticisms of G. Rasneur in the *Revue d'Histoire Ecclesiastique* and P. Hurter in the *Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie.*

España y America (1 Dec.): Felipe Robles, extending a former article on grammatical "Case," treats of "The Philosophy of the Verb."——P. M. Vélez attacks the thesis that "the cult of humility and of repentance, which the Christian faith still preserves, is immoral because harmful to the moral progress of humanity," and expounds the true Catholic doctrine as to these virtues.——The fifth installment of "Godoy and his Century" is given by P. Martinez.——P. E. Negrete, in "The Æsthetic Ideas of

St. Augustine," states the saint's classic doctrine of the relation between the senses and the beautiful.——Mr. Taft's election, the production of a Spanish play at Daly's Theater, and the publication of a fifty-five volume history of the Philippine Islands, give P. M. Blanco Garcia occasion for remarks on the reign of mammon and the spread of civilization.——Fray Méliton praises highly the "Black and White" art exhibition.——"Social Antagonisms," a romance, is continued.——P. Miguel Coco treats "Nine Doubtful Points" regarding the application of the decree *Ne Temere.*

Razón y Fe (Dec.): In an article entitled "Free-Masonry in Spain During the War of Independence," A. P. Goyena traces much of the immorality and blasphemy of the time to the lodges established under the influence of Napoleon and his officers.——L. Murillo reviews the various theories purporting to harmonize "The Mosaic and the Laplacean Cosmoganies," and points out flaws in each.——"Is the Liberty of Thought Favorable to Progress?" V. M. Mintegulaga asks and shows how it has been in the sense approved by the Church.——V. Agusti, apropos of Dr. Meyenberg's work on *The Practice of the Pulpit*, finds a remedy for the ineffectiveness of preaching in a return to biblical study and biblical inspiration. "The Annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to the Kingdom of Austro-Hungary," treated by E. Ugarte de Ercilla, is a retrospect and a review of the Treaty of Berlin.——"Twelve Years of Radio-Activity," by Jaime M. del Barrio.——"Scientific and Philosophic Chronicle," by E. U. de Ercilla.

The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and particularly those who have known the magazine for some years, will learn with regret of the death of the Reverend William D. Hughes, priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and Catholic literature in general throughout the United States, will always be greatly indebted to the zealous, capable, and devoted services of Father William Hughes.

Father Hughes was born in New York City in 1856. He was educated at St. Gabriel's School in the same city, and later at St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md. He received his philosophical and theological training at Seton Hall Seminary, South Orange, N. J. He entered the Paulist Community, and was ordained priest in 1882. Shortly afterwards, in 1885, he became manager of THE CATHOLIC WORLD; had entire charge of the equipment of the Paulist printing house in New York; and in all matters that pertained to his position showed exceptional administrative ability and untiring diligence. His work and success are the more noteworthy because, through all his years, he suffered extreme physical pain, such as would have rendered the ordinary man useless as a worker in any active field.

But Father Hughes was more than an ordinary man in his intellectual powers and his moral qualities. All but encyclopædic in his knowledge; wide in his sympathies; incredibly patient in his labors; hopeful and always constructive in his outlook upon the present and the future, sustained through peace and stress by an intensely spiritual zeal, he served THE CATHOLIC WORLD even until the end. Forced by illness to retire from its staff in 1892, he again gave his services to the magazine in 1904, and continued them till some few weeks before his death, January 10, 1909.

May his soul be at rest in the peace of God.

Current Events.

France.

With reference to the question which has overshadowed all others—that of the action taken by Austria in the Balkans—France has given her support to the demand made by all the other Great Powers, with the exception of Germany, that the annexation, involving as it does a breach of the Treaty of Berlin, should be submitted to the discussion of a Conference. She has also acquiesced in the proposal made by Austria to Russia that a discussion in writing should precede the actual holding of the Conference.

A man who wished the restoration of royal power thought well to manifest his contempt of the present *régime* by attempting to pull the President's beard; another individual, who declared himself a strong Republican, but who could not endure the tyranny of the present government, fired shots through the window of M. Clemenceau's room. There does not, however, appear to be any widespread opposition to the present authorities. Elections have just taken place for the renewal of that one-third of the Senate which retires every three years. These elections have resulted in the strengthening of the parties which support the present government. Extremists on both sides failed in their appeal to the electors, the supporters of the restoration of the monarchical form of government having returned only five members. The anarchists and extreme Socialists were equally unsuccessful.

M. Clemenceau has now been in power for more than two years, a period somewhat long for France. It seems probable that he will survive the present Parliament, which comes to an end in the spring of next year. But quite recently differences have arisen in the Cabinet. The question of amnesty for rioters in certain strikes which took place last year, and that of the infliction of capital punishment, have caused divisions. Whether they will lead to an actual split remains to be seen.

The question of Morocco has not attracted much attention of late. Mulai Hafid has taken the place of his brother Abdul Aziz. The latter is to receive a pension and to settle down to the life of a private gentleman. He professes himself quite satisfied with the change. Mulai Hafid has not been formally

recognized; but the prospect is good. The French troops are being gradually withdrawn. There is a large bill, however, to be paid.

Germany.

Germany has had a very difficult question to settle as to which side was to be taken with reference to the annexation of the Turkish Provinces. On the one hand, her commercial interests in Turkey, especially of the Baghdad Railway, rendered it desirable that she should retain the existing Turkish authorities; on the other, the close alliance with Austria, her only absolutely reliable friend, and gratitude for the services rendered at the Algeciras Conference, made it a duty to support the latter power. After some hesitation, the decision to support Austria seems to have been taken, and the two stand alone against the rest of the world.

Prince Bülow has two internal questions on his hands of supreme importance for the existence of his government. These are under the consideration of two Committees appointed during the last session of the Reichstag. The first of these is the question of the limitation of the power of the Kaiser by making ministers more directly responsible to Parliament; the second is the scheme for raising, by taxation, an additional annual sum of one hundred and twenty-five millions. The former will test to the utmost the cohesion of the present supporters of the government, as these are made up, on the one hand, of believers in the divine right of the crown; on the other hand, of supporters of the inalienable right of the people to govern themselves. The second question touches the pockets of every class, and, so far as it touches them, the proposed plans have met with the keenest opposition on all sides. The natural opposition always felt to an increase of taxation is accentuated in the present case by the fact that for a long time there has been a great depression in trade and business, and that the whole system of Imperial finance has broken down. The fact that the "conquest of the air" has been so well begun by Count Zeppelin, while it has mitigated, has not removed the gloom.

The Near East.

The many questions raised by Austria's action are still far from being settled, and it is still by no means certain that war may not yet break out. Whether

a Conference will be held is still in doubt. The refusal of Austria to discuss the one question which was worth discussing —her own lawless action in annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina —has been modified by the proposal made by her and accepted by the Great Powers that a written discussion in advance of the meeting of the Conference should deal with this point. Some are of opinion that this will render a Conference unnecessary; for, on all other questions, argreement has been reached. All are agreed that compensation of some kind or other is due to Turkey, and that this compensation should be made by Bulgaria to Turkey and to the Oriental Railway Company, and by Austria to Turkey. Russia refrains from seeking compensation, or, as perhaps it would be more accurate to say, postpones that question to a more convenient season.

It is the just resentment felt by Servia and Montenegro at the thwarting of their most dearly cherished plans for a greater Servia that most of all imperils the prospects of peace. There is very little doubt that, had these states been stronger, they would have entered upon an armed conflict with Austria. Their weakness has, however, counselled prudence; the other Powers also have made urgent representations, and have informed the representative of Servia that no support would be granted her in the event of war. In every other way, however, they will act to the best of their ability in defence of Servia's interests. We hope that she will not, as has so often been the case, be betrayed.

While little if any regret has been manifested by Austria for the blot which the recent proceedings have made upon her honor, the Turkish boycott of her merchandize has touched her in a more tender spot. This boycott has been very effectual, and has caused Austria to make representations at Constantinople in which she demanded that the government should suppress the boycott, as if such a thing could have been done even in the days when Abdul Hamid ruled despotically. The Austrian Ambassador, it was said, would leave, and it was (we suppose seriously) threatened that Austrian warships should accompany her merchant vessels to enforce the transaction of business. These threats were not carried out, for a compromise was made, Turkey promising to do her best to get the carriers in the employ of the Customs to handle Austrian goods. The Ambassador, consequently, did not depart, and direct nego-

tiations between Turkey and Austria were opened. The principle that compensation was due to Turkey for the loss of the Provinces having been admitted, what that compensation was to be has been under discussion, and this question has, we believe, been settled.

As to Bulgaria, the same principle has been admitted, but the negotiations as to the amount have not yet been brought to a conclusion. The most insistent demands for compensation are made by Servia and Montenegro; but, so far, their claims have not been recognized even in principle. It is still rather more probable than not that war will break out, for Austria has thought it necessary to collect 150,000 troops in the annexed provinces, and many Servians believe that they can force the hand of the Russian government. This they believe because the mass of the Russian people are strongly in favor of war in defence of their fellow Slavs. The New Year has, therefore, opened with dismal prospects.

With the insignificant exception of Monaco, where absolutism and gambling still exist uncontrolled, giving to each other reciprocal protection, the soil of Europe has at last been freed from autocratic rule. Constantinople has been the scene of the assembling of the Turkish Parliament in which deputies from Mecca and Medina sat side by side with the representatives of Jerusalem and Salonika. The house is an assemblage of even a more motley array of races than is the Parliament of Austria—Syrians and Arabians, Armenians and Druses, Turks, Greeks, Bulgarians, Albanians, Kurds. The dignitaries of the Moslem religion united with Christian bishops and Jewish rabbis. The Moslems, however, far outnumber the Christians, and we do not know that there is a single Catholic in the whole assembly.

The Sultan himself opened the Parliament by a speech read by his first Secretary, in which he declared that his resolution to govern the country in conformity to the Law of the Constitution was irrevocable, and called for the divine aid in the task. He deeply regretted that the want of education on the part of the people had rendered it impossible for him to have a Parliament as soon as he had wished; but now, on account of the progress which had been made, the desire of his heart could be gratified. It is to be feared that very few really believed that these were his real sentiments; but all can congratulate

themselves upon the fact that they have become the deep convictions of the majority of the people in the Turkish Empire, and that they have found an efficient means of expression in the Committee of Union and Progress, to whose action the recent change is due. This Committee represents, it is well to remember, not so much the Army as the civil elements of the Empire. It has been organizing the movement for nearly a score of years, and when it became strong enough to take action it was also strong enough to use the army as an instrument to accomplish its purpose.

Its own time of trial is now approaching, and it will soon be seen whether it is true to its own principles. Since the decree was issued by the Sultan for the establishment of the Constitution, the Committee rather than the Ministry has been the real seat of power. But by all constitutional principles the Parliament, where it exists, must be the supreme power. Will the Committee be faithful to these principles and consent to abdicate and to relinquish the powers which it has so wisely used; or will it, with the so common infatuation which the possession of power often brings with it, strive to retain what no longer belongs to it? Upon the choice it makes depends, in the immediate future, the success of the experiment just begun. Every one recognizes the immense difficulties which stand in the way of success. These are so great that many who hope for their being overcome are almost in despair. The corruption springing from despotism has sunk so deep into the very being of the State that hope may well give place to despair. Yet there are not a few who think that the genuine Turk has fine qualities and that all the evils of his rule have been due to bad rulers. Moreover, the effectual way in which Abdul Hamid was deprived of his power, and yet quite without bloodshed, seems to show that there is among them a reserve of political capacity which may justify hopes for the future. At all events, the new Turkish Parliament enters upon its career with the sympathy of all that is best in the world, a sympathy which was expressed by the Parliaments of Austria, Hungary, Italy, Servia, Rumania, and Great Britain, and by the Russian Duma.

Negotiations have been carried on with Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary, with a view to coming to a peaceful settlement of the questions at issue directly between the respective states,

and there is reason to expect that these negotiations will be successful. War, if it breaks out, will not be laid at the door of Turkey.

The Sultan was not satisfied with opening in person the first session of the revived Parliament. He accorded to it an honor which, so far as we know, has but one precedent—that is to say, he invited all its members to a banquet at Yildiz Kiosk. He himself presided, although his speech was read for him by his secretary. In this speech frequent references are made to God and even to His grace. The work of the members is declared to be sacred; while for himself he has devoted his person, with the help of the Almighty, to safeguarding the provisions of the Constitution and to guaranteeing its sacred rights. He declared that he would be the greatest enemy of any one who should act in a contrary sense. Time will show how deep-rooted in the Sultan's mind are these reassuring sentiments. The deputies, however, manifested their high appreciation and were only too lavish in their demonstrations in honor of the ex-autocrat. However, the more peaceful the transition from despotism to law and order can be made the better is it in itself and the more likely is the change to be permanent.

Italy.

The fearful calamity which has befallen Italy may prove a blessing: for it has moved the whole world and every people to heartfelt sympathy with her. Even the Sultan has contributed to the relief of the distressed. It may even be the means of averting a war; for the action of Austria, in annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina, had so alienated the minds of the people that demonstrations had taken place, showing the hostility which had begun to be felt and indicating the revival in strength of the Irredentist movement. The government was placed in a very difficult position; for Italy is still a member of the Triple Alliance, which includes Austria and Germany; and so, although the minds of the people had largely turned against Austria—so much so that it was being commonly said that Italy's friends were not her allies and her allies were not her friends—the government was not free to act in the way in which it doubtless would have wished. The sympathy manifested by the Emperor, Francis Joseph, and many of his peo-

ple for Italy in her misfortune has given another turn to what seemed the probable course of events, and may prevent the dissolution of the Triple Alliance.

The Far East.

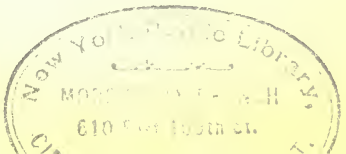
Those who have entertained apprehensions as to the course of events in the Far East will have their fears removed by the formal conclusion of an understanding between this country and Japan. The treaties of Japan with Great Britain, with Russia, and with France had left no door open for complications, except with Germany and with the United States, and of the two, it was with this country that there was the greater reason to expect trouble; for Germany is very unlikely to take action by herself. The understanding is calculated to remove all anxiety, for it declares that it is the policy of the two governments to encourage the free and peaceful continuance of their commerce in the Pacific Ocean, to maintain the existing *status quo* to defend the principle of equal opportunity of all nations in China, mutually to respect the actual possessions of each other, and to support the integrity and independence of China and the open door for the commerce of all nations alike. In the event of the *status quo* being threatened, the two governments propose to consult each other as to what steps should be taken to preserve it from disturbance.

Movements for Self-Government.

One of the most striking features of current events is the demand, more or less powerful, of so many Oriental peoples for a share in the government. Russia, Turkey, Persia, Egypt, India, and to a certain extent China, are more or less agitated by this demand. Although holding large tracts of Europe, the Russian must be considered rather an Oriental than an Occidental form of government, and every one, of course, is familiar with the efforts made of late to secure the reign of law and order and deliverance from arbitrary rule. These efforts have not, indeed, been crowned with that full measure of success that could be wished for. They have not, however, by any means resulted in complete failure. The Third *Duma* is still not only in existence, but it discusses the most important measures, and Ministers of State lay before it for public discussion their plans and projects.

The Budget and Foreign Policy have to undergo its criticism. Turkey, as we have seen, has just entered upon a constitutional career. For Persia the prospects are darker, and it is not easy to learn how far the people are in earnest in their demand for a Parliament. One of the strangest of recent events is the fact that Russia, of all countries in the world, acting—even a more strange conjunction—with England, is enforcing upon the Shah, who perjures himself every alternate week, the duty of keeping his plighted word and of calling the Parliament which he has so often promised. But the outcome is still doubtful. A party in Egypt is loud in its demand that Egyptians should have an effective voice in the government of themselves, and is not satisfied with government, however good it may be, by foreigners. At present there is a legislative Council, but it has very little power. Those who have this desire will undoubtedly obtain what they wish, if they show themselves in earnest, and that they have some degree of capacity for self-government. For this is what has taken place in India. Recent events there have been followed by the grant to its people of a much enlarged degree of power in the government of the country; not with a view, as Lord Morley insisted, of establishing parliamentary government for India as a whole, but for giving to the various localities control of their own affairs. This has been effected by giving to the unofficial element in the Provincial Legislative Councils, of which there are already many, and the number of which is to be largely increased, the controlling majority. India is, consequently, placed in the possession of local self-government. Many in India profess themselves satisfied with the reforms which have been made, others look upon them merely as steps to the attainment of even more.

The list would not be complete if China were left out. The steps which have been taken for the establishment of a Constitution have been referred to in a former number. What they will lead to the readers of current events ten years hence —for that is the time fixed for the introduction of constitutional government—will be able to say. The abrupt dismissal of one of the most prominent reformers because of an affection of his feet, is hardly a step in the right direction.



THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

WE wish to call special attention to the article published in this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD on the sermons of Father John Tauler. The announcement contained in the article of the publication of these sermons in English is of exceptional interest and importance to all English-speaking Catholic peoples. We might add to non-Catholics also, for the work will be of great value even as an addition to English literature. Considering the difficulties of Tauler's original German, the work of translation has been laborious and minute; but it presents to us in our own familiar tongue one of the greatest writers on spiritual subjects of our Church. It must not be supposed that these are "cut and dried" discourses. As will be seen from a reading of the article, they are forceful, direct, inspiring, imaginative exhortations, and stirring appeals that will rouse and help the soul to-day as they helped the thousands who heard the same words directly from the preacher's lips. They deal with our common, everyday tasks; help us in our ordinary duties; and yet teach us how to make these very things steps on the ladder of our spiritual growth and perfection. Tauler's sermons will be of immense service to the beginner, to him whom we might call the ordinary Christian, and of immense service also to him who would aspire to the highest and the most perfect. Such is Tauler's power and such his sympathy that he can stretch his hand down to the simple and the weak, to lead them upward and onwards; such his learning and his spirituality, that through him the "perfect" may be made even "more perfect" still.

The principal aim of this department is to rouse Catholics to the study and the love of good Catholic literature. With emphasis we recommend to every Catholic this work of Tauler's sermons in English which is about to be published. The ability and the fitness of the translator, Father Walter Elliott, need no recommendation from us. We would like to see every Catholic home possess it as one of their "family" books. To priests it will be a treasury of instruction and inspiration, and to all religious a help and a joy.

* * *

A notable article, says the London *Tablet*, to this month's *Contemporary*, is that by Mr. Horace Round upon "A New Anglican Argument." That might seem at first sight as if Mr. Round had brought forward a new argument in defence of Anglicanism. But that is not at all the case. The argument is somebody else's, and Mr. Round comes forth not to propound, but to destroy it. The argument was introduced to the public by the Rev. Dr. Gee, at the recent Church Congress, as a buttress to the theory of Anglican "Continuity." It is known to every one how, at the accession of Queen Elizabeth, the Catholic Bishops of England stood out as one man against the change of religion, and how the last Catholic Convocation solemnly affirmed with its final breath the great Catholic dogmas of Papal Supremacy and Transubstantiation and the binding nature of the vows of the monks and clergy. As a result, out of fifteen diocesan bishops, fourteen were deprived, and the only recalcitrant amongst them was Kitchen, the contemptible Vicar-of-Bray Bishop of Llandaff. The Anglican Church had to be built on a new State-intruded hierarchy, and such a foundation is naturally felt to be

fatal to the plea of Anglican Continuity. It was in defence of this flaw that Dr. Gee discovered and propounded the "new Anglican Argument." It took more or less the shape of an historic parallel and a *Tu quoque*. Dr. Gee maintained that all that Elizabeth had done and more had already been done by William I. at the Norman Conquest. He asserted, not only that William deprived all the English diocesan bishops save one, but that Lingard admits that he did so. He holds that William's action was uncanonical and tyrannous, and anything worse could not be said against that of Elizabeth. In a word, if William's action did not sever continuity at the Conquest, neither did Elizabeth's at the Reformation.

An unhappier attempt at an historical parallel could not easily be imagined. Those who are familiar with the facts of the Conquest will remember that the enterprise was approved in Papal Consistory, that William's banners were blessed by the Pope, that he himself was crowned by Papal Legates, and that the whole settlement of the Church in the new conditions was carried out under Papal sanction, and under the "authority of our Mother the Roman Church." To compare this with the revolt and separation under Elizabeth is, of course, to take up a wildly indefensible position, and to court being blown out of the field by any well-informed writer who might choose to attack it. Mr. Round has a special aptitude for punishing rashness of that kind, and he sets about his task with deadly earnestness, and carries out the process of pulverizing with terrible completeness.

Beginning with the statement that, according to Lingard, William the Conqueror deprived all the English diocesan bishops save one, he shows, in the first place, that Lingard says nothing of the kind. Secondly, he shows that the alleged deprivation is utterly untrue, and quotes the case of quite a number of bishops who retained their sees after the Conquest. Thirdly, he shows that such deprivations as were made, were made not by William, but by the Papal Legates and the church authorities, and that they were neither tyrannous nor uncanonical. Finally, he shows that at the Conquest, doctrinal differences were never for a moment in question, and, consequently, that it is ludicrous to establish a parallel between the Norman Settlement and the Elizabethan Reformation. It will thus be seen that Mr. Round, as usual, does his work with great thoroughness, and that not very much is left of the "New Anglican Argument."

* * *

We were surprised, to say the least, to meet with the following sentence in a review of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's latest work, *Orthodoxy*, contributed by H. W. Garrod, of Oxford, to the January *Hibbert Journal*: "At the same time, I cannot help asking whether it is worth the while of a man of gifts so brilliant and telling as Mr. Chesterton's to write a whole book just in order to pull Mr. G. S. Street's leg?"

* * *

An article contributed by Wilfrid Ward to the *Dublin Review* is a most important appreciation of the arrival of a new prophet—Gilbert K. Chesterton. With regard to Mr. Chesterton's latest work entitled, *Orthodoxy*, Wilfrid Ward writes: "If any one opens it with a predisposition to take what I may call the frivolous view of Mr. Chesterton he will find in skimming its pages plenty to confirm such a view. . . ."

To the adverse critics of *Orthodoxy* Mr. Ward says: "Starting with their assumption—all the brilliant epigrams, with which *Orthodoxy* is packed from start to finish, seem to be extraordinary feats of intellectual agility—the renewal, under nineteenth-century conditions, of the dialectical tournaments of the thirteenth: and in those tournaments it rejoiced a skilled disputant to have to defend what was neither probable nor true, as it gave all the more scope for his ingenuity. To me—this aspect of ingenious paradox appears simply accessory. I regard it partly as a concession, which has become habitual on the part of the writer, to the taste of an age which loves to be amused and hates being bored. It is the administration of intellectual stimulants, or the application to a lethargic and tired and rather morbid world of a tremendous shower bath, in order to brace it and renew its normal activities. The net result, however, of Mr. Chesterton's awakening treatment is not mere stimulating paradox, but, rather, a douche of startling common sense."

The effect that Mr. Chesterton's work had on Mr. Ward's mind "was not to diminish his sense of the difficulties of which, perhaps, Mr. Chesterton in his sense of victory makes too light, but to bring into relief the shallowness of thinkers who have allowed new difficulties in detail to lead to doubts of Christianity itself."

"But it does seem to me to be an attempt in English literature of the hour at doing what a sympathetic spectator from another planet would regard to be one great work of the Church at present—namely, bringing to bear all available guns against a perverse philosophy of life, which is being preached in the name of progress. Such a spectator would, perhaps, say that the Church does not just now show in its action a close or understanding sympathy with modern thought, but rather regards it as, on the whole, taking a wrong direction; that the Church, at this moment, is urging action on the ancient fixed ideal and creed rather than speculation on novel points of view. . . . Many of her representative thinkers, are indeed, keenly alive to the special problems which such advance presents. But, in her official action, the Church emphasizes rather the defects and dangers of modern thought. . . . Our faculties are in danger of losing what they have already grasped and possessed—truth which is substantial and divine—while they pursue shadows—or substances ever retreating among the shadows. To concentrate our main attention on this fact is a one-sided insistence for the age on old aspects of truth which are being forgotten, not a denial of new aspects to be recognized in due time and in due proportion. Such an attitude is undoubtedly reinforced by some of Mr. Chesterton's pages. And it is likely to be as unpopular in many quarters as the Church is ever unpopular with the world."

* * *

Some Roads to Rome, in America, is the title of a new publication by Miss Georgina Pell Curtis. The volume is now on the press and will be ready for the market early in the spring. B. Herder, of St. Louis, is the publisher.

Miss Curtis is also about to begin the compilation of an *American Catholic "Who's Who"*, and would be grateful to those persons sending biographical sketches if they would address such communications to 2919 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill. These articles must be short and comprehensive.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Jesus all Good. By Rev. A. Gallerani, S.J. Pp. 254. Price 50 cents. *The Meaning of the Mass.* By Rev. M. J. Griffith, D.D. Pp. 248. Price $1.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Bartholomew de las Casas. By Francis Augustus MacNutt. Pp. 450. Price $3.50 net.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:

Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings. By Paul Maria Baumgarten. Pp. 200. Price 90 cents.

FUNK & WAGNALL'S COMPANY, New York:

Profit and Loss in Man. By Alphonso A. Hopkins, Ph.D. Pp. 376. Price $1.20.

LOUGHLIN BROTHERS, New York:

Silver Jubilee Celebration. Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for the Protection of Irish Immigrant Girls, New York. 1883-1908. Pp. 46.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Mystical Element of Religion. 2 vols. By Baron Fr. Von Hugel.

R. G. BADGER, THE GORHAM PRESS, Boston, Mass.:

Excalibur. An Arthurian Drama. By Ralph Adams Cram. Pp. 160.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston, Mass.:

The Missioner. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. Pp. 312. Price $1.50.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. By G. E. Whiting. Pp. 40. Price 50 cents. *Chimes of Childhood.* Pp. 48. Price $1.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1907. Vol. II. Pp. IV.-214.

JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.:

Discourses and Sermons for Every Sunday and the Principle Festivals of the Year. By James Cardinal Gibbons. Pp. x.-531.

LOWENTHAL, WOLF & Co., Baltimore, Md.:

A Man Without a Principle? By Retsel Terreve. Pp. 345.

R. & T. WASHBOURNE, LTD., London, England:

The Via Vitæ of St. Benedict. By Dom Bernard Hayes. Pp. xiii.-352.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris, France:

Exposition de la Morale Catholique. Le Vice et le Peche. Par E. Janvier. Pp. 433. Price 4 *frs. Ma Vocation Sociale; Souvenirs de la Fondation de l' Œuvre des Cercles Catholiques d'Ouvriers.* Par le Comte Albert de Mun. Pp. 320. Price 4 *frs.*

G. BEAUCHESNE, Paris, France:

La Foi Catholique. Par H. Lesetre. Pp. x.-497. Price 3 *frs.* 50. *Les Modernistes.* Par le P. Maumus. Pp. xv.-269.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne, Aus.:

The Catholic Church and Medical Science. Daily Communion. The Blessed Eucharist. Pamphlets. Price 1 penny each.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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FOUR CELEBRITIES—BROTHERS BY MARRIAGE.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

IV.—SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

IN writing this fourth article I am confronted with a difficulty which was happily absent in the case of the other three. Hitherto I have dealt with the lives of those who had the happiness to be called into the true Church, but it is difficult, for obvious reasons, to write, so as to interest Catholic readers, of one who spent his life outside the Fold. As, however, this sketch will deal only with the early part of Samuel Wilberforce's career, I am saved from the necessity of referring to those controversies which stirred him to anger and to hatred of that strange figment which, though it had no existence outside his own imagination, he honestly believed to be the Roman Catholic Church.

Samuel Wilberforce, the third son of William Wilberforce, M.P., and of Barbara Spooner, was born at Clapham Common, on September 7, 1805. His father's house was a well-known center of the Evangelical party in those days, and was within easy reach of Mr. Thornton's and Zachary Macaulay's homes. "Holy Clapham" was the nick-name given to the neighborhood by those who derided the piety of the Evangelical school;

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but there was a real truth in it, and the great number of Catholic churches and convents which now exert their influence upon Clapham, may well be God's blessing bestowed upon the place in return for the sincerity and zeal which characterized the men of that day.

William Wilberforce was a busy and active member of Parliament, but the pressure of his public duties did not prevent him from giving the closest attention to his children's welfare, and many hundreds of letters are still extant written by him to his children, amid the distractions of a Parliamentary career. These letters are full of love and tenderness, and full also of the highest spiritual advice and Christian morality. Mr. Wilberforce had a profound mistrust of the influence of public schools, and all his sons were sent to private tutors. Thomas Mozley had some interesting theories, to which I will refer presently, as to the results of this plan upon the brothers, but this was of course in later years when they were at Oxford.

But, quite apart from any schools or tutors, the atmosphere of William Wilberforce's house was such as to instill religious belief and practice into the minds and conduct of his children. Every morning and evening he would hold a kind of service —something more than ordinary family prayers—and he would introduce an eloquent extempore sermon, which, coming from lips so revered, could not fail to exert a powerful influence upon his sons. A story is told in connection with these exercises. It was almost impossible that the servants should be as pious as their master, and an old butler at one time took to absenting himself from prayers, frequently at first, then altogether. William Wilberforce gently inquired why he could not join in family worship. The butler threw himself into an attitude and said that in the Bible he had found written the words: "To your tents, O Israel!" It is related that for once in his life his master was taken aback. Mozley tells us that Henry Wilberforce thought that the reply had something to do with tent beds.

So many outsiders wished to be present at these meetings that Mr. Wilberforce was obliged to limit the number to twenty. Even so there were those who attacked Wilberforce, I suppose on the ground that he was usurping the functions of the clergy. At last a chapel was built, but about that time Wil-

berforce left Highwood, near Mill Hill, and henceforward can scarcely be said to have had a settled home.

We are indebted to Canon Ashwell for the memory of a humorous incident which occurred at the house of one of the private tutors to which Samuel Wilberforce was sent. He was at that time about twelve years of age, and his tutor, the Rev. E. G. Marsh, with his family and a few other pupils, occupied a furnished cottage at Horspath, near Oxford. Samuel had decided likes and dislikes, and he conceived a strong repugnance for his tutor. One day, after a violent quarrel, he demanded to be sent home. The tutor hesitated, whereupon Samuel rushed into the road—the highroad over which some twenty coaches a day were accustomed to run between London and Oxford—and threw himself flat on the ground. He announced his intention of remaining where he was unless he were sent home. Mr. Marsh let him be for a few hours, but at last gave in, and his pupil was sent back to his parents. One room in Mr. Marsh's cottage will probably be known for all times, as it is the scene of the family group of the Newmans—the mother, the two sons, and the daughters—drawn by the celebrated Miss Maria Giberne, afterwards a convert and a nun of the Visitation Order. She was a great friend of Newman, and indeed of all the Tractarians; her tall figure and classical features lent her something of a royal aspect, which earned for her the genial *sobriquet* of the "Queen of Tractaria." She became of the greatest assistance to Newman at the time of the Achilli trial, but "that is another story."

In 1819, when he was about sixteen years old, Samuel was under the care of a tutor named George Hodson, afterwards Canon of Lichfield and Archdeacon of Stafford. A letter written to him at this period by his father is interesting, inasmuch as it expresses the principal objection which the writer had to public schools. One of Samuel's companions had been guilty of a wrong act. It was of such a kind that, in William Wilberforce's judgment, Samuel ought to have reported it at once to Mr. Hodson; but this he had failed to do, and his father, with the utmost tenderness, but with equal sadness, expresses his pain that he had not "told Mr. Hodson, at the first, the wrong proceedings which you knew to be going forward. This is," he continues, "one of the numerous (they are almost innumerable) class of cases in which worldly honor teaches one

lesson and Christian morality another; and the very same principle which, I suppose, led you not to mention to Mr. H—— the misconduct of your schoolfellow, would prompt you, when a man, to obey the laws of honor in fighting duels, or in all the other instances in which the World goes one way and the servants of Christ another. . . . I know that this is often one of the consequences of a youth's being at a great School, especially if his parents are pious, that he has one set of principles and ways of going on in all respects at school and another at home. But it is chiefly for the very purpose of providing against this double system, that pious parents do not like to send their children to Public Schools."

A somewhat similar note is struck by Thomas Mozley in his *Reminiscences:* "One result of a private education on the Wilberforces," he writes, "was their truthfulness"; and he adds that a school large enough to create a social distance between masters and boys "is liable to suffer the growth of conventional forms of truth and conventional dispensations from absolute truth." Very few, he thinks, came out of a public school in those days, without learning the art of lying; and boys who would have shrunk from the idea of lying to a schoolfellow thought nothing of practising it on their natural enemy the schoolmaster. Newman noticed with sorrow that among his public school pupils, in those days, many would not invariably tell the truth, and he used to warn them not to acquire too great an ingenuity in inventing excuses. One of Mr. Hodson's pupils was Albert Way, a son of the famous Mr. Lewis Way. Another was Henry Hoare, afterwards celebrated for the part he took in the revival of Convocation in the Church of England. Samuel used to say that he owed everything to having been in the same class with Hoare, who, at the end of one of the terms, carried off the prize, and once also gave him a severe thrashing. This made Samuel determined that he would never again be beaten by Hoare in an examination, and he there and then set to work and formed such a habit of study and application, that he was never afterwards beaten. As for the thrashing, that too took place but once, for the boys never quarreled again and remained friends in after life.

At Stanstead Park, in Sussex, lived Lewis Way and his family. They were great friends of William Wilberforce, and Samuel, while a pupil of Mr. Hodson, used constantly to spend

his Saturday afternoon and Sunday there. The Sargent family were also frequent visitors at Stanstead. On one occasion Lewis Way took his pupil to visit the Sargents at Graffham Rectory, and here Samuel met his future wife.

The period that elapsed between his school and university life was one which left a very deep, nay probably an indelible impression upon his character and future life. His health was delicate and the air of Barmouth was recommended. Here he spent a summer with his father as his constant companion. A notebook still exists in which the young man recorded his father's conversations, his judgments of men, his views and criticisms upon books, sermons, and events. So close a study of such a man as William Wilberforce could not fail to effect the mind of an affectionate son, more especially at the impressionable age which Samuel had then reached. It is probably true to say that his father's influence during those weeks at Barmouth had its effect later on in preventing Samuel from following his brothers into the school of thought which ultimately led them into the Catholic Church.

Henry Wilberforce never wearied of declaring that Samuel was in no sense a High Churchman. It was the custom to say that he was, and some of his acts may have given color to it. But, paradoxical as it sounds, these acts tended really to disprove the assertion. Samuel viewed the Church of England as comprehensive and capable of accepting nearly every view and nearly every practice short of Popery. This inclusiveness implied some things that were High Church, but it by no means meant that the man who believed in it belonged to the High Church party.* On the contrary, it was incompatible with High Churchmanship as understood by Newman or Keble, and that the future Bishop did by no means see, eye to eye, with them is evident to any reader of his biography. Thus at the close of 1837 he notes in his diary: "Henry's accounts of Froude's *Remains* truly grieve me. They will, I fear, do irreparable injury. He says: 'He seems to hate the Reformers.'" And another entry describes the book as showing an "*amazing* want of Christianity, so far. They [the *Remains*] are Henry Martyn *un*christianized."

* He was orthodox on questions like Baptismal Regeneration (as is shown by the fact that he was opposed to the Gorham Movement), and he voted *against* the Divorce Bill when that iniquitous measure was before the House of Lords.

In 1838, again, we find Newman declining his further contributions to the *British Critic.* "To say frankly what I feel —I am not confident enough in your general approval of the body of opinions which Pusey and myself hold, to consider it advisable that we should co-operate very closely. The land is before us, and each in our own way may, through God's blessing, be useful; but a difference of view, which, whether you meant it or not, has shown itself to others in your sermons before the University, may show itself in your writings also; and, though I feel we ought to bear differences of opinion in matters of detail, and work together in spite of them, it does not seem to me possible at once to *oppose* and to co-operate; and the less intentional your opposition to Pusey on a late occasion, the more impracticable does co-operation appear."

Here at last was the rift in the lute which grew into the vast cleavage between Newman and Samuel Wilberforce. Most true does it seem, as Henry Wilberforce used to maintain, that his brother was not a High Churchman, and that he never lost the early Evangelical training which he had received from his father.

These remarks, of course, are by way of anticipation, but they seem to be called for, and now we may return to the future Bishop's earlier career.

Samuel Wiberforce began his Oxford life in Michaelmas Term, 1823, as a commoner of Oriel College. The Provost at that time was Dr. Copleston. The tutors were Hawkins, afterwards Provost, Endell, Tyler, and Jelf. Among the Fellows were John Keble, John Henry Newman, Edward Bouverie Pusey, and H. Jenkyns. The Froudes and Merivale were among the undergraduates at the time. The Union Debating Society was then in its infancy, and Samuel very soon became a member. Almost immediately he made his mark, and it happened by a mere chance, as it appears, that his second speech obtained a notoriety most unusual in the case of undergraduate utterances. Hook,* the nephew of the famous Theodore Hook, editor of *John Bull*, happened to be on a visit to Oxford and he visited the Union during a debate. The question was the well-worn and now academic dispute between Charles I. and his opponents. Samuel seems in his speech to have taken nei-

* It should be mentioned that in later years there was cordial friendship between S. Wilberforce and Hook.

ther side very decidedly. But Hook, who hated the very name of Wilberforce, sent off an account of the speech to his uncle. It was published in *John Bull*, with comments to the effect that the young Wilberforces might be expected to take part in any revolution or treason.

The article of course was directed, not against Samuel but against William Wilberforce. But the sons were so warmly attached to their father that they probably regarded it as an honor to share in any odium which his enemies might entertain towards him. The confidence between father and sons was unlimited. As Mozley tells us: "he was the joy of their life and the light of their eyes. Visitors have described, as the most beautiful sight they ever witnessed, the four young Wilberforces stretching out their necks, one in advance of the other, to catch every word of the father's conversation, and note every change in his most expressive countenance. On such terms was he with them that a stranger might have thought their love and respect admitted of some improvement by a slight admixture of fear." But surely, if the respect was there, we may suppose that it was their perfect love which banished fear.

Samuel read steadily during his Oxford career, and closed it by taking a First in Mathematics and a Second in Classics. He became a candidate for a Balliol Fellowship in November, 1826, and in the opinion of the University his success was highly probable; but the two vacancies were filled by the election of Francis Newman and Moberly. The Master of Balliol invited him to stand again, but before another vacancy occurred his plans had undergone a momentous change. As far back as 1821, when Samuel was still a boy, he had become attached to Miss Emily Sargent, and the years which had since elapsed had greatly strengthened the attachment. His father was now strongly in favor of the marriage, and the idea was well received by the Sargent family, though they insisted on a little delay. At last it was determined that it should take place in the summer of 1828, and that Samuel should be ordained deacon at Christmas of the same year. On June 11, 1828, accordingly, Samuel Wilberforce and Emily Sargent were married in Lavington Church, the officiating clergyman being the celebrated Charles Simeon. The first few months of his clerical career were passed as curate of Checkendon, near Henley-on-Thames. Its comparative nearness to Oxford was a

great advantage, especially as his brother Robert was still there, as one of the tutors of Oriel. When he had been less than two years at Checkendon, Samuel was offered the rectorship of Brighstone, in the Isle of Wight. Hither he went in June, 1830. His principal parishioners were yeomen farmers who had inherited their properties from father to son from time immemorial. One or two amusing experiences belong to this period. At first some of the Brighstone people were disposed to resent his youthful appearance. "Why, they've sent us a boy," was a remark which a very short experience made the speaker change for: "I thought he was a boy, but I see he's a *man*."

Samuel Wilberforce was fond of relating a conversation between a farmer and himself that occurred when he was visiting the parish immediately after his appointment. "Be you going to keep the meadow (a small one on the glebe) in your own hands?" "Why?" asked the new rector. "Well, parson," replied the farmer, "you see, when the late rector had it he used to cut his grass when I cut mine, and his being only a little piece, in course he gets his up while most of mine be lying about; and then sure enough the very next Sunday he claps on the prayer for rain—so, if you don't mind, I'd like to rent that meadow from you."

Another story illustrates the necessity of defining one's words, especially when speaking to those whose education has led them to attach but one meaning to them. Brighstone had at that time a bad reputation for wrecking and smuggling, and the rector felt it necessary to preach against the latter habit. His sermon was founded upon the text: "Render unto all their dues: *custom to whom custom*, etc." He was anxious to know what effect the sermon had had, and he got a friend to go about the parish to make inquiries among the parishioners. This friend found that the rector's exhortation had been well received, the only objection being that he did not practise what he preached! "How so?" asked Wilberforce's friend. "What has the rector done wrong?" "Why, Sir," was the amazing reply, "you see he told us we ought to give custom to whom custom was due, and yet he doesn't deal in the village, *but buys his things at Newport*."

Wilberforce's sojourn in the Isle of Wight did not interrupt the friendships he had formed at Oxford, and he had visits from Sir George Prevost, Frederick Oakeley, Richard Hurrell Froude,

George Dudley Ryder, Henry Edward Manning, and others. On November 7, 1833, the last named became, through his marriage with Caroline Sargent, a relation as well as a friend. In this year Samuel lost his venerable father, and Mr. Sargent also died at the early age of 52. Thus husband and wife were in sorrow together. The young rector wrote a charming sketch of his father-in-law which is published as an introduction to Mr. Sargent's own biography of Henry Martyn, the celebrated Protestant missionary, and Robert and Samuel compiled a *Life* of their father. It is a monument of filial piety as well as a work of great historical value, but as one of its critics observed, the book does not err on the side of brevity, and Samuel himself probably felt this when, many years later, he brought out a one-volume edition. While he was at Brighstone he also wrote his exquisite allegory entitled *Agathos*.

In 1839 the Rector of Brighstone was appointed Archdeacon of Surrey, a promotion of great importance and one which necessarily brought him more before the public. In May, 1840, he was offered by the University of Oxford the Bampton Lectureship. In informing his brother Robert of this, he writes: "I have trembled and assented. I shall want your help." But the lectures were never delivered, for though during the first two months of 1841, he was busily engaged in their preparation, an event occurred in the March of that year which crushed him to the ground.

On Sunday, December 20, 1840, he preached his last sermon at Brighstone, for he had been offered and had accepted the Rectorship of Alverstoke and the Canonship of Winchester.

On March 10, 1841, his beloved wife, Emily Wilberforce, died. Every year afterwards he remembered and kept the day. All his resignation to God's Will, all his devotion were roused by the poignancy of this grief. His private diary reveals the utter desolation of his soul at the moment of his agony. On the day itself he writes: "A day of unknown agony to me. Every feeling stunned. Paroxysms of convulsive anguish and no power of looking up through the darkness which had settled on my soul. March 11. In some degree, yet but little, able to look to God, as the smiter of my soul, for my healing. Oh, may HE enable me to lead a life more devoted to His glory and my Master's work. May the utter darkening of my life, which never can be dispelled, kill in me all my ambitious

desires and earthly purposes, my love of money and power and place, and make me bow meekly to Christ's yoke."

And the diary for Wednesday, the 17th, the day of the funeral at Lavington, contains the following graphic words: "The gaslight, one only, in the damp, dark morning; the Cathedral* in still majesty; muffled tread, hollow voices; strange men bearing that beloved form from my door, and her mother and her husband seeing the hearse drive off with all that made life an earthly Paradise to me."

Each year, as the 10th of March came, his diary shows how fresh the grief remained. In 1853 he writes: "Woke early, with all the events of this day twelve years as fresh as yesterday before me. My vain hope that she slept. The heavier and more labored sleep. The dews of death." And in 1861, he writes: "My sweet one at rest. My own keeping through all these years. Oh, if my sins had not forced the enduring chastisement of this day, my life had been too bright for earth." On March 10, 1864, his diary records the events of a full and busy day, and yet the entry ends thus: "All my thoughts all day in the Close House at Winchester, 1841, seemed yesterday."

For over thirty-two years he mourned her who had made him so happy a home. Eight years after her death his sorrow found expression in lines which deserve to be better known than they are. These lines, dated "Lavington, February 10, 1849," may be found in Canon Ashwell's biography of Samuel Wilberforce. The Canon describes them as "too tender and too perfect to admit of one word of comment."

This, the heaviest sorrow of his life, did not prevent his carrying on the work which he believed that God had given him. He accepted the grief that made his life "sunless as far as earth goes," from God's hand. "I wish to do my work meekly and cheerfully till I also am called," he writes in the first days of his agony, and that he retained this admirable resignation through the years that followed is abundantly evident, though it was equally clear that his energy and cheerfulness were due to no forgetfulness. When he had been fourteen years a widower we find him writing in his diary of a family gathering at Cuddesdon: "*All* save Herbert and my sainted wife *together*. Oh, how I *long* for her at such times,

* Winchester, where Samuel Wilberforce was living at the time of his wife's death.

and call on her as I lie awake at night to show herself to me, if she may, but once to gladden these weary eyes." "I had loved her from my boyhood. I had thought of her, I am certain, *daily*, at school and at college," he writes to his intimate friend Charles Anderson.

"Herbert," mentioned above, was Samuel Wilberforce's eldest son, a young naval officer, who distinguished himself in the Baltic campaign. In the course of it the seeds of consumption were sowed in him, and he died on February 29, 1856, to the great grief of his family and of all who knew his lovable nature.

The Bishop of Oxford, as Samuel Wilberforce became in 1845, was celebrated as an orator and as one of the hardest working men that ever sat on the Episcopal bench. He had almost as great a reputation for geniality and humor, and many witty retorts have consequently been fathered upon him which he never uttered. It would be impossible in an article of this length to repeat half of those that were genuinely his; and of course many of them need, for full appreciation, the glance of the eye, the tone of the rich and flexible voice, and the impromptu utterance that are lost in print. He possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of passing from one topic to another, giving his whole mind to each, and he could do this equally when one subject was light and playful and the other grave. Moreover, he was able, while conversing with a person in a room where others also were speaking, to listen to what was addressed to himself, and at the same time to gather enough of some other conversation to strike in and contribute to it.

He touched life at so many points that it is very difficult to convey to a reader a full picture of his personality. He had a wonderful love and knowledge of natural history, a subject on which in the midst of a busy life he wrote articles for the *Quarterly Review*. Thomas Mozley tells us that he once heard Wilberforce and a friend "alternately name Pines and Taxodia till they had got over fifty."

Perhaps no one ever traveled as much as he did, for his sermons and speeches were sought for in every part of England. To save time he carried on a portion of his immense correspondence in trains and carriages. He sometimes dated letters thus "Rail," adding the name of the nearest town. On

one occasion a correspondent, who knew neither him nor his ways, addressed a reply to one of the Bishop's letters: "S. Oxon Esqre., Rail, near Reading." The letter was nevertheless delivered, with only the delay of a post or two, at the Bishop's London address.

There are two little studies of character in Mozley's book which are worth quoting. I think the narrator meant them to illustrate the worldly-wisdom of one brother and the guilelessness of the other. I must warn the reader, however, that Mozley's memory shows itself in some parts of his book very inaccurate. I well remember Cardinal Newman saying to me in reference to the *Reminiscences*, then just published: "I have been quite offended with some of the things he has said about your dear father." Rather than say nothing I replied that it was a pity that Mozley had not made further inquiries before writing. "It was not a case of inquiry," returned the Cardinal instantly, "the book professes to be *Reminiscences*." Still I am quite certain that Thomas Mozley retained a warm affection for my father, an affection dating from early days at Oriel and continuing, in spite of my father's conversion, to the end of his life.

The first incident is one which may be true, but it is at least curious that I should never have heard of it until I met with it in Mozley's book. "Many years after, . . . when Henry had gone over to Rome, the two brothers, Samuel and Henry, gave a singular illustration of their respective shares in the wisdom of the world. They made a trip to Paris. Immediately after they had left their hotel to return home, there came an invitation to the Tuileries. It was telegraphed down the line, and brought them back to Paris, where they spent an evening at the Tuileries, and had a long talk with the Emperor. The Archbishop of Amiens was there, and engaged them to a reception at his palace, offering them beds. It was a very grand affair; a splendid suite of rooms, brilliantly lighted, and all the good people of Amiens. The bedchambers and the beds were magnificent. Putting things together, and possibly remembering *Timeo Danaos*, the Anglican bishop came to the conclusion that his bed had probably not been slept in for some time or aired either. So he stretched himself down upon the coverlid in full canonicals, had a good night, and was all the better for it. Henry could not think it possible a Roman Archbishop

would do him a mischief, and fearlessly, or at least hopefully, entered between the sheets. He caught a very bad cold, and was ill for some time after." The next quotation describes the future Bishop's cleverness in gaining his end in a small matter, characteristic no doubt of his ability in larger spheres.

"Henry Wilberforce occasionally went to public meetings, for which he had received the usual circular invitation, and was frequently late. He was sure that, had he been in time, he would have been asked to take part in the proceedings, and as he was never without something to say, he was sorry to find himself in a crowd of listeners, perhaps disappointed listeners. He noticed, however, that his brother Samuel, though quite as liable to be behind time as himself, nevertheless was always on the platform, and always a speaker. How could this be? Samuel explained it straight. He was perfectly sure that he had something to say, that the people would be glad to hear it, and that it would be good for them. He was also quite certain of having some acquaintance on the platform. So immediately on entering the room he scanned the platform, caught somebody's eye, kept his own eye steadily fixed upon his acquaintance, and began a slow movement in advance, never remitted an instant till he found himself on the platform. The people, finding their toes in danger, looked round, and seeing somebody looking hard and pressing onwards, always made way for him. By and by there would be a voice from the platform: 'Please allow Mr. Wilberforce to come this way'; or, 'Please make way for Mr. Wilberforce.' Such a movement demanded, of course, great confidence, not to say self-appreciation, but anybody who is honestly and seriously resolved to do good must sometimes put a little force on circumstances. I should doubt whether Henry ever tried to follow his brother's example."

It has been a common saying that Bishop Wilberforce was merely an ambitious courtier, a diner-out, and a society-loving man. Those who think thus understand nothing of his character. They know nothing of the deep, unostentatious, self-denying piety which lay at the root of his character and formed the mainspring of his conduct. If he was the self-indulgent, worldly man that his enemies depict him, how is it that he was so careful to rise early in all weathers to spend an hour or more in private prayer? How is it that we find him struggling with his faults in the presence of God, and above all accepting

the unspeakable sorrow of his wife's death, because it was his Master's Will? "*I fear being scourged into devotedness,*" he writes in his diary, three years before the blow fell. "Lord, give me a will for Thee. I wish earnestly that I more wished to be as a flame of fire in Thy service, passionless for earth, and impassioned for Thee. . . . I could torture myself almost into madness if HE had not said 'As thy day,' etc."

And on Good Friday, 1835, he writes in his diary: "Read three of Newman's sermons, etc. Read Pusey's tractate on Fasting—am convinced by it, if not of the duty, yet certainly of the expediency of conforming to the rules of the Church on this point. I think it likely to be especially useful to me in three ways: first, in enabling me to *realize* unseen things, one of my special difficulties; second, as likely to help me in prayer, in which I am greatly interrupted by an unbridled indolence; third, in helping me to subdue the body to the spirit, which I think very needful for me. I have also been brought to this conclusion both by seeing in my dearest father's journals his difficulties on this very point, when he set himself to serve GOD in earnest, and comparing it with the mortified and unself-indulgent life he led afterwards. . . . I have, therefore, determined, with God's help, to make a conscience of observing the fasts of the Church. I set myself no exact limits of abstinence, intending only to practise on those days, with a view to self-conquest and humiliation, such self-denial, especially in meats and drinks and the like, as I can do *secretly* and without injury to my health or present exertion. Help me, Lord, to act wisely and humbly in this matter, and as in Thy sight."

Certainly no Catholic can read his life, lamentably Protestant as it is, without feeling what a splendid champion of the Church he would have been if only he had been led into the truth. And one puts down the volume with the sense that, as far as his lights allowed him, he was a sincere, earnest, and loving follower of Jesus Christ.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

THE fitful breeze whipped a strand of hair across the eyes of a woman hoeing in the field. She put it back patiently with a roughened brown hand, took another moment to wipe her forehead on her limp calico sleeve, and went on with her work. She was about twenty-five, though she looked twice those years, and at fifteen, when she married, was the prettiest maid in a wide region of drowsy valley and brooding mountain-side.

Another woman, more than a little older, overlooking the worker indifferently from a hammock on the inn's upper veranda, had retained both tint and contour of girlish freshness. She swayed the hammock, twisting undulating folds of her silken tea-gown about her, and diffusing a delicate suggestion of the lilac and its fragrance.

"Heavens!" she murmured, "how much of this could one survive? Why must Tommy have had scarlet fever and need mountain air and quiet? Children are always doing something tiresome! And the magazine is nothing but tommyrot this month."

It was her favorite periodical, *Swell Swaggerers*, to which she was temporarily disloyal, as she took undoubted pleasure in its weakly vulgar attempts at cleverness. Her listless gaze roamed again afield.

"Won't that woman *ever* go away? If she didn't keep up that maddening digging, one could fancy her a scarecrow with flapping rags and sticks of arms and general grotesqueness. There goes her hair again—why does it tumble down continually?" She must have ejaculated the last aloud, for the landlord who had come to the doorway, answered after a deliberate minute or so.

"Mebbe she ain't got no ha'r-pins. Mis' Flack's a mighty tidy woman, but she's powerful poor."

"So I should judge," said the lady carelessly. "And—you—you hire her for field-work?"

"She ain't a-doin' hit for fun," replied Pick Brattle imperturbably.

His slow, wide-eyed gaze surveyed the heavens above and the peaks beneath, the babbling creek and the rustling corn-rows, the uncouth, weather-beaten drudge in the field, and the graceful woman of the world beside him, and whether in approval or condemnation of these works of the Creator no man might say.

"Flack, now"—he went on after a pause—"he been dead near about two year. She jes woke up an' foun' him thet-away beside her one winter mornin'. Got five little uns—oldest nine. I been a-givin' her a place to sleep"—he indicated a one-room cabin across the pasture—"but it takes hustlin' to feed an' cover six—ef she don't hardly eat nothin' herself. Mighty willin' worker, Mis' Flack—washin', cookin', scrubbin', milkin', hoein'—but I'm afeard she's a-gittin' weakly."

"That is no excuse," declared pretty Mrs. Warenham coldly, "for letting her hair fall down six times in one afternoon."

The finality of this prevented Pick Brattle opening his mouth again if he had so intended; and, after another inspection of the universe, he took himself away unhurriedly.

Upon his departure Mrs. Warenham gave the magazine at her hammock's foot a slight kick. "This is intolerable," she declared, "that I should see another wearisome sunset and eat another dreadful supper with this stupid crew! But for the one advantage in the situation"—secret complacence at this remembrance relaxed the pettish lines of her mouth, which softened further into dimples at the appearance on the veranda of the One Advantage. Tall he was and straight, though plain of feature, and wearing with his tramping suit something of the large kindliness of all outdoors.

"Oh, Egbert," said the caressing voice plaintively, "how could you leave me so long alone?"

"Poor little cousin, it *was* rather selfish to go off fishing without you. It was too far for your small feet, though—"

"In to-day's sun! I should think so! But I forgive you on condition that I hear nothing of mossy nooks or crystal brooks or any other eccentricities of these oppressive mountains."

He laughed tolerantly, his eyes appreciating her sweet looks.

"'As for me,'" he quoted, "'I abhor the beauties of nature.' But your exile should end shortly now, in view of Tommy's weight and color."

"You won't desert us, though, Egbert"—quickly. "Since Tom died I have been lost without a man to guide and counsel me. It was such a godsend your coming back from Egypt just now."

"I am glad to be of use to somebody. But I can't indeed, Grace, dawdle around springs or such places. If I am not to shoot or tramp, I must at least get near some books."

"I am going straight from here to town and its libraries," she protested in sudden heroism, born of a shimmering vision of the Lawson fortune, with incidental feeling of a sort for its owner himself. "And—and Tommy who worships you!" If she did not quite blush, the downcast lashes gave that effect.

"Tommy is a great little chap," remarked his father's cousin absently; "but, hullo! surely that's not the same woman I left hoeing before daybreak—and at it still?"

"Isn't it pitiful?" in such tones of womanly sympathy as Pick Brattle would not have recognized. "Poor thing, all day long toiling, and it showered two or three times, and she must have been drenched and then dried in the broiling sun."

"Dear God!" muttered the man. Once more Mrs. Flack's long coil of black hair unwound itself and she raised her arms to twist it; but this was her final effort for the day and for all time, as swaying she fell among the snapping corn-stalks. Over the balustrade and down a pillar her companion had swarmed before Mrs. Warenham's temperate curiosity was awakened. Then she shrugged her shoulders and went in to dress for the evening. But her blue eyes were sweetly grave when later she asked Egbert Lawson for news of the mountain woman. "She is lying in her cabin—six of them huddling in one room, and the neighbors crowding. Typhoid, the doctor thinks, or overwork, or exposure to the sun, it does not matter—something that kills. The contrast to our lives—it makes one feel guilty somehow—"

"I know"—laying a soft hand of sympathy on his arm. "You told the doctor that you—that I—both of us—"

"Oh, of course; but the futility—"

Fortuitous recollection came to her of a joyous face seen once under an apple-tree, a pretty child's, with black hair and

big gray eyes and rosy cheeks. "I should like to take charge of one of the children," she said gently, "if—if she dies."

"Would you, Grace? How kind; but I knew your heart was as sweet as your face." He was near to such yielding to her beauty and charm for him, as in previous strength he had resisted, when Pick Brattle's comprehensive, disconcerting stare arrived to arrest this moment of Fate. It was, perhaps, well for Mr. Brattle that his charming guest was not Madame de Brinvilliers, for she regarded him in passing out as one might a saliently obnoxious feature in the near landscape.

Shortly after that time Mrs. Flack lay under a beech tree upon the hillside, incessant labor at an end; and her children were dispersed among those who would take them, in valley or village, farm or factory. One, the prettiest, "Minervy" they called her, found herself—dazed by the change—in a luxurious city apartment house. The only one near her who speculated with sympathetic interest on what this amazing revolution could mean to the childish mind was Egbert Lawson.

"Oh," said her Lady Bountiful lightly, when he dropped a word of this wonder," she must realize that she is in clover. Imagine the relief from the corn-bread and bacon—from the society of pigs and chickens and boorish clowns—to *my* servants' quarters and table."

"Stupendous!" he assented. Indeed, meeting the child going in and out after little Tom, he had not failed to admire her appearance in the new Alsatian costume and headdress. If her gray eyes looked a bit wild and confused, the exchange of music of mountain torrents for roar of elevated trains and surging street crowds, of the mountain night's darkness and ineffable hush, broken only by cockcrow now and then, for incessant nocturnal clangor and hum of life might well account.

"Not crying, Minerva?" he asked kindly, surprising once a big tear that welled and fell silently.

"She wants to go barefooted," explained her mistress with some sharpness. "The child should understand the absurdity of such a thing *here*. She must get used to shoes."

"Yessum"; said Minerva, meekly submissive as the cattle of her native pastures, and went out in the pinching shoes after the nurse and little boy.

"She is really a sort of dummy," declared Mrs. Warenham, "with a dummy's own stare. Her 'we-uns' and 'you-uns'

and 'critters' are something impossible; and yesterday I caught her dipping snuff out of a brown paper."

"How about school?" Mr. Lawson asked.

"Oh, if she is to be of the slightest use to me it is in following Tom about and picking up his toys and things. She knows the park well enough now to trust him there with her when I need Dawson's services as maid." Her nerves were a little uncertain these days, owing to his own tardiness, which kept her living and entertaining on a scale somewhat wearing on a limited income. "But for my weakness for him I might be spending the Hardacre millions," she reflected, "and the ancient beau who encumbers them cannot be kept in suspense forever." Then she smiled with enchantment, to which Egbert once more yielded his misgivings.

The torrid August sun, which had helped kill her mother, changed to mellow September and crisp October with a measure of relief for the orphaned waif, whose lungs, used to free air, had gasped for breath sometimes in the much-furnished city rooms. "You look like a freckled fish," Mrs. Warenham had then assured her. It seemed a decided liberty that a dependent should manifest discomfort at temperature which the lady herself found reason for enduring.

Another time she told the trembling Minerva: "I never get angry. It makes ugly lines. But your clumsiness would vex a saint. That is the third piece of bric-a-brac you have broken in a week. If you knock over one thing more with those scrawny elbows, Dawson shall whip you." Promptly there came a crash as the girl, endeavoring to avoid a statuette, ran into a vase. "Take her to your room, Dawson," commanded their mistress. Which order became more frequent, as hope deferred put an edge on the lady's temper, and as the child, in certainty of offending a mistress she dumbly adored, blundered ever more awkwardly.

It was after such an interview with Dawson, stoically endured, that, wandering in the park behind the active Tommy, they came upon Mr. Lawson. While the boy ran to clasp his relative's knees with a comrade's freedom, Egbert noted the growing thinness of Minerva's young cheek, on which freckles now showed through lesser ruddiness.

"Is this as beautiful as your mountains, Minerva?" he asked.

The child's gaze rested on the scarlets and yellows of au-

tumn foliage so like, and the stream of brilliant equipages so unlike, her home, and vainly swallowed at the lump in her throat. "You and Tommy are great friends," said the young man in hasty diversion, "are you not?"

"I—I thinks a powerful sight of Tommy. He's e'enamost our Balsam's bigness, an' they laughs jes as like's two peas. But Mis' Warnum she tole me she didn't want no talk 'bout we-uns at the Ridge."

"Oh, it's all right—to me. I like it. Where is Balsam now?"

The little mountaineer's face kept its tenseness. "I don't hear a mite o' news. Thar's nobody here knows nobody thar. I—I kep a-thinkin' of 'em those hot nights I didn't sleep; but thet's all, for I ain't a-knowin' nothin'. Balsam's jes as cute—" The cool air from the lake blew on the child with a mocking suggestion of the resinous breath of the Ridge Country; her hungry gaze went hopelessly to the far extent of the strange city's roofs and steeples, seeking and finding not; and accumulated homesickness, mounting beyond restraint, betrayed her into sudden sobs. The women of fashion who admired Mr. Lawson, the distinguished explorer, might have stared to see him on a secluded park bench comforting a weeping little figure in Alsatian dress, while a small boy held, wondering, to his coat-tail.

"You will feel better for a good cry," he told her presently. "Now dry your eyes and let us be cheerful." He patted her shoulder, straightened the Alsatian bow, and gave joy to Tommy and her wonted self-control, at least, to Minerva, by a visit to the Zoo.

"We met Cousin Egbert in the park," the little boy said to his mother, "and 'Nervy cwied, and we saw the monkeys."

"Minerva cried?" Mrs. Warenham repeated coldly. She shrugged her graceful shoulders. "Go away," she told the girl, "you begin to be a nuisance. Stay out of my sight all you can." And Minerva went henceforth with an ever oppressive sense of guilt upon her.

"Cold agrees with the youngster," decided Mr. Lawson, later in the season, pinching Tommy's firm cheek. "He looks like an apple set in fur. But Minerva's dress—a credit to your taste, I'm sure—but isn't it a bit light?"

"My dear Egbert, I think you may trust me to take care

of a dependent—especially a child," said his cousin's widow plaintively. And she drew him into the easiest chair and flavored his tea just as he liked it, and talked the while in low, caressing tones, so that, when she presently left the flower-scented room to change her white silk for outdoor dress, he had dismissed his uneasiness about little Minerva with the reflection: "Decidedly I am a meddlesome ass."

On the return of his hostess, in becoming gray velvet and fur, she found him standing by the crackling wood fire absently fingering a mass of blooms. "Mr. Hardacre's violets! Oh, take care! Thank you!" pinning them carefully on her fur. "My venerable escort would not forgive their absence." His hand had touched hers—he took it into his firm grasp: "Grace!" he began impetuously—and the door swung open and a servant announced: "Mr. Hardacre."

As her elderly admirer handed her into his sleigh, "Dine with me to-night," she called to Mr. Lawson. Her eyes sparkled, the sleigh-bells jingled a joyous accompaniment to her hopes of the near future. "Lovelier than your flowers," said Mr. Hardacre fatuously, not knowing that her thoughts were with the tall figure they passed at the park gate.

Meanwhile the two children had been roaming along the remoter footpaths, Tommy the rosier for the frosty air, Minerva blue and pinched from less cold than the little mountaineer had hardily enjoyed in her native wilds.

"Sure ye look sick. Ye'd better get in," advised a genial policeman, who often talked with the pair.

"Mis' Warnum, she said we-uns was to stay out the endurin' mornin'," Minerva repeated dully and parrot-like.

"Well, then, keep a-stirrin' or ye'll get froze."

The children knew from Dawson that they should not go near the water unless she were with them; but, "Me want f'owers," Tommy announced, spying a dash of scarlet holly-berries on the white slope above the lake.

"You kain't go 'longside the pond," said Minerva. Tommy twisted his chubby features preparatory to a howl, and the little girl knew well she dared not take him home tear-stained. "Wait here, then"—hastily—"an' keep plumb still, an' I'll git 'em." She went around the water's edge and up the untrodden snow-hill to the holly-tree.

Tugging at the thorny branches she did not at first perceive the little fellow's attempt to follow her. "Git down, thar!" she cried, "Git down!" and his foot slipped and he rolled on the snow over and over and into the lake. Immediately she fled down the slope, and as he came to the surface plunged in after. Fortunately her first cry had reached the friendly policeman who came sprinting to the rescue. Mr. Lawson, walking home in some buoyancy of spirits, received one dripping, unconscious little form from Officer Hanlon, who supported another.

"Thanks be!" he told the gentleman piously, "that the girl could swim." Occupants of a sleigh speeding along a neighboring driveway were attracted by the little group on the lake border.

"Some child in trouble," suggested Mrs. Warenham sweetly. "Shall we inquire? I am so interested in children."

"It is like you," responded Mr. Hardacre tenderly, "you who are guardian angel to that orphan child!"

"Oh, oh!" she cried, when they stopped, "it's Tommy, my Tom!" The policeman relinquished his burden to the very pretty woman in gray.

"I ain't dead, mamma," said the little chap, opening his eyes.

Mr. Hardacre heaped fur rugs about the two. The slim, awkward, shivering girl's figure, in pitifully drenched Alsatian dress, supported by Mr. Lawson, looked at her mistress, whose icy glance ignored her. "You'll follow, Egbert," called the lady, and was driven rapidly away. The expression on Mr. Lawson's irregular features was a curious one, as Minerva again became unconscious, a lock of her wet black hair falling across her face.

"Under my care," he explained at the Children's Hospital. "Yes, please, a private room."

When Tommy had long been at play again, the life of his little deputy nurse hung still in the balance. "Pneumonia," the doctor said, "with complications. Mustn't see her mistress on any account. Would revive patient's delirious fancy that she had killed the boy." The crisis past, Egbert Lawson sat every day beside the child, and, her thin hand in his, heard her artless revelations. She gave him, unawares and quite un-

complainingly, some idea of the frequency of Dawson's discipline and of the extent of her own loneliness.

"You-uns all in this yere town," she said, "jes natchally thinks a heap of sech as Tommy; but Mis' Warnum, now, she couldn't help despisin' common kind like me. More she tole me to look out thar, more I seemed to run into them thar purty crockeries. My maw, Mist' Lawson—you mightn't believe it—but my maw, she used to pat my head sometimes and tell me I was a good little gal. But Dawson, she says I'm a himpudent beggar an' nasty poorhouse trash."

The unconscious imitation of Dawson's London accent did not bring a smile to the young man's compressed lips. "Why doesn't she get better?" he asked the doctor. That gentleman raised his brows, "Some sort of depression—rather unnatural in a child. But if she doesn't respond pretty soon"—he touched his lungs and heart expressively.

"See here," said Mr. Lawson next day, "what a nice doll just *would* come with me."

The little patient thanked him, but the gift presently fell from listless hands.

"I dremp' las' night," she told him, "thet the men was on a coon-hunt, an' we little uns, we crep out to listen to the hound dogs a-barkin' up on Big Ben. An' thar was a gret, white moon over the mounting, an' a owl a-hootin' down by the crik, an' you could smell the trees. Did you ever smell the woods by night?" She closed her eyes in a wan smile.

"Listen, Minerva. Hurry and get strong, and just as soon as you are up and dressed, we will go—you and I—and see Big Ben."

She trusted him with a child's sureness of instinct; and from that time amazed the doctor by her rapid recovery.

One day Mrs. Warenham, a thought paler than usual, sat with this note in her fingers:

DEAR GRACE: As you know my erratic habit of wandering, it will not surprise you to learn that I have taken a fancy to see the Blue Ridge in winter; and, incidentally, to restore Minerva Flack to her own people. You will pardon the liberty, I am sure. From that region I shall probably seek passage by the first outgoing steamer for the Mediterranean, as Egypt

draws me again irresistibly. Leaving best wishes for yourself and Tommy,

Sincerely,

EGBERT LAWSON.

After a while she threw this into the fire and sat down to write her acceptance of Mr. Hardacre.

At the same time Pick Brattle stood in front of his inn with Mr. Lawson, both of them watching a little, black-haired girl, who prattled as she led her small, rosy brother across the foot-log, following Mrs. Brattle with the milk pails.

"We'll take care of Balsam and of her," said Pick Brattle, "jes the same as we would of our own ef we had any. Your money'll be used, Sir, jes as you say—for schoolin' an' ever'-thing right. The gal's eyes is brighter already, and you kin mos' see the flesh a-growin'."

Again his gaze roved comprehensively over snow-topped mountains and spicy evergreens, the torrent tumbling along its rocks and the breath of a wagoner's team smoking upward at the ford. "It's a mighty bad thing—thet thar lonesomeness, with 'everything plumb flat an' strange around ye, an' nothin' friendly like. Yes, sir; I've knowed folks die of it."

LITERATURE AND MORALITY.

BY R. L. MANGAN, S.J.

THE *New York Review* for September, 1907, contained an article, "A Starting Point in Ethics," in which the writer pleaded for a return to the Aristotelian point of view for the purposes of apologetic. It was urged that, whilst amongst ourselves we could still hold as the proximate norm of conduct the dictates of our rational nature, in the face of our friends the enemy we might do well to emphasize more the effect of moral action on the perfection of the rational spirit, and look rather to function than to duty. Aristotle does not ask of a certain course of conduct whether it is forbidden by the law of God, still less whether it will increase pleasure, but only whether it will improve function. If it tends to perfect the highest part of man, if it is the activity of the soul in accordance with what is best in human nature, that action is good—conducive to the "well-being" of man. This, it has been pointed out, gives us a less immediate norm of conduct. That is true; but we are not concerned with a new basis of ethics, but with a method of approaching those to whom the Catholic system of morality is practically without meaning.

> It is only a question of accustoming ourselves to present our ethics, for the purpose of apologetic, in a different order from that in which we usually study them. Let us learn how to start with the moral facts as we find them, and to keep out, at least from our initial treatment, all reference to God, to a future life, to obligation, duty, conscience, sin. When we have finished with ethics proper, with "happiness," with eudæmonism, we can go on to deontology (or the science of what *ought* to be done) and to that Natural Theology which furnishes the only explanation of the actual phenomena of conscience. We need not begin by working out the connection between God's law and human conscience, or between conscience and conduct.*

* "A Starting Point in Ethics." By Rev. C. Plater, *New York Review*, September, 1907.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said long ago that the world would go back to Aristotle, and this suggestive essay reminds us that in the theory of the well-being of the soul, its activity in the highest manner, we may perhaps be able to construct for the "tired rationalist" a path through the jungle of contradictions and misunderstanding in the matter of literature and morality.

Catholics, with revelation to aid them, may view the truth from many points of view. The important thing to determine is how to present it to those who are not so happily placed. If David cannot walk in the armor of Saul, it is better that he should face the giant of unbelief with confidence in God and a few smooth pebbles from the brook. We are confronted with men who cannot at once take in the idea of an Omnipotent Judge, dispensing reward and punishment. To put such a thought before them is to preclude all hope of conviction. They fall back into the attitude expressed, or tacitly implied, in so much modern verse:

> I shrug my shoulders and acquiesce
> In things that are. I believe the bond
> For us is a common weariness,
> A light despair of the things beyond.
> We greet with laughter the ancient curse
> Knowing it might be worse.

The Commandments are, for the most part, stated negatively, and they were written on tables of stone small enough to be carried by Moses down the mountain side; but, in reality, they are found to be very positive finger-posts to the city of Mansoul. The Catholic may well be grateful for the position from which he is able to see that man's proximate end, his attempt to reach the highest form of the good to which his reason points, is referable to and summed up in God Himself. But, for the purposes of apologetic, it is not necessary to put forward that view to those who are not ready for it.

The question of the relation of art and morality has exercised the mind of man, probably from the time when he first began to practice morality or to study art. But, if one may judge by the work of living artists, that question is as far from solution as ever. The cry of "Art for Art's Sake" has been constantly repeated and denied, and as constantly mis-

understood, both by its advocates and its opponents; one side asserts that morality has no relation whatsoever to art, the other that art must be the conscious servant of its mistress if it is to live long and bring forth fruit worthy of its powers. We seem to have lost sight of the truth that though, as St. Ignatius says in the *Exercises*, "the other things on the face of the earth were created for man's sake and in order to aid him in the prosecution of the end for which he was created," art as a living and personal, not a dead and symbolic, instrument, may best assist man to reach his goal by achieving its own proximate end. We propose to try and throw some light on a vexed question by an examination of that particular pleasure called æsthetic, which is admitted to be the aim and proximate end of all art.

In the time of Aristotle the traditional theory was that poetry had a distinct moral purpose; it was essentially didactic. Homer, for example, was a great teacher of the rules of moral life. So strongly was this view held that even Aristophanes feels obliged to claim for comedy that it is "acquainted with justice," and for himself that he is a moral and political adviser, the best poet the Athenians ever had, because he had the courage to tell them what was right. His objection to Euripides is substantially the same as our objection to-day to the extreme realistic school, expressed by Mr. George Meredith in the epigram, "The world imagines those to be at nature's depths who are impudent enough to expose its muddy shallows." Plato, again, is so preoccupied with the erection of his ideal state, and the ethical effect of poetry as a training for the young, that he has not given us a clear exposition of the value of poetry or of fine art generally, considered on æsthetic grounds alone. Aristotle is the first to distinguish between the political or educational value of art and the æsthetic pleasure which is its proximate end.

> Aristotle, as our enquiry has shown, was the first who attempted to separate the theory of æsthetics from that of morals. He maintains consistently that the end of poetry is refined pleasure. In doing so he severs himself decisively from the older didactic tendency of Greece. But in describing the means to the end he does not altogether cast off the earlier influence. The æsthetic representation of char-

> acter he views under ethical lights, and the different types of character he reduces to moral categories. Still he never allows the moral purpose of the poet or the moral effects of his art to take the place of the artistic end. If the poet fails to produce the proper pleasure, he fails in the specific function of his art. He may be good as a teacher, but as a poet or artist he is bad.*

Mr. Butcher goes on to show how the prevailing didactic theory became firmly established in the Roman world, was translated thence to France, was adopted in England from the French, until the independent spirit of Dryden once more formulated the opposite view in his *Defence of an Essay of Dramatic Poetry:* "I am satisfied if it (verse) cause delight; for delight is the chief if not the only end of poesy; instruction can be admitted but in the second place, for poesy only instructs as it delights."

To-day, the opposite poles are perhaps best represented by Tolstoy with his uncompromising opposition to hedonism in any form, and by Walter Pater and his school, whose fundamental error is that they confuse the end of art with the end of life. The conclusion to his volume on the Renaissance is well known but it will bear repeating:

> Well! we are all *condamnés*, as Victor Hugo says; we are all under sentence of death, but with a sort of indefinite reprieve—*les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis;* we have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passion, the wisest, among the children of this world, in art and song. For our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passions may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstacy, and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion—that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of this wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for art's sake, has most; for art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.

* Butcher: *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art*, p. 234.

The pernicious effect of such frank hedonism on the lives and writing of some of his contemporaries is too well known to call for further comment, and it has frightened many of our Catholic writers into the opposite error, that art must have for its proximate end the service of morality and religion and nothing but that. We are afraid of the independence of art, because its abuse has been so flagrant. But as long as we remember that art is not the whole but only a part of life, there seems to be no reason why we should not agree with Professor Bradley in his inaugural lecture on the Art of Poetry, given at Oxford a few years ago, when he claimed that art is its own end. We shall find that just as in ethics the perfecting of the rational nature by individual acts pushes a man gradually Godward, so art, if it fulfills its aim, will issue in something of which it perhaps never dreamed, and will possess that "participation of divineness" which Milton claimed for poetry.

"All art and therefore literature," it has been said, "may be defined objectively as the creation of the beautiful, and subjectively as the creation of æsthetic pleasure"; and as the latter is the effect of the former, we may, by a consideration of the nature of æsthetic pleasure, arrive at some idea of the manner in which the artist's soul must act in order to produce the beautiful. "The impression of the beautiful," says Father Lacouture,* "is the joy arising from the perception of order in its splendor." This joy does not spring from the action of an isolated faculty, but the whole soul takes part in it, as Ruskin saw, because the impression of the beautiful brings all the faculties into harmony. It is the immediate and disinterested intellectual grasp, following upon perception, which distinguishes the æsthetic pleasure from every other. Disinterested, we say, because there is in it no trace of desire, jealousy, or egotism. St. Thomas Aquinas says:

> De ratione boni est quod in eo quietetur appetitus, sed ad rationem pulchri pertinet quod in eius aspectu quietetur appetitus.

* We prefer to say, with Father Verest, that beauty is the fineness of truth. *Cf.* Pater: "Truth! There can be no merit, no craft at all without that. And further, all beauty is in the long run only *fineness of truth*, what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within."—*Essay on Style.* This more for clearness' sake than for anything else, as Father Lacouture rightly objects that truth is after all only order in ideas. Pater's conception of truth seems to us not wide enough, and we quote him merely for the happy equivalent of *la splendeur du Vrai.*

And again:

> Bonum est id quod simpliciter complacet appetitui, pulchrum autem id cuius apprehensio placet.

This harmonizing of the faculties is akin, in its effect, to that purgation by pity and terror, that cleansing of the soul, which Aristotle posited as the end of tragedy. Æsthetic pleasure frees the soul from brute inclinations and replaces them by order and harmony; it lets "the ape and tiger die."

> So whensoever the evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul, David took his harp and played with his hand, and Saul was refreshed and was better, for the evil spirit departed from him.

That is an æsthetic as well as an historical fact; whether St. Teresa was as proficient on the flute and tambourine which she used to play on feast days, is a matter for conjecture, but we may be sure that a woman at once so sensible and so sensitive to beauty, recognized the psychological effects of beautiful music, as also would St. Francis, who, we are told, used to ask Brother Pacific to play the guitar. There is no need to labor the point. The average man who has, by sight or hearing, been brought into contact with the beautiful knows by experience the peculiar quality of the pleasure, and all who have "put away the things of a child" without forgetting them, know that the quantity of æsthetic pleasure is regulated by the mental and moral balance of the soul. Its cause is more difficult to gauge, though it would seem almost certainly to lie in the harmonious action of all the faculties at once. All pleasure may be said to arise from the free activity of one or other of the functions of our complex life, finding in action the good conformable to its nature. The intellect may find pleasure in the pursuit or possession of truth, the will in victory over temptation, but the activity of isolated faculties is not purged of all egoistic elements, and does not result in that peculiar pleasure which we call æsthetic. If the intellect reposes in the possession of that which is true, the resulting joy does not seem to pass beyond the bounds of the intellectual faculty, and produce that distinctly sensible emotion, that real trembling of the soul, which is felt in the presence of the beautiful. This is a fact of experience, verifiable by any man of average intellect and sensibility who cares to compare, for example, the difference

between a theological definition of prayer and Millet's "Angelus."

If, then, this peculiar pleasure is due to the concomitant action of the soul's faculties acting in harmony upon an object, we may presume that, as art is a message from soul to soul, the production of the beautiful will be due to the harmonious and complete action of the spiritual powers of the artist's soul. At once we get an objective criterion of judgment, and may hold with Brunetière against Lemaître and Anatole France and their "adventures of a soul in a land of masterpieces," that the beauty of a literary work is something independent of the reader, something objective and absolute. To say this is not to deny the value of the subjective impression of the two French critics. Each of them may be, for aught we know, that man of sound æsthetic instinct whom Aristotle makes the final court of appeal, as he makes the man of moral perception the standard of right. What we assert is that the subjective impression is based upon objective facts, of which some analysis can be made.

What is it in literature which goes to constitute the fine expression of truth? On this question we could have no better guide than Father George Longhaye, whose work *Théorie des Belles-Lettres* is not, we fear, as well known by Catholics as it deserves to be. Speech is in itself the image of human nature, corporal by the sound, *l'air battu*, as Bossuet says, spiritual by the thought. It conveys to the reader an object and also the revelation of a soul. Whether he will or no, the writer reveals his soul in every utterance of any worth, he draws the thing as he sees it. His vision is his own, whether he sees all things that they are very good, or some particular thing that it is very bad. No matter what his theory of art or morals, he wishes to produce a certain effect, an effect of power and completeness. He wishes to influence another soul. Virgil, it is said, when near to death, asked his friend to burn the Æneid, but he was not, we may be sure, moved by any foolish notion of art divorced from all appeal to his fellow-men. That idea is modern and does not arise from that "passionate desire of unattainable perfection" which Mr. Mackail notes as characteristic of Virgil. How then does speech produce this wonderful and complete action? By affecting all the faculties of the reader at once. Let us take an example.

A chronicler of the time might tell us that there was once a certain officer of the English army named George Osborne. He had married a young girl whose ardent love he did not return and to whom he was, in heart, at least, unfaithful. On the night before the battle of Waterloo, stirred by the emotions produced by the chances of war, he went to his wife's room to say good-bye, and thinking she was asleep he approached the bed and bent down over the pillow. His wife was awake and embraced him affectionately. Compare this with Thackeray:

> She had been awake when he first entered the room, but had kept her eyes closed so that even her wakefulness should not seem to reproach him. But when he had returned, so soon after herself, too, this timid little heart had felt more at ease, and turning towards him as he stepped softly out of the room, she had fallen into a light sleep. George came in and looked at her again, entering still more softly. By the pale night-lamp he could see her sweet pale face—the purple eyelids were fringed and closed, and one round arm, smooth and white, lay outside the coverlet. Good God! how pure she was; how gentle, how tender, and how friendless! and he how selfish, brutal, and black with crime! Heart-stained and shame-stricken—he stood at the bed's foot, and looked at the sleeping girl. How dared he—who was he, to pray for one so spotless! God bless her! God bless her! He came to the bedside and looked at the hand, the little soft hand, lying asleep; and he bent over the pillow noiselessly towards the gentle pale face. Two fair arms closed tenderly round his neck as he stooped down. "I am awake, George," the poor child said, with a sob fit to break the little heart that nestled so closely by his own. She was awake, poor soul, and to what? At that moment a bugle from the Place of Arms began sounding clearly, and was taken up through the town; and amidst the drums of the infantry, and the shrill pipes of the Scotch, the whole city awoke.

Wherein does the difference lie? In the first the writer appeals only to the intelligence, he is reporting facts and nothing more; whereas Thackeray is bringing into play all the faculties of his soul in due subordination, and the reader's soul, in consequence, is moved in the same way. Our imagination is stirred to picture to itself the dimly-lighted room, with its two tragic figures in striking contrast—the pure, un-

selfish girl and the selfish, indulgent husband. A few lines put us into relation with the adventures of their souls, the sensibility has been touched, the whole man has been thrilled by awe, pity, and admiration. The ear has taken its part in the symphony. Thackeray, often so careless in style, is "lifted to the height of his high argument," and the varied music of his rhythms assists the expression of his thought. Most important of all, the intelligence holds the mastery in its search for essential truth. There is nothing at which the will revolts and the imagination and the sensibility are held in check, being granted only that range of liberty which will enable them to help to produce the final effect. Intellect, will, imagination, sensibility, ear, have combined to produce a pleasure that is unique, because they have in the writer's creation acted in harmony, conforming to the true character of the object, and to the balanced and healthy nature of the human soul.

This theory of the Hierarchy of the Faculties is, we think, the most philosophical yet propounded, and, to give honor to whom honor is due, it cannot be doubted that the French Jesuit taught it long before one whose name is better known, the late M. Ferdinand Brunetière. The present writer remembers well a certain day some ten years ago, when Father Longhaye entered his lecture room with a letter which, judging from his manner, evidently contained news of importance. It was from the French academician. After some graceful compliments on Father Longhaye's work, it went on to say that the writer intended to propose to the Academy that his *History of French Literature in the Seventeenth Century* was worthy of the prize for the best work on literature. The reader's voice trembled a little as he spoke of M. Brunetière's generosity and asked his hearers to pray that God would grant him light to see the truth. That the grace was given and received is known to everybody. So much for anecdote. We cannot help thinking that Brunetière must have been influenced by the more important of the author's two books on literature when we find him writing as follows:

> What properly constitutes a classic is the equilibrium in him of all the faculties that go to make the perfection of the work of art, a healthiness of mind, just as the healthiness of the body is the equilibrium of the forces that resist death. A classic

> is a classic, because in him all the faculties find their legitimate function—without imagination overstepping reason, without logic impeding the flight of imagination, without sentiment encroaching on the rights of good sense, without the matter allowing itself to be despoiled of the persuasive authority it should borrow from the charm of the form, and without the form ever usurping an interest that should belong to the matter.—*Essays in French Literature.*

It may be said that Matthew Arnold had some inkling of this when he stated as the characteristics of high quality in poetry, the superior character of truth and seriousness of matter allied to superiority of diction and movement marking its style and manner. But without undervaluing the debt which English criticism owes to Arnold, we doubt whether he saw the philosophical bearing, the depth and reach of the theory as propounded by his French contemporary. He certainly did not learn it from Sainte-Beuve, and it is probably due to his sound æsthetic instinct and his gift of narrating with beauty of style "the adventures of a soul in the land of masterpieces." Two other French critics of equal if not greater power have fallen into error on this point. Taine would put imagination on the same level with the other faculties, and refuses to allow its subordination to any other authority. Paul Bourget, in his younger days, committed the same mistake. In his *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, quoted by Father Longhaye, he says:

> Il y a plaisir, certes, et comme une ivresse à voir une faculté grandir dans une cerveau jusqu' à devenir démesurée.

And again:

> L'histoire de la littérature, dit-on, est une longue et inutile démonstration de ces deux verités contradictoires—*(sic.)*—que les intelligences n'ont de valeur que par la prédominance d'une faculté et que toute faculté prédominante finit par stériliser l'intelligence qu'elle absorbe.

This last paradox has a considerable element of truth. Literature, as Cardinal Newman has shown, is no earthly paradise. In his plea for the inclusion of literature in a university education he states the case against himself as only Newman could:

> I wish this were all that had to be said to the disadvantage of Literature; but while nature physical remains fixed in its

> laws, nature moral and social has a will of its own, is self-governed, and never remains any long while in that state from which it started into action. Man will never continue in a mere state of innocence; he is sure to sin, and his literature will be the expression of his sin, and this whether he be heathen or Christian. Christianity has thrown gleams of light on him and his literature, but it has not converted him but only certain choice specimens of him, so that it has not changed the characters of his mind or of his history; his literature is either what it was, or worse than what it was, in proportion as there has been an abuse of knowledge granted and a rejection of truth. On the whole, then, I think it will be found, and ever found, as a matter of course, that literature, as such, no matter of what nation, is the science or history, partly and at best of the natural man, partly of man in rebellion.

The theory of the ordered powers of the soul does not lose sight of original sin written large over the history of literature. Far from it. It is precisely because it keeps those lamentable results in view, that it asserts that such results authorize and justify nothing. The fact is undeniable, but it can never prove a right. Human nature is still, at bottom, sane and healthy, still, like St. Paul, wills the good which, perhaps, it does not, aiming higher than it ever reaches, sensitive always to truth and beauty. But Bourget strikes a much more important truth in the last sentence, where he says that the predominant faculty ends by sterilizing the intellect. It will, we take it, be conceded even by the thoroughgoing hedonist, that the faculties of the soul differ in rank and importance. Man is of soul and body, and the spiritual faculties of intellect and will are higher in rank and importance than the five senses by whose service his soul is brought into action. But man is not pure spirit working in the cramping limits of the body, a soul in gaol, as Plato thought.

From the true substantial union between the two arise the Imagination and the Sensibility, whose concurrence is required for full activity. *Le style est l'homme même*, as Buffon said, the *homo universalis* compound of spirit and matter, not in antagonism but co-operating, when rightly used, to his highest aim.

> What is he but a brute
> Whose flesh has soul to suit,
> Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?

To man propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

At the head of the hierarchy stands the intellect, laboring and slow of movement in comparison with the sweeping intuitions of pure spirit, but in itself the faculty which makes us a little lower than the angels. The goal of truth is reached by a long and circuitous route. Man must toil, "like a miner in a landslip," comparing, contrasting, deducing ideas, eager for truth, impatient of error and insincerity. Along this perilous road he must travel from thought to thought, avoiding pleasant but misleading byways, banishing with courage the easy excuse to halt and pitch his tent halfway to the object of his search. A mere matter of logic, no doubt, but logic, lucidity, is the first note of style. But the morality of style, as John Morley says, goes "deeper than chill fools suppose." It lies not only in the order and movement of our thoughts, but in the manner in which we conceive each single one of them. Before we have begun to arrange and group them, a hidden wizard has been at work simplifying or ornamenting the material of experience. The confessional is a stone of scandal to many non-Catholics, but all who write the adventures of a soul go to confession, not to one with whom the secret is inviolable, but to all who have eyes to read between the lines. And what a confession it often is of ignorance, incompetence, insincerity, and laziness! Imagination, on the borderland between intellect and sense, evokes under sensible images the immaterial and absent objects of sense, giving to

airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

But beyond color and imagery it cannot go. Thus it serves as handmaiden to the intellect, which penetrates the outward surface of things, and attains to the abstract and universal idea, compares, judges, and pronounces judgment. Thus allied with, and subordinate to, the intelligence, imagination is raised and spiritualized. In the same way the sensibility is the servant of will, not pure spirit, not free as is its master, but a faculty peculiar to man from which arises one of his keenest pleasures. Suppose, for a moment, you have suddenly received a piece of bad news. The intelligence conceives the object, the imagina-

tion fixes it, gives it color and form, and if not checked tends to exaggerate it; the will moves towards or away from the object, and with this movement comes that shock to the whole organism of keen pleasure or pain.

But reverse this order, destroy the delicate balance of the soul, and we have the lamentable result seen in much literature both present and past. Even those who will not grant a hierarchy of faculties, who consider that the imagination and the sensibility are on the same level as intellect, will testify to the disastrous effects both to the soul and to literature of such doctrine in practise.

Aristotle makes it clear that the highest activity, which is practically identical with the highest pleasure, is an activity of the spiritual faculties, because, as faculties, they work continuously, without fatigue or injury. Thought can never be too clear or lofty, action never too high or generous, for the intellect and will. But it is not the same with the lower powers of imagination and sensibility. The continuous exertion of these not only stupifies the intellect and dulls the will, but each strain made upon them affects their capabilities and makes them insensible to anything but strain.

Give free rein to the imagination and the intellect will cease to do its proper work of penetration and judgment. It will play with the images evoked, lose all concern for truth and sincerity, abandon the hard work of thought. Ask a young literary student what he considers to be the real thought underlying the "Ancient Mariner"? Unless he is like the mathematician who brought back the borrowed copy of *Paradise Lost* with the remark that he did not see what it proved, you will find, if we mistake not, that his intellect has been put quietly to sleep by the enchanting imagery of that wonderful poem. The case is, we think, worse with Swinburne, a master of imagery and verbal music. It is ungrateful, perhaps, but the lines of W. S. Gilbert recur to the memory after reading Swinburne:

> And my harrassed spirit rolls
> In the universe of souls,
> Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means.

The effects of the rupture of the hierarchy are far more serious when the sensibility is allowed unchartered license. This is a matter of serious consideration to parents and edu-

cators at the present day, when literature is so cheap and so widely distributed that it is becoming increasingly difficult to check the reading of the young. More than fifteen hundred novels are published in the English language every year. Apart from the type, which is frankly immoral, could any man seriously hold that the effect of the average modern novel is in the direction of good? The most striking note in modern fiction seems to us to be effect at any cost. With the exception of an honorable few, there is not only an utter blindness to literary beauty, but no aim at all but that of administering shocks to the sensibility. It is as if a whole nation were to take to dram-drinking. The habit is not only ruinous in itself, but the doses must be increased in strength to meet the craving of the drinker. The result of this abuse is blindness to true beauty, scepticism of the heart, egotism and cruelty. We have suffered from the realism of the slum and the glorification of the educated thief; and the evil effect on silly, weak souls is only equalled by the exaggerated sentimentality, false pathos, and insincerity of the novel purporting to deal with the noblest of the passions. The final goal of such a movement is clear.

But the immediate evil results to æsthetic pleasure are no less important to notice. Listen to the confession of Flaubert —"*Autant je me sens expansif, fluide, abondant et debordant dans les douleurs fictives, autant les vraies restent, dans mon cœur, âcres et dures.*" Morality apart, one cannot take liberties with the faculties of the soul. The kingdom of heaven, of that peculiar joy, is not to be won but by a spiritual violence, a controlled act of power, the harmonious and regulated action of the soul. That is the first commandment of the law of literature, and a man who can be made to see its reasonableness will be led irresistibly to the conviction that this end is contained in one still higher which expresses it more fully, gives it a wider range and a more immediate standard of judgment. He will see that though art is not morality, is not even contained in it, nor vice-versa, yet the two are in inevitable contact on account of the nature of the human soul.

Nay more. The study of the classics of any age or country will reveal that background of eternity which is the life of literature. Whether in obedience or revolt, the permanent not the passing, the eternal not the temporal is the highest subject for the contemplation of the soul, both in literature and in life.

IMPRESSIONS OF ISLAM IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY MAISIE WARD.

TO a casual visitor in Constantinople who has never studied the Mohammedan religion as a system and knows but little of its tenets, it is curious and fascinating to try to realize and understand it to some extent from its influence on the conduct and character of its disciples. But more than with any other race or religion does one fail with the Turks to glimpse below the surface. Certain rules they obey, certain actions they perform, but their inner feelings and thoughts remain forever a mystery to the outsider.

This does not, however, diminish—perhaps it increases—the interest with which one watches their actions and sees by what rules of conduct they are governed.

That prayer forms a great part in the lives of good Mohammedans is certain. From the minaret of every mosque the *muezzin* calls to prayer five times daily, and in the bazaars and streets many will leave their goods and lay aside their occupations and obey the call. During Ramazan—the great fast—they eat nothing till sunset, and on "the night of power" the mosques are crowded with fervent worshippers.

Their religion forbids wine at any time. It prescribes one complete and three partial ablutions daily—the courtyard of every mosque is supplied with rows of taps where worshippers may make their ablutions before entering. Great reverence is inculcated; the shoes must be laid aside in the mosques and certain forms of bowing and prostrating towards Mecca must be observed during prayer.

There are several sects among Mohammedans, holding somewhat different tenets—chief among these are the various orders of dervishes, some of whom are quite heretical.

The dancing and howling dervishes who may be seen at Constantinople and Scutari are interesting examples of a strange species of religious excitement. The latter not being very well known, it seems worth while to describe the service that took

place one day when I was present—it varies, of course, slightly from time to time.

The service was held in a small mosque in a side street at Scutari. The middle space was railed off and spectators stood behind the railing on two sides. At one side was a shrine looking towards Mecca, and in the corner a raised, railed platform where some children were standing.

Several dervishes came in as we entered and each exchanged the "kiss of peace" with the chief dervish or "high priest." Then the congregation came in—only about twenty men—who took their stand round the sides of the square inside the railing; each removed his coat and fez, which were laid near the shrine, and they were supplied with white linen caps instead.

Seated on the floor, one of the dervishes read passages from the Koran, while the congregation bowed incessantly from side to side, singing—or shouting—"Allah illah, illah 'llah" over and over again. After this had gone on for about half an hour they all looked absolutely exhausted and ready to faint; the shout became hoarse, the words unintelligible, and they seemed to be swinging their bodies merely from habit and without volition.

I wondered whether they would ever be able to stop, but they did so suddenly and with no apparent difficulty and all sat down on the floor while some prayers were read.

The chief dervish then went up to the shrine and seated himself before it. He was a fine looking man with a calm and beautiful face.

A garment was brought to him to be blessed; he blew upon it and tied a knot in the sleeve; then they brought a child on whom he also blew. Last came an old man—stiff with rheumatism apparently. With great difficulty he lay down on the floor. The priest then removed his shoes and stood with all his weight on the prostrate figure, seeming by his expression to be in rapt prayer the while.

It looked rather terrible, but the man rose and departed apparently unhurt.

The bowing and chanting was then resumed for a while, after which congregation and dervishes linked arms and went round in a circle, one standing in the middle. Their voices are fine and the chanting alone was very impressive, if one could avoid seeing their pale, exhausted faces and swaying forms. Some of them stamped too, as though in a frenzy of excitement.

After this dance the service proper was over and most of the congregation departed; a few, however, remained to receive the "gift of God"—by far the most impressive part of the whole ceremony. They prostrated themselves before the shrine, then rising held their hands out, palms upward, with a solemnly expectant expression. Then—when the gift had come—they lifted their hands to their foreheads and departed quietly.

This takes place every week. It gave me occasion to note for the first time that there is no color prejudice among the Turks, for one of the dervishes was a big negro.

Nothing that one sees in the mosques has the same strange effect as this ceremony. There one may come upon a few men praying at any hour of the day—quite quietly, standing, bowing, and prostrating themselves. Such worshippers and the number of the mosques give a deeper impression of the religious spirit of the people of Constantinople than the frenzies of howling dervishes.

And, indeed, the number of mosques in Stamboul is very great, both of those which were once Christian churches and of those which are of later date. Among the former St. Sophia, of course, stands pre-eminent both for size, beauty, and historical interest.

It is not probable that exalted motives of piety inspired Constantine in his foundation of the original St. Sophia. Indeed it has been surmised that he chose the name of Holy Wisdom that the edifice might be equally appropriate for a Christian church or a heathen temple; for it seemed uncertain at that date whether Christianity or paganism would finally prevail as the religion of the empire. This surmise is strengthened by the fact that Constantine dedicated another great church to St. Irene or Holy Peace.

"The principal church," says Gibbon, "which was dedicated by the founder of Constantinople to St. Sophia, or the Eternal Wisdom, had been twice destroyed by fire; after the exile of John Chrysostom and during the Nika of the blue and green factions. No sooner did the tumult subside than the Christian populace deplored their sacrilegious rashness; but they might have rejoiced in the calamity had they foreseen the glory of the new temple, which at the end of forty days was strenuously undertaken by the piety of Justinian. . . ."

The new Cathedral of St. Sophia was consecrated by the Patriarch five years, eleven months, and ten days from the first

foundation; and in the midst of the solemn festival Justinian exclaimed with devout vanity: "Glory be to God, who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work; I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!"

It is strange how the Turks have managed to make this church of eminently Christian architecture, created by Justinian's architect Anthemius, so completely their own. They have whitewashed the mosaics, almost concealing all the Christian imagery; they have carpeted the paved floors and set up a shrine towards Mecca; and they have hung huge shields with the Sultan's monogram on every pillar. They, too, have traditions connected with the very stone—not always pleasant ones. Pausing between two pillars the *imaun* who conducted us spoke energetically to our *kavass*, pointing out certain marks high up on both.

"He says," the kavass translated, "that this is the mark of Mahomet's hand (Mahomet, or the Conqueror), this of his sword, and this of his horse's hoof as he rode a conqueror into the city. The church was piled with the bodies of the slain who had taken refuge there and over them he rode."

We looked up. There was a mark very like a human hand far above our heads—the hoof and the sword print too were there.

This great church is most fitly described in the words of those who first told of it to the world as a Christian Church, before it was shorn of so much of its glory.

"It is distinguished," says Procopius, "by indescribable beauty, excelling both in its size and in the harmony of its measures, having no part excessive and none deficient; being much more magnificent than ordinary buildings and much more elegant than those which are not of so just a proportion. The church is singularly full of light and sunshine; you would declare that the place is not lighted by the sun from without, but that the rays are produced within itself, such an abundance of light is poured into this church. . . . Who could tell of the beauty of the columns and marbles with which the church is adorned? One would think that one had come upon a meadow full of flowers in bloom! Who would not admire the purple tints of some and the green of others, the glowing red and the glittering white, and those too which nature, painter-like, has marked with the strongest contrasts of color? Whoever enters there to worship perceives at once that it is not by any

human strength or skill, but by favor of God that this work has been perfected."

Still more enthusiastically speaks Paul the Silentiary. "Whoever," he says, "raises his eyes to the beauteous firmament of the roof, scarce dares to gaze on its rounded expanse sprinkled with the stars of heaven, but turns to the fresh green marble below, seeming as it were to see flower-bordered streams of Thessaly, and budding corn, and woods thick with trees, leaping flocks, too, and twining olive trees, and the vine with green tendrils, or the deep blue peace of summer sea, broken by the plashing oars of spray-girt ship. . . . And the lofty crest of every column, beneath the marble abacus, is covered with many a supple curve of waving acanthus—a wandering chain of barbed points all golden full of grace. . . . And above all rises into immeasurable air the great helmet (of the dome) which, bending over, like the radiant heavens, embraces the Church."

He describes the wonder and joy felt by all when, "by divine counsel, while angels watched, was the temple built again. . . . And when the first gleams of light, rosy armed, driving away the dark shadows, leaped from arch to arch, then all the princes and people with one voice hymned their songs of prayer and praise; and as they came to the sacred courts, it seemed to them as if the mighty arches were set in heaven."

So for many years it remained an image and symbol of the "Light of the World." "Through the spaces of the great church come rays of light, expelling clouds of care and filling the mind with joy. The sacred light cheers all; even the sailor, guiding his bark on the waves, leaving behind him the unfriendly billows of the raging Pontus and winding a sinuous course amidst creeks and rocks, with heart fearful at the dangers of his nightly wanderings, . . . does not guide his laden vessel by the light of Cynosure, or the Circling Bear, but by the divine light of the Church itself. Yet not only does it guide the merchant at night, like rays from the Pharos on the coast of Africa, but it also shows the way to the living God."

It is indeed melancholy to see any Christian Church turned aside from its true purpose, but the grandeur of St. Sophia intensifies this feeling. By what remains we can measure in some degree what is lost. "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people. Her adversaries are become her lords, her enemies are enriched. . . . And from the daughter of Sion all her beauty is departed."

Next in interest and beauty among the older churches is SS. Sergius and Bacchus, or "Little St. Sophia." As its nickname implies, it is very like St. Sophia in everything save size. It is an octagon in shape and the pillars, both of the body of the church and of the gallery, are exquisitely carved. A Greek text has been left uneffaced on the walls.

St. Irene is notable as the only church of any importance that was not turned into a mosque. It became instead the armory.

The mosaic mosque of St. Mary in the Chora is especially beautiful and interesting. For some unknown reason the Turks did not, as with other churches, paint out the early mosaics and frescoes which are of very great beauty. They represent scenes from the life of the Blessed Virgin. There is also in the roof of the narthex a head of Christ of especial beauty.

Taking the Byzantine architecture of St. Sophia for their model, the Turks themselves have erected many remarkably fine mosques—notably that of Achmed II., of which the court and outside surpass any other. It stands at the side of the Hippodrome, in a beautiful situation, where its six minarets show to great advantage. When Achmed built it people looked askance on him. "How dare he," they asked, "build a mosque with as many minarets as the sacred mosque of Mecca?"

Achmed, however, was determined to retain his six minarets, so he added a seventh to Mecca.

Inside it is beautifully ornamented with green tiles, but their effect is somewhat spoiled by bright blue stencilling on the pillars, added later.

The interior of the tiled mosque of Mustem Pasha is more completely beautiful (though much smaller), being entirely lined with tiles of a delicate blue; and that of Suleiman, the Magnificent, is more imposing, giving a wonderful sense of space and strength.

Outside the mosque of Suleiman stands his own *turbeh* (or tomb). A *turbeh* is like a small house built over the graves, with sufficient space in it for a man to stand and pray. There are many such in all parts of Stamboul and an entire street of them at Eyoub.

The Turks live among their dead—they bury them on hillsides in regular cemeteries, it is true, but also in the city itself and even in their own gardens. One often comes across a number of graves in a private garden between two houses.

These are not *turbehs* but ordinary graves like ours surmounted by a headstone bearing a fez and an inscription (for a man) or carved with flowers (for a woman).

Most holy of all the mosques, situated at the end of the "Street of Tombs"—into the courtyard of which we tried in vain to enter—is that of Eyoub. It is guarded by a soldier at every entrance and has never been polluted by infidel feet. Here every new Sultan comes to receive "the sabre of the great Osman" and to be proclaimed ruler over his people.

The Sultan, is, indeed, not only ruler over his people, but also the head of their religion. Every Friday (the Turkish Sunday) he is obliged to worship, however ill he may be. If he were dying he must be carried from his palace to the mosque.

Every Friday, accordingly, the road between the palace and the Sultan's mosque is lined with soldiers of every race—Armenians, Albanians, Turks, officered often by Germans or Englishmen; the ambassadors and their friends assemble in their *kiosk* (lodge) and other visitors on the adjoining balcony to watch the procession.

First to come forth from the palace are the ladies of the harem in closed carriages, through the windows of which a glimpse may be caught of exquisite robes of all colors. They are accompanied by attendants moving beside the carriages.

Next follows the royal body-guard; then the highest officers of state; and last the Sultan in his carriage. The soldiers greet him with a shout, while from the minaret a *muezzin* announces that the hour of prayer is come.

During prayer the horses are removed from the ladies' carriages and led away, while they are left seated in them outside the mosque. The fact that they are not allowed at the ordinary services has probably led to the common idea that the Turks think women have no souls. This is not so. They may often be seen praying in the mosques when no service is going on and, during Ramazan, special services are held for them, though they are regarded as greatly inferior to men.

The Sultan came forth and drove away, the procession returned to the palace—the Selamlik was over; the soldiers shouted again as he passed, saluting him—one might almost say reverently, for is he not the head of their religion? Their shout was very awe-inspiring. They say there are notes in the

voice of an Eastern that a European hardly ever possesses. Is not this akin to that something mysterious in their minds that sets them apart from us, and makes it so difficult for even those who know them best to enter into their feelings and understand their faith?

A striking proof of the fact that women's souls are regarded by the Mohammedan as greatly inferior to men's is that though religious observance and worship are strictly required of every man, they are to a woman a matter of free choice. It is well that a woman should attend the mosques in Ramazan and that during the rest of the year she should pray in private, but no blame attaches to her if she does not do so.

Another thing that strikes a western mind as very strange in a religious nation is that there is no form of worship or consecration attaching to marriage. A Turkish wedding consists only of a grand reception, beginning at the bride's house, in the midst of which the bridegroom joins her and they walk together through the rooms amid the assembled guests. This may be the first time they have met, and the bride is theoretically able to break off the wedding here if she dislike his appearance—theoretically only, for such a proceeding is unheard of. They then exchange the "kiss of peace" and proceed together to the bridegroom's house, where the reception is continued. It sometimes lasts for three days—first for men and then for women—where the contracting parties are rich and of high station.

At the reception for women the bridegroom is the only man present, and he only appears occasionally and proceeds through the rooms scattering small silver coins *(piastres)*, with the bride at his side. She, however, is present the entire time, and the guests throng round her wishing her joy. Besides those invited, any Turkish woman may attend without invitation; so at a grand wedding the throng is immense.

At the marriage of the daughter of the Governor of Mecca in Stamboul, it was almost impossible to get in at all; we should not have achieved it but for the black slaves on guard at the doors, who, seeing our card of invitation, pulled us in by force through the unasked crowd. Among the Turkish ladies themselves the unbidden guests—by far the greater number—may always be distinguished by their *yashmaks* and *fered-*

jis or *carshafs*, which they keep on in the house. Their hostess provides them if very poor with a wedding garment, and entertains a hundred or more at a banquet; for those who come from afar she provides beds which are spread at night in every room.

We made our way to the bride to wish her joy; she was seated on a divan looking very pale and tired as the crowd of women pressed round her. She was dressed in flowing white robes, embroidered with pearls, with pearls on her forehead and long strings of silver tinsel hanging on either side of her face. This is called her "silver hair" and any girl may ask her for a piece to keep for luck. Her smile was a very sweet one as she broke off a long string in compliance with my request.

A little "white slave" took us downstairs and gave us coffee in cups of silver set with pearls and turquoises—suggesting a pleasant sense of oriental magnificence—while she answered all our questions. The house was thronged with black slaves, brought over from Mecca by the bride's father, but these were of a different standing altogether, and greatly scorned by our little friend, who had shared the education of the bride and her sisters (speaking both French and English admirably) and was related to the family.

It is very rarely that Islam makes any proselytes among the Christian races that mingle so strangely in this city, and one would have thought that among women it was unheard of, since their status both civil and religious is so much lower with the Turk than with the Christian. Yet one woman I saw at this wedding—an Armenian—who had become a Mohammedan, and whose appearance I shall not easily forget. She was tall and strong looking, with red hair and deep-sunk eyes —a terrible face and a hoarse voice that made the usually musical language hard and repulsive. Yet there was an odd fascination, too, which made one long to know her past history and present state of mind. Either mad or very miserable, I thought, as she passed upstairs, "swearing horribly" our guide told us in a tone of shocked delight, and with a wild look in her eyes.

This wedding was altogether a strange glimpse at the lives of Turkish women. The bride and her sisters had had French and English governesses and had been as highly educated as

any European girl. To such as these there must be much in their life that is almost unendurable. But they are, of course, in a small minority; the vast majority seem happy enough.

It is very little realized by Europeans how much social life they have among themselves. Though they may never see a man, they visit one another to any extent. At all hours of the day a Turkish lady must be ready to receive her friends; she cannot say "not at home." If they come from any distance she must put them up for one or two nights and entertain them with conversation the whole time they are with her.

On Fridays in the season they don their gayest clothes and go in parties to the "Sweet waters of Europe"—situated on the Golden Horn above Eyoub, or to those of Asia.

With these and like occupations time passes pleasantly for those who know of nothing better. But for the few who are intimate with Europeans, and know how different is woman's life and aims in other lands, surely such methods of "killing time" must be unavailing:

> "No easier and no quicker pass
> The impracticable hours."

The very occupations in which they might find at least a passing interest—reading and the like—are prevented by the uncertainty of ever being alone, the obligation to admit their acquaintances at all hours, and to return these unseasonable visits.

Yet a great step has been gained in the admission of foreign culture into their lives and the widening horizon that it brings. Surely, in time, as this process of education extends, it must produce a radical change in the lives of Turkish women.

Yet "far as is the East from the West so are their thoughts from our thoughts," and it may be that if they compare at all, it is for the most part with no sense of degradation but rather of superiority.

Many words have been written, many speculations made, on this subject. It would be rash indeed for one to add to their number who attempted no more than to look at the surface as an interested observer, and whose fancied glimpses beneath can be only the merest guesswork.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

I.—INQUISITOR AND DEMOCRAT.

THE fact that modern journalism stands for so much that we Catholics regard as worthless, and even dangerous to faith and morals, is not to be wondered at when we consider that it is so largely inspired and controlled by the powers of materialism and negation, standing where they ought not. But that a man should come out of Fleet Street to challenge these modern fashions of thought in the name of all that is traditional and Catholic is, indeed, something new and strange. Such a man is Gilbert Keith Chesterton. He is in no strict sense scholar, specialist, novelist, or poet. He speaks in no technical dialect of the kind so often wearisome to flesh and spirit. And yet, in spite of this, or perhaps because of it, he has become a sign in the way, a herald of change in the thoughts and convictions of men. He may be described as a very genial Grand Inquisitor—one who conducts his inquisitions with so much charity, simplicity, and humor that he is incapable of harming the soul of a little child. If we turn to that fantastic book of his, *The Man Who Was Thursday*, we shall see the author as he sees himself and the work that he has to do :

> "I will tell you," said the policeman slowly. "This is the situation : The head of one of our departments, one of the most celebrated detectives in Europe, has long been of opinion that a purely intellectual conspiracy would soon threaten the existence of civilization. He is certain that the scientific and artistic worlds are silently bound in a crusade against the Family and the State. He has, therefore, formed a special corps of policemen who are also philosophers. It is their business to watch the beginnings of this conspiracy, not merely in the criminal but in the controversial sense. I am a democrat myself, and I am fully aware of the value of the ordinary man in matters of ordinary valor or virtue. But it would obviously be undesirable to employ the common policeman in an investigation which is also a heresy hunt. . . .

"I tell you I am sick of my trade when I see how perpetually it means merely war upon the ignorant. But this new movement of ours is a very different affair. We deny the snobbish English assumption that the uneducated are the dangerous criminals. We remember the Roman Emperors. We remember the great poisoning princes of the Renaissance. We say the dangerous criminal is the lawless modern philosopher. Compared to him burglars and bigamists are essentially moral men; my heart goes out to them. They accept the essential ideal of man; they may seek it wrongly. Thieves respect property. They merely wish the property to become *their* property that they may more perfectly respect it. But philosophers dislike property as property; they wish to destroy the very idea of personal possession. Bigamists respect marriage, or they would not go through the highly ceremonial and even ritualistic formality of bigamy. But the philosophers despise marriage as marriage. . . .

"The common criminal is a bad man, but he is, as it were, a conditional good man. He says that if only a certain obstacle be removed—say a wealthy uncle—he is prepared to accept the universe, and to praise God. He is a reformer, but not an anarchist. He wishes to cleanse the edifice, but not to destroy it. But the evil philosopher is not trying to alter things, but to annihilate them. Yes, the modern world has retained all those parts of police work which are really oppressive and ignominious, the harrying of the poor, the spying upon the unfortunate. It has given up its more dignified work, the punishment of powerful traitors in the State and powerful heresiarchs in the Church. The moderns say we must not punish heretics. My only doubt is whether we have the right to punish anybody else.

Having defined the scope of our author's work, we may now go on to examine briefly the negative and controversial side of it. After that we shall be in a position to learn something of his affirmative and constructive philosophy.

Just now we are all by way of being impartial men; but this is a great mistake. An impartial man is a man without faith, and a faithless man is a failure. Of such Lord Rosebery is the standing symbol. He has so many theories that he doesn't know what to do; and he doesn't know what to do because he doesn't believe in one of them. It is not sufficient to have theories. We must discuss, select, believe, and practise. *Fides, quia fit quod dicitur*, as St. Augustine puts it. We

have no cherished principles of behavior towards ideas. We entertain them without moral discrimination and never stop to ask their practical outcome until it is too late. We condemn the cruelty of fifteenth-century inquisitors who cross-examined and tortured a man because he preached immoral ideas. But are we not as cruel as they? At any rate we are much less logical and much more ridiculous. To take one case. Oscar Wilde was fêted and flattered because he preached an immoral attitude, and then was cruelly broken because he carried his teaching into practice a little too openly for the convenience of his flatterers. It is far more practical to begin at the beginning and to discuss theories before we accept them. "I see that the men who killed each other about the orthodoxy of the Homoöusion were far more sensible than the people who are quarreling about the Education Act. For the Christian dogmatists were trying to establish a reign of holiness, and trying to get defined, first of all, what was really holy. But our modern educationists are attempting to bring about a religious liberty without attempting to settle what is religion and what is liberty. If the old priests forced a statement upon mankind, at least they previously took the trouble to make it lucid. It has been left for the modern mobs of Anglicans and Nonconformists to persecute for a doctrine without even stating it." This point is driven home by a delightfully apposite parable:

> Suppose that a great commotion arises in the street about, let us say, a lamp-post, which many influential people desire to pull down. A monk, who is the spirit of the Middle Ages, is approached upon the matter and begins to say in the arid manner of the Schoolmen: "Let us first of all, my brethren, consider the value of Light. If Light be in itself good. . . ." At this point he is somewhat excusably knocked down. All the people make a rush for the lamp-post, the lamp-post is down in ten minutes, and they go about congratulating each other on their unmediæval practicality. But as things go on they do not work out so easily. Some people have pulled the lamp-post down because they wanted the electric light; some because they wanted old iron; some because they wanted darkness, because their deeds were evil. Some thought it was not enough of a lamp-post; some too much; some acted because they wanted to smash municipal machinery; some because they wanted to smash something. And there is war in the night, no man knowing whom he

> strikes. So gradually and inevitably, to-day, to-morrow, or the next day, there comes back the conviction that the monk was right after all, and that all depends on what is the philosophy of light. Only what we might have discussed under the gas-lamp, we must now discuss in the dark.*

There is no lack of theories in modern life, but they all suffer from one capital defect—they are negative. They do not nourish the life of the spirit. They are but a rediscovery of the smaller matters of human imperfection and lead to nothing better than themselves. They are full of warning, but they have no intrinsic power of communicating hope. They give us a withering knowledge of evil; but there is no saving health in them and no saving humor. They are characterized by the absence of healthy idealism—of those vivid pictures of purity and spiritual triumph which alone seem able to hearten the human will to the high conquests of the spiritual life. In a word, *they are not mystical, they are merely scientific.* They are without that element which only Christianity could have given them. "A young man may keep himself from vice by continually thinking of disease. He may keep himself from it by continually thinking of the Virgin Mary. There may be a question about which method is more reasonable, or even which is more efficient. But surely there can be no question about which is more wholesome."

It is of importance to the right understanding of our author to keep this distinction in mind, for it is a very fundamental one with him. We shall find, as we follow him through his criticisms of contemporary thinkers, that he is always coming back to it in some form or other. He has much to say in praise of Mr. H. G. Wells, the one purely modern man who does carry into our world the clear personal simplicity of the old world of science. But as yet, alas! he does not believe in Original Sin. The permanent possibility of selfishness arises from the mere fact of having a self, and not from the accidents of education or ill-treatment. The weakness of all Utopias is that they take the greatest difficulty of man (to wit, Original Sin) and assume it to be overcome, and then give an elaborate account of overcoming the smaller ones. "We do not plank down a Utopia, because a Utopia assumes that all evils come from outside the citizen and none from inside him. But we

* *Heretics*, p. 23.

do plank down these much more practical statements: (1) that a man will not be humanly happy unless he owns something in the sense that he can play the fool with it; (2) that this can only be achieved by setting steadily to work to distribute property, not to concentrate it; (3) that history shows that property can be so distributed, while history has no record of successful Collectivism outside monasteries."*

Or take again the much talked of "New Theology." It has no regard for the transcendent aspect of Deity, but by neglecting that what do we get but introspection, self-isolation, quietism, social indifference, and no more? By insisting upon it we get wonder, curiosity, moral and political adventure, righteous indignation—Christendom. He also criticizes those undenominational religions which profess to include what is beautiful in all religions and appear to have collected all that is dull. All real religion is popular, military, public, and sensational. Ritual is much older than Reasoning. There is an eternal and boisterous gaiety about the truly religious. Wine in its holiest uses is not a medicine but a sacrament. "Drink, for the trumpets are blowing, and this is the stirrup cup. . . ."

Finally, he examines the contention of Mr. Lowes Dickinson that pagan virtue was the joyous thing, while the virtues that are distinctively Christian have saddened the heart of man and impoverished the natural richness of his life.

> The real difference between the pagan or natural virtues, and those three which the Church of Rome calls the virtues of grace, is the real difference between Paganism and Christianity. Christianity has adopted the natural virtues of Paganism and has added to them the three mystical virtues of faith, hope, and charity. The first evident fact, I say, is this, that the pagan virtues, such as justice and temperance, are the sad virtues, and that the mystical virtues of faith, hope, and charity are the gay and exuberant virtues. And the second evident fact, which is even more evident, is that the pagan virtues are the reasonable virtues, and that the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and charity are in their essence as unreasonable as can be. As the word "unreasonable" is open to misunderstanding, the matter may be more accurately put by saying that each of these Christian or mystical virtues involves a paradox in its own nature, and that this is not true in any of the typically pagan or rationalist

* *New Age*, February 29, 1908.

> virtues. Justice consists in finding out a certain thing due to a certain man and giving it to him. Temperance consists in finding out the proper limit of a particular indulgence and adhering to that. But charity means pardoning what is unpardonable, or it is no virtue at all. Hope means hoping when things are hopeless, or it is no virtue at all. And faith means believing the incredible, or it is no virtue at all. . . . Everybody mockingly repeats the famous childish definition that faith is "the power of believing that which we know to be untrue." Yet faith is not one more atom more paradoxical than hope or charity. Charity to the deserving poor is not charity but justice. It is the undeserving who require it, and the ideal either does not exist at all, or exists wholly for them. It is true that there is a state of hope which belongs to bright prospects and the morning; but that is not the virtue of hope. The virtue of hope exists only in earthquake and eclipse. For practical purposes it is at the hopeless moment that we require the hopeful man, and the virtue does not exist at all or begins to exist at that moment.*

The main accusation, then, which Mr. Chesterton brings against modern thinkers is that they rely almost entirely upon mere analytic reasoning. He does not say that this analytic reasoning is an unlawful process of thought, but that its use and value are overestimated at this present time. For the highest purposes of human activity it is an inadequate instrument. It not only misses the secret of life, but it also destroys it. It can only be exercised to establish an entirely mechanical and depersonalized conception of life. It is unwholesome because it is inhuman.

At a time when to confess to a conviction about any high matter is considered almost ill-bred, the rhetorical art which is mainly concerned with producing conviction is held in disrepute. Rhetoric, it is said, is all very well for the popular fore-court of the Temple of Science, but thus far and no further should it go. Reason, it is contended, in order to be right, should be divorced from emotion. You might just as well say that America, in order to be right, should be divorced from Niagara. When America understands the ultimate uses of Niagara the material world will be at her feet. And so, in a higher order, is it with emotion. But, at present, we do not understand emotion; we do not respect it enough to try to understand it; we merely despise it, leaving it, as we say, to the crowd.

* See *Heretics*, p. 157.

If, however, we can tear ourselves from the local and temporal fallacies that so easily beset us we shall find that emotion has ever played a more dignified part in the highest life of the world. The great things of art and conduct owe their conception, continuance, and completion to the right and orderly union of reason with emotion. Reason acting alone, reason in the void, is merely analytic, sceptical, disintegrating, impersonal. But reason wedded to emotion begets all that is synthetic, religious, life-enhancing, executive, personal.

It is beside the question to point out that emotion is a dangerous thing. Of course it is, and so is reason. Emotion is a living force of terrific energy, a very torrent of Niagara, given in human nature. It is there and we can never get rid of it. It is there to be put to splendid uses. It is there to be converted into heat and light and motive power. But if we despise it, refuse it access to the higher reaches of our life, it will burst all meaner boundaries and become a dreadful havoc-worker and destroyer of all that separates us from the beast. This was thoroughly understood by the old worshippers of Pan, and that the danger has not passed, our modern word *panic* testifies. There is nothing more dreadful than emotion yoked to lust and fear. *Corruptio optimi pessima.*

No philosophy save that of the Church has granted sufficient recognition to the necessary and living relation between reason and emotion; reason (which is so masculine) and emotion (which is so womanly) are too often held to have their proper perfection in a separated life. What God hath joined together let no man break asunder. Pure reason (which, by the way, is pure act) has indeed a unique perfection—it is divine; but it cannot be attained to by man, nor even so much as gazed upon during life. No man can see God and live. The face of man is strangely beautiful in death, as if love had at last had its perfect way in the soul so lately fled; and it wears too, for the first time, the graven traces of pure thought; for only at death, which is the threshold of life, is the face of man turned to the face of God.

This, then, is the main charge brought by Mr. Chesterton against those in the high places of science, trade, and finance —that they have separated reason from emotion, things whose fruitful union is necessary alike for the beginning, continuance, and completeness of human life.

And now we come to the more positive side of Mr. Chesterton. What does he believe in? He believes in democracy and in the Catholic tradition. I will leave Catholic tradition for the present and deal first with the term democracy. What meaning and significance has it for him?

There are, very roughly speaking, two kinds of people. The people who feel at home in the ordinary surroundings of their daily life and work, and the people who do not. At first thought it would seem likely that those would feel most at home who had a superfluity of material comfort, and that those who lacked this would be full of an uneasy discontent, not at all satisfied with that place in life in which it had pleased God to put them. But looking about us, we find that this supposition is contradicted by obvious fact. We notice that those who gain a moderate superfluity at once get away from the sight and sound of their workshops and become in the first case *suburban*, and then, as their superfluity accumulates, *cosmopolitan*, or shall we say imperialistic? They will tell you that they flee from the realities of their very successful livelihood because they find them so insufferably dull, and that the further away from these realities they get the more interesting and romantic life becomes. The fact is, of course, that they cannot comfortably remain in personal contact with the people they employ, and that not merely for what we may call snobbish reasons. They are obliged to wander over the face of the earth, branded like Cain, because they will not be their brothers' keeper. And here we touch perhaps the bad secret of Imperialism (no doubt it has a good one)—the passion for material expansion, at whatsoever human cost, the desire to retreat from the personal injustice that must needs be done for the sake of inordinate material accumulation. The nemesis of this passion consists in a growing distaste of and retreat from human responsibilities. For the ordinary man his family and business relationships are the main and unavoidable occasions of virtuous habit; but when he becomes rich these personal relationships are so easily avoided, the virtuous habit so easily lost, the temptation to delegate the often painful but always astringent human duties being so very strong and so very subtle. Mr. Chesterton treats this very serious topic with delightful humor and truth:

> The common defence of the family is that amid the stress

and fickleness of life, it is peaceful, pleasant, and at one. But there is another defence of the family and to me evident; this defence is that the family is not peaceful and not pleasant and not at one. The family is a good institution because it is uncongenial. It is wholesome precisely because it is uncongenial. It is exactly because our brother George is not interested in the Trocadero Restaurant, that the family has some of the bracing qualities of a commonwealth. It is exactly because our uncle Henry does not approve of the theatrical ambitions of our sister Sarah that the family is like humanity. The man who lives in a small community lives in a large world. He knows more of the fierce varieties and uncompromising divergencies of men. There is nothing really narrow about the clan, the thing which is really narrow is the clique. Sociability, like all good things, is full of discomforts, dangers, and renunciations. When London was smaller, and the parts of London more self-contained and parochial, the club was what it is in villages, a place where a man could be sociable. Now the club is valued as a place where a man can be unsociable. The more the enlargement and elaboration of our civilization goes on the more the club ceases to be a place where a man can have a noisy argument, and becomes more and more a place where a man can have what is somewhat fantastically called a quiet chop. Its aim is to make a man comfortable, and to make a man comfortable is to make him the opposite of sociable. The club tends to produce the most degraded of all combinations—the luxurious anchorite, the man who combines the self-indulgence of Lucullus with the insane loneliness of St. Simeon Stylites.

If we were to-morrow morning snowed up in the street in which we live, we should step suddenly into a much larger and much wilder world than we have ever known. And it is the whole effort of the typically modern person to escape from the street in which he lives. First he invents modern hygiene and goes to Margate. Then he invents modern culture and goes to Florence. Then he invents modern imperialism and goes to Timbuctoo. And in all this he is still essentially fleeing from the street in which he was born; and of this flight he is always ready with his own explanation. He says he is fleeing from his street because it is dull; he is lying. He is really fleeing from his street because it is a great deal too exciting. It is exciting because it is exacting; it is exacting because it is alive. Of course, this shrinking from the brutal vivacity and brutal variety of men is a perfectly rea-

> sonable and excusable thing so long as it does not pretend to any point of superiority. It is when it calls itself aristocracy or æstheticism or a superiority to the bourgeoisie that its inherent weakness has in justice to be pointed out. . . . Every man has hated mankind when he is less than a man. Every man has had humanity in his eyes like a blinding fog, humanity in his nostrils like a suffocating smell. But when Nietzsche has the incredible lack of humor and imagination to ask us to believe that his aristocracy is an aristocracy of strong muscles or an aristocracy of strong wills, it is necessary to point out the truth. It is an aristocracy of weak nerves.*

We find, then, at the opposite poles of our civilization two groups of men—the men who renounce human responsibilities and the men from whom these responsibilities are taken away. And between these two groups of spiritually misemployed lies that great and wholesome democracy in which Mr. Chesterton so heartily believes; and which recapitulates human nature in its widest and healthiest and most essential activities.†

The root of democracy is, of course, a religious one. "All men are equal as all pennies are equal because they bear the image of the King. All men are therefore intensely and painfully valuable and from this fact spring two others of equal importance. The first is that all men are tragic; the second is that all men are comic. This is evident in literature, where Tragedy becomes a profound sense of human dignity and Comedy a delighted sense of human variety. The first supports equality by saying that all men are equally sublime. The second supports equality by saying that all men are equally interesting. These are the two things in which all men are manifestly and unmistakably equal. They are not equally clever or equally muscular or equally fat, as the sages of modern reaction (with piercing insight) perceive." Scott and Dickens are taken as respectively representing and emphasizing these two aspects of human equality.

> In the idea of the dignity of all men, there is no democrat so great as Scott. This fact, which is the moral and enduring magnificence of Scott, has been astonishingly overlooked. His rich and dramatic effects are gained in almost every case by some grotesque or beggarly figure rising into human pride and rhetoric. The common man in the sense of the paltry

* *Heretics*, p. 179. † See *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, pp. 298–300.

man, becomes the common man in the sense of the universal man. He declares his humanity. For the meanest of all the modernities has been the notion that the heroic is the oddity or variation, and that the things that unite us are merely flat or foul. The common things are terrible and startling, death, for instance, and first love: the things that are common are the things that are not commonplace. Into such high and central passions the comic Scott character will suddenly rise. Remember the firm and almost stately answer of the preposterous Nichol Jarvie when Helen Macgregor seeks to browbeat him into condoning lawlessness and breaking his bourgeois decency. Think of the proud appeal of the old beggar in the *Antiquary* when he rebukes the duellists. . . . "Can you find no way?" asked Sir Arthur Wardour of the beggar when they are cut off by the tide. "I'll give you a farm. . . . I'll make you rich." . . . "Our riches will soon be equal," says the beggar, and looks out across the advancing sea. All this popular sympathy of his rests on the graver basis, on the dark dignity of man. . . . Scott was fond of describing kings in disguise. But all his characters are kings in disguise. He was, with all his errors, profoundly possessed with the old religious conception, the only possible democratic basis, the idea that man himself is a king in disguise.

Dickens had little or none of this sense of the concealed sublimity of every separate man. Dickens' sense of democracy was entirely of the other kind. It rested on the sense that all men were wildy interesting and wildly varied. When a Dickens character becomes excited he becomes more and more himself. He does not, like the Scott beggar, turn more and more into a man. As he rises he grows more and more into a gargoyle or grotesque. He does not, like the fine speaker in Scott, grow more passionate, more universal as he grows more intense. The thing can only be illustrated by a special case. Dickens did more than once, of course, make one of his quaint or humble characters assert himself in a serious crisis or defy the powerful. There is, for instance, the quite admirable scene in which Susan Nipper faces and rebukes Mr. Dombey. But it is still true that Susan Nipper remains a purely comic character throughout her speech, and even grows more comic as she goes on. She is more serious than usual in her meaning, but not more serious in her style. Whenever Dickens made comic characters talk sentiment comically, as in the instance of Susan, it was a success, but

> an avowedly extravagant success. Whenever he made comic characters talk sentiment seriously it was an extravagant failure. Humor was his medium; his only way of approaching emotion.*

No one can deny that ordinary folk despise the partiality and dullness of mere intellectualism, and have as hard things to say about it as the Church herself. They care little for instruction, but they love what they call "character." They do not amuse each other with epigrams, but they do amuse each other with themselves; they are always and everywhere personal. When a man in a public house speaks of another as a "character" you may be sure he will rejoice you with his company and refresh you with his wisdom. Such men have no desire to rule the world or to buy it—they are much too simple. There is a kingdom of romantic entertainment at their very doors, and since they are without a trace of snobbishness their eyes are open to its glorious possibilities. Where do nearly all the great ones of literature come from? The Mulvaneys, the Pycrofts, the gorgeous rustics of Mr. Hardy, the thousand characters of Dickens? They are not creations from the void. They are attempted recollections of actual people encountered in the humblest walks of life; and they are in reality understated rather than overdrawn.

It is with a gloomy sense of futility that we often watch the well-intentioned but one-sided efforts of intellectual and emotional specialists on behalf of the poor. Such men may call themselves democratic, but the most obvious thing about them is that they do not believe in the poor, they do not understand them, they do not love them.† They are totally blind to the light and shadow of humble life; to them the virtues of the poor seem as gross as their vices, and their joys as dull as their sorrows. To such the very true and real ceremonial of the poor is dull, formal, superstitious, and degrading—they cannot appreciate their rich and varied emotional life. Who but the poor can intensely enjoy the mysteries of giving and taking; with them festivity is almost a sacrament. Only they seem able continually to create and enjoy, in spite of the dullness of their surroundings, occasions of mirth and good-

* *Charles Dickens*, p. 245.

† *cf. Twelve Types*, pp. 17, 26, *Charles Dickens*, p. 274 *seq.* *The Defendant*, Introd. xii. and *passim*.

will, where forgotten memories are revived, and the solemn events and seasons of many-sided human nature are celebrated with all the fervor and publicity of an age of faith. They understand far better than their would-be helpers that the things that reform life are mainly the things of the heart. They have no doubt that a man "with his heart in the right place" will always get good out of life, and will freely spend it among his fellows.

There is no dearth of quality in life and it is to be sought, for the most part, in humble and private places. "It is in common life that we find the great characters. They are too great to get into the material world. It is in our own daily life that we are to look for the portents and the prodigies. This is the truth, not merely of the fixed figures of our life: the wife, the husband, the fool that fills the sky. It is true of the whole stream and substance of our daily experience. . . . Compared with this life, all public life, all fame, all wisdom, is by its nature cramped and cold and small. . . . It is when we pass our own private gate, and open our own secret door, that we step (for good or evil) into the land of giants."

One has no wish to deprecate the work of the many who have given their lives to political and social reform, but why is their success so moderate?

I have already pointed out that democracy is sandwiched, as it were, between two groups of men: (1) the men who have renounced human responsibilities; (2) the men from whom these responsibilities are taken away. It is also obvious that the second is mainly created, sustained, and increased by the first. These two groups, then, which for convenience we may call the *overworld* and the *underworld*, are a perpetual menace to the well-being of any state. The difficulty is, of course, an economic one, but not mainly so.

Why do the men of the overworld renounce their human responsibilities? (1) Because the human responsibilities of the great capitalist are too great to be realized by one man; and so far forth it would appear that some limit to the accumulation of private riches might be prescribed by the state without touching the principle of property and individual possession. (2) Because the temptation to retreat from what may be called the *center of realization*—the place where their em-

ployees work and live—is so strong. (3) Because the men of the overworld have, for the most part, renounced their private allegiance to the one power that would help them to realize their human responsibilities and would also help them to resist their strong temptation to flee from the center of realization.

"Only the Christian Church can offer any real objection to a complete confidence in the rich. For she has maintained from the beginning that the danger was not (mainly) in man's environment, but in man. Further she has maintained that if we come to talk of a dangerous environment, the most dangerous environment of all is a commodious environment. Rich men are not very likely to be morally trustworthy. The whole case for Christianity is that a man who is dependent upon the luxuries of life is a corrupt man, spiritually corrupt, politically corrupt, financially corrupt."

We can never hope that the overworld will reform itself, by itself. Nor can we expect the underworld to be reformed by the overworld—that is to say by a state government bought and controlled, as at present, by the overworld. Where, then, shall we look? To democracy? Yes; to democracy at least as the *materia prima*.

Democracy stands for the great principle that the essential things in men are the things that they hold in common. "Falling in love is more poetical than dropping into poetry. The democratic contention is that government (helping to rule the tribe) is a thing like falling in love and not a thing like dropping into poetry—*it is one of the things that we want a man to do for himself even if he does it badly*. Democracy classes government as one of the universal human functions." To democracy, then, we must hopefully look, and what is more to a democracy—the wholesome-hearted of every state—stimulated, idealized, individualized by the Church.

What, then, is to be said for the Church? This Church which professes to actuate the human heart to such an extent as to make it capable of really human responsibilities? In our next and concluding paper we hope to give Mr. Chesterton's answer to this important question.

IS IT THE TURN OF THE TIDE?

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

WHETHER time's revenges are, on the whole, a part of that special providence by which God fulfills Himself in history, is a question that religious men will be slow to answer. Revenges there are in plenty, however; and whoso runs with the world's honest chroniclers may read them, if he will. If some of them are very fragmentary and laughable, other some are correspondingly relentless, not to say ironic, in the fullness of their readjustments; and the wise are not slow to note their chastening lesson. Who would have predicted, scarcely more than half a century ago, that English-speaking Catholicism would one day be suffered, in the pale world of ideas, at least, to come back quietly into some little of its own? Yet this long-wished-for consummation is beginning to be realized at last in our own time. It is not so many decades, as the student reckons time, since Cardinal Wiseman, whose judgment and learning alike certainly gave him the right to speak, was cheaply criticized for having ventured to call Dr. Lingard "the only impartial historian" that England had thus far produced. More than fifty years have elapsed since Newman succeeded in winning a hearing, but not a following, for his own bold analysis of the smug and only too well established tradition prevalent among non-tractarian Protestants on all the more fundamental facts of the Reformation period.

The *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England* assuredly augured well; but not even they could be described as prophetic of the dawn which has since happily broken, seeing that Charles Kingsley could find so large and—apparently—so cultivated a public for the poor paste-board stuff and tin-dagger elements of *Westward-Ho* in 1855, and Charles Reade an almost wider circle of equally intelligent admirers for the not less wretched material of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, which saw the light some six years later in 1861. It was in the desolate interval, in 1856, we believe, that the first two volumes of

Froude's *History* appeared; and it is scarcely a paradox to maintain that it is in the reception accorded to this curious work that the first faint beginnings of a change in English sentiment on these matters may be discerned. Considered as mere writing, and judged from the serene point of view of the stylist, the success of the volumes was immediate and unchallengeable. Seldom, if ever before—so thought a generation which had listened to Newman at St. Mary's, which was beginning to understand Carlyle, and go demented over Macaulay—had English ears drunk in such obvious, yet virile, music, wedded to such pure, such picturesque, such idiomatic prose. The great British public behaved as it invariably does in such junctures. It folded the hapless author without further question to its heart. Fortunately for the cause of historic truth, the critics, such as they were in a purblind time, took up a more cautious position. With the exception of a friendly reviewer in the *Times*, nearly all of them were unfavorable to this magnificently anti-Catholic account of the English Reformation. Henry Reeves had just taken over the editorship of *The Edinburgh*, and the treatment which the *History* received at the hands of that staid, but scholarly, quarterly, under its new management, was savage in the extreme. From this time forth it became the accepted thing in high academic circles to discredit Froude as an interpreter of the past.

Meanwhile more scientific, more exacting, perhaps profounder views of the historian's vocation had been gradually forming in the English universities, and in no more significant personality did these ideas find sane embodiment than in that son of Oxford to whose industry and scholarship we owe the remarkable volumes known as *The History of the Papacy During the Period of the Reformation*. Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop, in turn, of Peterborough and of London, Mandell Creighton was scarcely the man, it might have been thought, to whom the average American Catholic student, or the average English Catholic student, for that matter, of the generation just passed, could be expected to turn to for an essentially fair-minded presentation of so contentious a theme. Yet he produced a work in which it could be said that he had made out a better case for the Papacy than a Catholic writer like Dr. Ludwig Pastor has done. Breadth, carefulness, balance, insight, a scrupulously scientific regard for

solid facts of which he nearly always shows himself the master, an impartiality amounting, it might almost seem, to ethical colorlessness, these are but some of the more obvious qualities that will strike the reader of a work which is doubly noteworthy as being the product at once of the finer Anglican spirit and of the newer economics of research. The story of the Greek ecclesiastic whose imperfect knowledge of English enabled him to recall but two words out of Creighton's many sermons and addresses, to wit, *character* and *sympathy*, is symbolic of much that went to make up both the historian and the man. The amount of gossip let loose in the half year following upon his death in 1901 revealed him as in many ways an extraordinary personality, quite as much of an enigma to the men of his own communion as he was to many among ourselves; but he was not an anomaly; nor was he insincere. Full of that rare form of semi-ironic courage which dares to make out a case for misrepresented church authority, even when writing for an English-speaking public somewhat ridiculously debauched by heady metaphysics, and a still headier sentimentality on the subject of religious revolt, Protestant Bishop though he was, he succeeded in producing a rounded story which scholars of every shade of ecclesiastical view will long regard as unassailable in temper, whatever they may be constrained ultimately, by the discovery of fresh material, to think about its disturbing array of facts. He was also one of those—a growing class in our day—whose reading of Reformation evidence inclines them to the view that there need never have been a change of doctrine; seeing that what was most needed by ecclesiastical Europe at the dawn of the sixteenth century was a change of heart. Were the ideas of Pole, of Caraffa, of Sadoleto, of St. Ignatius of Loyola to be justified at last?

It is sometimes said that what the universities are thinking about to-day, the public will be prating about to-morrow. The apothegm may be accepted as roughly true, if by to-morrow is meant the popular movement of five and twenty years hence. Many things have happened in learned as well as in workaday England since Froude pleased the vulgar and ruffled the tempers of Irish and academic folk by his outrageous treatment of More and Fisher and Mary Stuart, and other champions of the elder Faith. Much, too, has changed since Creighton began to

write about the Popes. An entirely new school of history has grown up, which, wisely or unwisely, invokes one compelling name, and loves to associate its triumphs with one compelling university center. We refer, of course, to that Cambridge School of History which looks upon the late Lord Acton as its chief, if not its only begetter, and the *English Historical Review* as its most accredited mouthpiece. Lord Acton, as all the world knows now, lived and died a child of the Roman Church. If some of the more derivative obediences of his creed seemed to sit so lightly upon his conscience as to scandalize the simpler-minded and more logical among his brethren, much was afterwards forgiven him for his services to the cause of scholarship and for the unaffected piety of his riper years. It could not be said of him at the time of his death, at any rate, as had been said, too rancorously, indeed, a score of years before, by a religious weekly journal with some repute for orthodoxy as well as tone, that he had forfeited his right to be considered a representative Roman Catholic in the England of his time. His fault lay rather on the temperamental than on the intellectual side of his nature; for this last was essentially sound and true. His scanty writings would seem to show that he was deficient in imagination and lacked the gift of sympathy so necessary to an historian in whom the sense of moral values was abnormally acute. He was, perhaps, not altogether the miracle of omniscience that his disciples averred; but, like his friend Mr. Gladstone, he had an extraordinary memory, and was probably the most widely read Englishman of his period. What *The Times* said of him on the occasion of his inaugural address as Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge possibly affords a clue both to the appeal he so successfully made to the scholars of this generation and to his failure to commend himself entirely to the more uncompromising apologists of his own creed. "There are many Protestant historians," a leader in that great journal declared on the morning after the lecture was delivered, "who would take sides far more ardently with the Church of Rome." He was so scrupulous, it would seem, in divesting himself of all theological bias, that he became, in the event, somewhat unfair to those who fought and intrigued too insistently for the faith which he himself prized above life. The ideal he holds up, however, is one that no sane Catholic is likely to quarrel with in the years to come, even if that larger

insight into human nature which religious sanity invariably imparts, makes most of us pessimistic about ever seeing it realized before the Millenium. "If men were truly sincere," he says, "and delivered judgment by no canons but those of evident morality, then *Julian would be described in the same terms by Christian and Pagan, Luther by Catholic and Protestant, Washington by Whig and Tory, Napoleon by patriotic Frenchman and patriotic German.*" This is excellent, indeed, but it is not all; for this austere conception of impartiality, which is an attitude of mind at best, needs to be supplemented by those more technical rules of critical research, of comparative evidence, and of method which are "only the reduplication of common sense." Tried by these tests writers like Froude and Prescott and Motley are, we suppose, ruled out of court, while such favorites of yesterday as John Richard Green are rendered as hopelessly out of date as though they had written in the too confident middle of the nineteenth century.

Has any practical result come of this changed orientation in the schools of historic research? One might point to the remarkable series known as *The Cambridge Modern History*, of which some ten bulky volumes have already appeared. As originally planned, the conception is said to have been Lord Acton's; and it must be admitted that there is a certain comprehensiveness, not to say grandioseness, in the mere outline of the encyclopædic work quite in keeping with all that is known of that noble scholar's genius for generalization. To be enabled to read an elaborate series of monographs on the chief topics of interest among the multitudinous events of the past four hundred years is a privilege for which even the most omniscient may well be grateful. When the idea was first announced by the projectors of the work a good deal of interest was inevitably manifested by Catholic students both in this country and in England. Some of the most contentious problems in modern history would come up for discussion in the course of publication, and expectation as to the kind of treatment these matters would receive naturally grew keen. To hear the ripest scholars of our time delivering their judgments on such points as the suppression of the English monasteries, Luther, Henry VIII., Cranmer, Mary Tudor, Mary Stuart, Matthew Parker's consecration, the Elizabethan settlement, Calvin, the Council of Trent, the rise of the Jesuits, the St. Bartholomew's massacre—

to name but a few of the graver issues clamoring for solution —was an opportunity not lightly to be spoken of. Can it be said that the result has been at all commensurate with the expectations which were raised when the prospectus of so hazardous an undertaking was first published a little over seven years since? It would be easy to find fault with a work conceived on the lines of the Cambridge editors, even if it were less open to intelligent criticism than it unfortunately happens to be. One might ask, for instance, on what principle of impartiality an irritating and one-sided writer like Principal Lindsay should be selected to discuss such matters as popular religion in Germany in the fifteenth century; or why a person of Mr. H. C. Lea's performances should be asked from among ourselves to tell an only too expectant public what might pertinently be affirmed on the decline of morality among the clergy before the days of the Reformation? These are grave blunders. Omniscience, we know, is the prerogative of few editors, even among the orthodox; but, surely, we have a right to expect a modest sense of proportion as an indispensable part of their mental stock in trade. *Scire ubi aliquid invenire possis, maxima pars eruditionis est,* says a naïve adage once current among Latin schoolmasters. Familiarity with the knowledge-market is not precisely the same thing as the possession of knowledge itself; but it is an excellent substitute for the same; and in an encyclopædia-ridden age like our own the editor who embarks upon an enterprise without it is lost. Yet there are so many good things and rare things about the *Cambridge Modern History* that it may possibly seem ungracious, even in a Catholic, to carp at deficiencies like these. It does sincerely aim at impartiality; and in a multitude of critical cases it actually achieves it. One needs constantly to be reminded, however, that some things are of such paramount value in Catholicism as in life, that to wear an air of judicial neutrality when they are in the balance is to betray God's cause to an unbelieving world. It is a fact like that which makes a venture like the *Cambridge Modern History* so human, for all its scientific affectations; and which renders the attitude of the cultivated English Catholic in its regard so reasonably unreasonable. But here we trench upon tenuous matters.

From the *Cambridge History*, with its bulky and multitudinous volumes, to a work like Mr. Edward Armstrong's *Charles*

*the Fifth** is an obvious transition; for not only may the author be described as one of those serenely unimpassioned interpreters of the past in whom Lord Acton would have delighted, had he lived to pronounce judgment on the work, but he is also one of the best and most fair-minded of the contributors to the series which we have been considering. Few characters in modern history are at once so enigmatic and so representative as that of the august ruler whose name is associated so intimately, or with such a variety of sentiment, with the three great forms of Protestantism that have seemed for a space to prevail against the Catholic ideal. Charles has this further distinction, also, that there is something of the touchstone in his story; for, as men judge of him, so are their secret predilections revealed with respect to the controversies that cluster about his career. In temperament and habit he was more of a Fleming than a Spaniard. Yet he was the father of Philip the Second and a typical Iberian in the dramatic circumstances of his farewell to worldly glory and his demeanor in the face of death. The genuineness of his Catholicism was the most obvious and coherent thing noticeable in his many-sided and contradictory nature; yet he could make war upon the Pope and, with ample resources at his call, could endure to see the great fabric of Catholic unity shattered in England and in northern Germany without striking a whole-hearted blow in its defence. He was drag-weighted by a demon of hesitancy. To write adequately of such a character would seem to demand something more than learning, something deeper even than insight; yet the author has not only brought these qualities to bear upon his task, but has injected into it, likewise, an atmosphere of fairness that must commend him to readers of the most opposite schools. Popes and cardinals and heresiarchs, princes and statesmen, move through his pages; policies and measures are discussed; and criticism is dealt to high and low with frank, unsparing words; yet, as was generally pointed out when the work appeared some seven years ago, it would be hard to say what Mr. Armstrong's religious tenets really are. To read him, after having renewed oneself in Robertson by way of comparison, is like coming from Edinburgh to Rome. It is like going from the carping isolation and distorted perspective of a provincial capital to the breadth,

* *The Emperor Charles the Fifth.* London: Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. 8vo. 1902.

the loftier outlook, and the sanity of the great centers of the world.

Whether the instances we have thus far adduced will convince the Catholic, who has grown weary of protest, that the tide of foolish and anti-Roman opinion on most points of history is at last on the turn, there can hardly be room for further hesitation, if we take into account Dr. James Gairdner's two recently published volumes on *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*. The author can scarcely be described as a popular, much less a fairly exploited, writer on any of the subjects connected with the scope of this article. Nevertheless, we shall not exceed the bounds of moderation, if we say that there is not in the world of English-speaking scholars at this moment an authority who can claim to speak with greater weight on the particular theme which he has happily chosen to discuss. Dr. Gairdner is now an old man. He has had a familiar and first-hand acquaintance with rare and hitherto unconsidered sources of knowledge on the English Reformation crisis practically from early manhood. He became clerk in the Public Record Office as far back as 1846, and Assistant Keeper in 1859. He had edited for the Master of the Rolls the *Memorials of Henry VII.* and the *Letters and Papers* of the reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII. When Professor Brewer died, in 1879, Mr. Gairdner was selected to continue the difficult *Calendar of Henry VIII.*, of which the fifth volume and all the subsequent issues as far as Part I. of volume the nineteenth have appeared under his editorship. It is to his industry also that scholars owe the present accessibility of the *Paston Letters* (1872–75); and in addition to other work done for the *Camden Society*, for the *English Historical Review*, and for Sir Leslie Stephen's great *Dictionary of National Biography*, he has written *A History of the English Church in the Sixteenth Century from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Mary.** However colorless this list of achievements may appear to that fastidious, yet sometimes undiscriminating, public that prefers its history costumed and staged in due histrionic form, it represents an apprenticeship that gives the author a right to be heard at the close of his laborious days. Why has he chosen

* See Volume IV. in the series known as *A History of the English Church*, edited by the (late) Very Rev. W. R. Stephens, D.D., and the Rev. William Hunt, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1903.

to write over a thousand pages of carefully collated narrative on such a subject as *Lollardy and the Reformation in England;* and what is his deliberate and final judgment of that long-debated matter? He himself tells us, practically, in answer to the first question, that it was because his earlier volume on *The History of the English Church* was produced under editorial restrictions which forbade his giving a rounded and perfectly satisfactory story.* Not that Dr. Gairdner suffers in any appreciable degree from the after-tortures of the stylist; stylistic graces, indeed, he seems scarcely to affect; but he feels, what students on the Catholic side have felt all along, that a tremendous and far-reaching event like the English Reformation cannot be explained in terms satisfactory to the scientific mind by restricting one's investigations to the narrow and often arbitrary limits of three or four reigns. Indeed his desire to tell a complete story to-day furnishes a pertinent commentary on the modern reader's appetite for that unsubstantial and often unwholesome form of mental food known as the "historical series." Periods and events are mapped off with misleading precision; so many years and facts to each, and so many printed words to the telling of them, as the economy of editors or publishers may happen to enjoin. Not so can history be kept loyal to its new ideals, or even made vital and human and true.

Dr. Gairdner's "present work, therefore, although partly going over the same ground as its predecessor, has a wider scope and a materially different aim." It looks both before and after; because, as the author tells us, "the Reformation, as a study by itself, forbids us to confine our view even to one single century."† And so it happens, that in the course of four books, running through two large volumes of over five hundred pages each, we have the more important outlines of a "general survey" which carries the reader over such debatable ground as *The Lollards* (Book I.), *Royal Supremacy* (Book II.), *The Fall of the Monasteries* (Book III.), and *The Reign of the English Bible* (Book IV.) Dr. Gairdner is now an old man in his eighty-first year; but contact with the moldy records of the past does not seem to have dulled the edge of his mind or abated any of that ardor for actuality which enters so largely into the spiritual make-up of the scholar of these times. The

* *Lollardy.* Volume I. Preface, p. vi. † Preface, pp. vi., vii.

desire to which he gives expression in the preface to his first volume of retaining his strength long enough to "carry the work on to the reign of Queen Elizabeth" reads like a rebuke and a summons to younger men. Educated Catholics all over the English-speaking world who read these remarkable volumes will have every reason to pray that so honorable a hope may not be frustrate; for, whatever they may think of his account of certain debatable details in the long and diversified movement, however they may marvel here and there at the theories of church unity and jurisdiction involved in not a little of his inevitable comment upon the enthralling story, they will recognize him, almost from the outset, as one more link—a most invaluable link, as being both a scholar and a would-be apologist for Anglicanism—in that chain of witnesses to the Catholic sense of things that runs in unbroken strength from Abbot Gasquet and Dom Norbert Birt, from Father John Morris, and the Jesuit lay brother, Henry Foley, through Lingard and the Roman controversialists of the two preceding centuries, back to Nicholas Sanders and the misunderstood Parsons, until it ends in those who dared to seal their testimony to the same Catholic reading of things in their hearts' blood. This may sound very much like sentiment and not science, we fear. To those who may be tempted to think so we say: Read these thousand pages and see. There can be few cultivated Catholics in our day who have views on the subject worth considering at all, who would not be willing to have their traditional claim judged in substance by the concessions of this book. For what, in fine, has been the strength—we are speaking of the living and actual, not the abstract logical strength—of the great Protestant tradition in English-speaking lands during the past three centuries but this, that Henry VIII. and the English reformers, no matter what their errors in other respects may have been, overthrew a despotic and hated superstition and set up the Christian "law of liberty" in its stead? Reduced to its barest terms that is what pride in Protestantism, with its habitual mistrust of the counter Catholic ideal, has amounted to. Where it has ventured to become articulate, as it has increasingly done under the guise of literary sentiment and the accepted views of uncritical historians, this tradition has taken definite and specific form, and it has practically framed its contentions to this effect: that "Papistry" never sat easily

upon a healthy Englishman's conscience, as the story of the Lollard movement shows; that the Royal Supremacy was but the logical expression in time of this distaste for Italianism in religion; that the monasteries before their suppression under Henry VIII. were, for the most part, hotbeds of hypocrisy and corruption; and finally that it was the English Bible that revealed to the men of the Reformation the real strength of the religion of the Spirit as contrasted with Roman externalism.

The average English-speaking Protestant has surrendered many a dear prejudice during the past fifty years; for the business of research is going steadily on and the acid of criticism is filtering down, through the medium of popular literature, even to the hardest minds; but these are the four cardinal preambles of his creed. The point about the monasteries he has shown at times a decent willingness to reconsider; but not the other three. Are not the first two as old and as incontestable as Shakespeare himself? * And is not the last attested by the extraordinary development of our English tongue? Is not reverence for and familiarity with the Authorized Version one of the admitted secrets of our melodious speech? Surely, all educated men recognize to-day the true source of

> The golden thread that goes
> To link the periods of our prose?

Let us see what Dr. Gairdner has to say on these primary matters. Almost on the threshold of his extraordinary investigation he has this to remark:

> One whom we might well take as a guide considers the Reformation as "a great national revolution which found expression in the resolute assertion on the part of England of its national independence." [*Historical Lectures and Addresses*, p. 150.] These are the words of the late Bishop Creighton, who further tells us in the same page that "there never was a time in England when the Papal authority was not resented, and really the final act of the repudiation of that authority followed quite naturally as the result of a long series of similar acts which had taken place from the earliest

* *cf. King John III.*, i., ll. 147 ss.

> times." I am sorry to differ from so able, conscientious, and learned an historian, and my difficulty in contradicting him is increased by the consciousness that in these passages he expresses, not his own opinion merely, but one to which Protestant writers have been generally predisposed. But can any such statements be justified? Was there anything like a general dislike of the Roman jurisdiction in church matters before Roman jurisdiction was abolished by Parliament to please Henry VIII.? or did the nation before that day believe that it would be more independent if the Pope's jurisdiction were replaced by that of the king? I fail, I must say, to see any evidence of such a feeling in the copious correspondence of the twenty years preceding, I fail to find it even in the prosecutions of heretics and the articles charged against them—from which, though a certain number may contain denunciations of the Pope as Antichrist, it would be difficult to infer anything like a general desire for the abolition of his authority in England. . . .
>
> That Rome exercised her spiritual power by the willing obedience of Englishmen in general, and that they regarded it as a really wholesome power, even for the control it exercised over secular tyranny, is a fact which it requires no very intimate knowledge of early English literature to bring home to us. . . . It was only after an able and despotic king had proved himself stronger than the spiritual power of Rome that the people of England were divorced from their Roman allegiance; and there is abundant evidence that they were divorced from it at first against their will.*

These are very frank words; but to realize their full significance to those who have hitherto maintained substantially the same views on other, and perhaps hardly less critical, grounds, one needs to measure, not so much the authority and scholarship of the writer, which hardly need to be insisted upon now, as the breadth and persistency of the tradition they so courageously assail. Dr. Gairdner finds further and corroborative evidence of the truth of these conclusions in three out of the four very interesting chapters in which he discusses what may be called the surviving Protestant myths on the origin and character of English Lollardy. Wycliffe's heresy, he holds, had all but disappeared in the country of its birth when the loss of prestige that resulted to Papal authority from the

* *Lollardy and the Reformation in England.* Vol. I., pp. 3, 4, 5.

unhappy scandals of the Great Schism gave it a fresh lease of life. But it never really gained ground in the "Church" established under Royal Supremacy. If we would study its subsequent developments we must look for them in English Puritanism and in the fanatical positions of the extremer sectaries of Germany in the sixteenth century.

Interesting as are the chapters that rehearse the melancholy story of the suppression of the religious houses, there is little in them that bears upon the immediate scope of this article. Dr. Gairdner, in common with every reputable scholar who has ever attempted to sift the evidence in the case, is convinced that it was a measure of wholesale injustice, due, in the first instance, to the lust, the selfishness, the caprice* of the "casuistical and self-willed tyrant" who ordered it; and in the second place to the thoroughly unscrupulous character of the two worthies—Doctors Legh and Leyton—whom Cromwell, as "Vicegerent of the king in spiritual matters," and "with a view to his own advancement in wealth and power,"† commissioned to carry it out. How the sorry business was effected readers of Abbot Gasquet have known now these many years. "It is now generally agreed," says Dr. Gairdner, who quotes with approval on the same page the learned Benedictine's remarks on the nature of the commission entrusted to the visitors, "that it was not an honest investigation."‡ If that were all that could be claimed, decent folk might well restrain their anger. But, as Catholics have known since Nicholas Sanders' day, matters were much worse. Of this ugly element in the sinister procedure, Dr. Gairdner writes:

> If monks ought to have been protected by their rule and the respect in which it had always been held from the evil influences of a secular tyranny, even more so should nuns have been; but it was only too evident that they were not. Nuns under twenty-five years of age were turned out of their convents, and one of the commissaries sent on this business (no doubt Dr. Legh) addressed the ladies in an immodest way. They rebuked his insolence, and said he was violating their apostolic privileges; but he replied that he himself had more power from the King than the whole Apostolic See. The nuns, having no other appeal, made their remonstrance to

* Vol. II., pp. 45-46. † Vol. II. p. 53. ‡ Vol. II. p. 59.

Cromwell; but he in reply said these things were but a prologue of that which was to come.*

So the occurrence was reported at the time by Chapuy† in England to Dr. Ortiz, the Imperial agent at Rome; and *Sanders, who, though then only eight years old, was much better informed and more accurate about many things when he wrote than past historians have believed*,‡ says distinctly that Legh, as a means of discharging the duties imposed upon him, solicited the nuns to breach of chastity, and that he spoke of nothing more readily than of sexual impurity; for the visitation was appointed expressly for the purpose that the King might catch at every pretext for overthrowing the monasteries.§ The tradition of this abominable procedure, as is shown even by the Protestant historian Fuller, was kept alive for some generations by the just indignation of Roman Catholics; and Fuller himself reports, as a fact circumstantially warranted by the tradition of papists, the story of one of those base attempts in a nunnery some miles from Cambridge. It is moreover evident that Fuller himself, with every desire to discredit the story, was far from being convinced that it was altogether untrue. If false, indeed, the tradition must have been very elaborately supported by further falsehood; for it is stated that one of the agents afterwards confessed to Sir William Stanley, who served in the Low Countries in the time of Queen Elizabeth, "that nothing in all his life lay more heavy on his conscience than this false accusation of these innocents."‖

In spite of the extremely unpleasant character of the extract we have given above, the entire passage will be found valuable, we think, because it illustrates so significantly both the candor and the essential manliness of spirit in which this disillusioned specialist writes.

Nor will his chapter on the story of the English Bible¶ be found less instructive to the English-speaking student of history in this country. Adherents of the old faith, no doubt, are already familiar enough with the main outlines of this controverted point as given by Lingard and by Abbot Gasquet

* *Letters and Papers*, IX., 873. † The French Ambassador.

‡ The italics are mine.—C. C.

§ *Historia Schismatis Anglicani*, p. 105. Ed. Cologne, 1628.

‖ Vol. II., pp. 70-72. Dr. Gairdner adds an interesting footnote, giving the reference in Fuller (*Ch. Hist.* Ed. 1845; III., 385) and identifying the nunnery as, possibly, Chatteris. The penitent visitor was, he adds, no doubt, Ap Rice.

¶ Book IV. Chapter I., p. 221.

and by Catholic writers of lesser note. If Dr. Gairdner does not seriously contravene what they have argued for, he nevertheless manages to tell a story which is practically new both in setting and in detail. Few positions in Catholicism have been so regrettably misunderstood by the world of English-speaking men, as its various enactments on the reading and translation of the Scriptures. Here, if anywhere, is the Reformation protest supposed to be strong, while the Catholic counter-ideal, in spite of all our explanations of it, is adjudged to be correspondingly weak. Indeed, the whole case between the two opposing schools may be decided offhand by a simple juxtaposition. While the Authorized Version has been—up to the present at least—one of the great formative influences of the race, spiritually, temperamentally, linguistically, the Douai and Rheims versions have been practically of no effect at all. The King James translation, which may be said to have become, more distinctively than all others, the English Bible, was, in spite of the *ex-parte* and surely polemical character of its production, an English and almost spontaneous growth; whereas the Catholic version was, at its best, an exotic, because continental, makeshift. It was a kind of bone flung grudgingly to the dogs of war, and was never seriously intended to edify the spiritual life of the laity at large, who were taught, even while they used it, to mistrust it. So might one formulate in substance the thoughts of the victorious Protestant mind on this sad subject of the English Bible at any time during the past three hundred years. But what are the bare facts of the case as Dr. Gairdner rearranges them? First, that versions in the vernacular existed and were in use for the benefit of unlettered souls, in the religious houses and out of them, long before Wycliffe ever attempted to provide a Bible in the English tongue; secondly, that there was no evidence of any disposition on the part of authority to discourage the circulation of these versions until heretical men began to garble particular texts and to emphasize their disquieting tendency by the addition of marginal glosses of a very questionable and inflammatory kind; thirdly, that Tyndale's version in particular was unworthily associated with a strangely commercial, not to say venal, transaction in which not merely a group of "Evangelical" London merchants were involved, but the sanctimonious translator himself; fourthly, that so far were the great

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body of Englishmen from taking kindly to this indiscriminate spread of the Scriptures, that they had to be compelled to listen, and through their parish priest to buy; and fifthly, that Henry VIII. encouraged the movement in part solely from a selfish desire to lessen the prestige of the clergy, and by this means to strengthen the principle of Royal Supremacy.* It would seem that Bible worship as a religious institution among us is not one whit more respectable in its ancestry than the State worship that masqueraded so long in the guise of Royal Supremacy.

We have dwelt more at length on Dr. Gairdner's two volumes than on any of the others in the not insignificant list we have chosen, because they illustrate so pointedly—one might almost say, so surprisingly—the drift of scholarly interest to-day which seems to be towards and not away from the Catholic goal. If we have been frank in our praise, we have not, we trust, been inconsiderate. There is much, of course, in these thousand pages that a Catholic writer might be prone to criticize more adversely than we could find it in our conscience to do, even on historic grounds.† There is much, likewise, in the way of implied ecclesiastical opinion which is both theologically unscientific and logically unsound; for Dr. Gairdner is evidently a sincere believer in the "*Continuity-Comprehensive*" theory of modern Anglicanism, and writes as though the English Church could have passed through such a crisis as he has described and yet emerge substantially intact. But considerations such as these are beside the purpose of our present study, which has been undertaken for the sole purpose of calling attention to what thoughtful men cannot but regard as a hopeful sign of the times. To have an intellectual interest in Catholicism, is not the same thing as to understand Catholicism; and the time may still be far distant when the Church, as of old, will leaven the new social order now shaping so indeterminably before our very eyes. But it is a great thing to behold a dividing wall of prejudice, built foolishly in ignorance and misapprehension, broken down. Has the process of disintegration seriously begun? We may safely leave that question to a later generation to answer. It is something, however, to have seen what we

* Book IV.: *The Reign of the English Bible.* Vol. II., pp. 221-303.

† See, for example, Abbot Gasquet's most recent strictures in the *Tablet* for January 16, and Father Thurston's admirable article in the *Month* for December last.

are confronted by to-day, the unrest in the higher reaches of the intellectual world. It is that unrest which threatens to break down the wall whereof we speak; and it is a discontent that reaches further than many of us imagine! Neither in history nor in letters alone, but in science, in philosophy, and even in religious creeds, as well, men are everywhere engaged in reconsidering the long-accepted landmarks. It is the reign of criticism; a kind of a new and formless Religion of the Real. Wholly outside of the visible boundaries of Catholicism as a definite movement at present, it betrays itself now and then in a gathering tendency, as in the historic writers whose books we have been considering, that looks strangely like an advance towards those same subsidiary ends which Roman Christianity in the quest of its further goal has claimed magisterially to foster. Is it a step towards a higher and more enduring reunion? The very suggestion of such an idea may savor of madness to the outsider. But Roman views are proverbially long views, and who shall say that the perspective we have hinted at is at fault?

Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J.

WEST-COUNTRY IDYLLS

BY H. E. P.

X.

A LEGEND OF HOLCOMBE.*

N the story of "The Old Manor House" I told how I wandered down a grassy lane that ended in a gate on which I rested, while I heard the story of the haunting of the poor old place. To-day I have climbed the gate—it is past opening now—and crossed the field to another gate, where the lane, narrowed to a mere path, begins once more. Evidently some enterprising farmer, in a past age, has blotted out the intermediate stretch of road, and added its site to his grazing land.

The path leads through a copse—a copse so thick that my way lies darkly beneath the boughs that meet overhead. The moss-covered path runs steeply to the bottom of the combe, where a bridge crosses the stream, and here I pause. Running water is always an attraction, with its lights and shades, its curves and rings, its restlessness. I watch the persistence with which it pushes at that bit of stick, caught on a bramble spray, until it sets it free, and sends it twisting down the stream, only to be caught up half a dozen times more before it has gone as many yards. Here a group of frothy bubbles are having a quiet dance all to themselves in a back-water, whither they have drifted. A merry swarm of gnats whirl round and round in a streak of sunshine that has forced its way through the boughs above. There are weddings amongst them, and sudden deaths, and funerals and feasts, but they whirl on as if life was only a waltz. There is sharp practice amongst the spiders, hidden in aquatic plants, and general consternation amongst everything and everybody, when a glad and frisky trout jumps a foot into the air and upsets all this little world with his returning splash. All this I see, while I listen to the hum of the bees as they hunt among the scented bluebells, and I hang over the parapet of the bridge.

* The "Great Pestilence" began in the south of England, in the autumn of 1348, and lasted for about a year. During that time the disease swept away fully one-third of the population of England and Wales.

The water dashes over a few boulders built up as an obstruction, and then falls into a pool before it runs beneath the arch on which I stand. Along the sides of the pool is a fringe of lady ferns, and their reflections seem to make another fringe under water. A large clump of yellow marigolds have pushed down to the edge, as if they too wanted to see their faces like the vain lady ferns. And when I look above the babbling water, as far as I can see, the ground is enameled with broad patches of pink campion, broken up with bluebells here and there. Away beyond, a sea of white garlic flowers ends in the distance under the dark boughs of the fir plantation.

The water follows through the copse of hazel and dogroses, and twists about mossy rocks, and splashes and bubbles and sings, until at last it is out in the light, and free of the wood. Then, for a dozen yards or so, it rushes on until it fills up a hollow in the combe and makes a small lake. Here the pool stretches from bank to bank, placid and still. In summer time it bears up great water-lilies, which float wide open on its breast and then it looks like a silver brooch set with pearls, clasping together the sides of this sunny combe.

I leave the bridge and follow the path, which for a while is companion to the stream. The sun is scorching hot for early spring, and it "pens down," as the natives say, in this narrow combe and brings out the flowers and butterflies and the young birds, earlier than anywhere else. In fact the place earns its name of Lucombe, or the loo-combe, because it faces south and gets a full share of the sun.

Lucombe wood—with its stream and its flowers, with its sunshine and its lake, with its sad tale hidden in its heart—is no ordinary place. It once teemed with life. The laurels are not wild, nor are its cherries nor its plums. Ages upon ages ago fingers that are very still now plucked the raspberries which even yet grow here in profusion. Five hundred years and more have passed since the waterfall was made, or the bridge or the lake, or this narrow and steep path on my right, which leads me so suddenly upwards. It is the old road, doubtless, so I follow it still. A tangle of raspberry and wild roses blocks the way. Beyond great stalwart lime trees stand, shoulder to shoulder, as if their office was to defend something precious. Through the nettles, as high as my head I fight my way, and then, suddenly, I am close up to an old gray wall with windows in it.

The church of St. Andrew was the parish church of Holcombe, whose village in a bygone age nestled round it. On the side from which I have approached it is completely shut in by the trees of Lucombe wood, and they close in at its ends as well. Only its south side is open, and this is given up to the dead. No house is near—you hear no sound but the singing of the birds.

The sun beats down on the low square tower at the one end, and on the little sanctuary at the other. Half way between the two is the porch with its zig-zag Norman arch, and within it the old door, closed above a well-worn step. How wonderfully peaceful it is! The dead must lie in more than ordinary calm in such a spot as this—so remote, so unworldly, so forgotten. And why have all things drifted away from the place, leaving it only with its dead? What has happened to stop the flow of life, so that the old church is left so lonely and so desolate? The terrible secret is yards down beneath those heaving mounds, away there in the field, beyond the churchyard wall.

It is hot, and I am weary with the stiff climb and the fight with the brambles and nettles. The porch, with its shade and its bench, invites to rest. Here I can look out across the buried dead, whose stones record their names, to that buried village where so many lie, all unnamed, unknown. As I rest —unless I grow too sleepy—I must try to call up to my mind's eye how that village looked, with its rows of thatched cottages, its narrow street, its simple folk, its simple life.

Part of my view is hidden by a rose bush growing near the porch. A robin at this moment perches on one of its long swaying shoots, and begins to sing. I have often tried to understand the robin's song, and once more I wonder at its theme. The mournful cadence which brings the short effort to an end is so unlike the joy song of any of our native birds. On a wild day in early autumn, when the leaves come flying down in thousands, and the rain pelts on the window, his song is in place. On such a day, perched just outside the house, he seems to be singing the dirge of the dead summer. But on a bright spring morning, when the joy of new-born nature knows no bounds, I never understand the robin's song. Perhaps not far away, under some primrose leaves, his wife is sitting, brown-eyed and still, on five well-loved eggs. You would think he would feel proud and glad as other birds, but yet he sings his dirge—his sad, sad dirge.

I listen on—listen dreamily to the ever repeated cadence. Presently it seems to me to have words—I'm sure he is singing words—they grow plainer and plainer—*Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison*—no; the words come from inside the church, and I hear footsteps too—

The procession is not long. A quaint silver cross leads the way, and there are boys, and the candles gleam before they pass out into the bright sunshine, and then their sparks are lost. Two and two, and sometimes three and three, the people come out of the church and follow the cross. Lastly walks a priest, who half reads, half chants from a book, the Litany of the Saints. They pass me as I sit in the porch, but they pass me and seem to heed me not at all.

Down the churchyard path, through an old gate with a roof above it, from which wild garlands of white starry clematis are hanging, and then out into the winding village street they go. I can still hear the singing, and the priest's voice, plain and solemn, calls three times on St. Andrew their patron, and three times over the people shout back their *Ora pro nobis.* The bishop has ordered a procession in every church in his diocese that God may be implored to stay the great pestilence which even now has reached England, and down the country on the Dorset coast has already "most pitifully destroyed people innumerable."* The procession is out of sight. I have seen old folk, too feeble to walk with the others, come to their doors and bow as low as age would let them, when the cross passed and the priest prayed.

An old man claims my attention. He is not walking in the procession, nor is he standing at his door. He is deformed, and when I saw his face a few moments ago I did not like it. He has walked off and has gone past the side of the church where there is a footpath, and I see whither it is leading him. The lake is at the end of the path, and it shines through the trees. A bend leads the old hunchback to his hut, which is on the bank some yards above the water. I wonder why he has not joined in the procession—every one in the place was in it, and seemed terribly in earnest too, for they must fear this dreadful visitation and are praying God to spare them. The man has gone into his hut, and is laughing to himself. An old dame leaning on a stick, passes the door, and as she does so, speaks to the hunchback. He is telling her she is late for the

*August 17, 1348.

procession, that it is quite out of the village by now, and perhaps half way round the parish, and that she had better go back home again. No, she will go up to the church and say her prayers, and wait till they return. She is in no hurry, and they chat. I gather that the hunchback is the grave-digger; and he seems to me to talk profanely, for the old dame chides him often. He does not mind if the pestilence comes—the more that die, the more graves there are to dig, and the more groats to earn; and for what is life, if not for gathering groats? I think the other suggests that the plague might take him too, but he only laughs and makes game of both her prayers and fears. Then she leaves him and goes by the path that leads upwards to the church.

The procession is now some distance on its way, for I can hear the chanting response to the litany coming across the hill that rises above the lake on the right. To judge from its volume, many more souls have joined since they left the church, for the sound is loud and strong, although it must be at least half a mile away. Perhaps the very earnestness with which they sing makes the chant travel so far and so distinctly. It must be a dreadful thing, this new disease, and it gives but little time when it strikes its victim. At Melcombe Regis [Weymouth], where it began, they say that the pestilence had two forms. If it attacked the lungs it brought on a terrible blood spitting, and within an hour, even with the strongest man, all was over. With the weak and the young it was quicker even than this. When the plague took the other shape, great black swellings came under the arm or in the groin, or indeed, for the matter of that, all over the body of the luckless sufferer. Death was not so swift when the blood spitting was absent, and the victim might last a couple of days or so, according to his age and strength. A few of those stricken with the black swellings sometimes lived through the attack and dragged on a dying life for months, and then slowly came back to health. But for most men, once to be taken with this dire disease meant death—death quick and terrible. And when the pestilence is on them, folk are quite at a loss how to meet him. The simple remedies they know of seem quite useless, and he laughs them to scorn. They have tried blood-letting, but the victim died just the same. No herbs of which they know have any effect; nothing placed against these awful swellings stops the biting pang. Once the pestilence seizes, the man is doomed, and his

nearest, dearest friend will fly from him in terror. Then alone, forsaken by all, the raving delirium will fill his last moments with woe and anguish. If the priest is not stricken down too, the last rites are hurriedly, furtively given—the fierce struggle begins, and choked with the ever rising blood from the lungs, in a short space the poor creature is a discolored, swollen corpse.

They have already died by the hundred in this manner, all along the seacoast, where the ships and the fisher boats first brought the disease from abroad, and now, as it spreads inland, a great and terrible fear of approaching evil is in all men's minds. No wonder the chant rises with such a loud chorus as the folks join in and pray, perhaps as they have never prayed before, that the homes they love so well may be spared. Are they not out of the way—off the ordinary roads, here in their little sequestered village—and may they not reasonably hope that the pestilence will pass them by? Alas, alas! not one in all the throng that now sings so earnestly, and that begs this tender mercy at the hands of an all-merciful God, will be alive three months from to-day! The voice—the priestly voice that I heard read the litany so sternly and so strong—will be hushed forever by that cruel hand, and another will come after him. He too will die, even while he ministers to the dying, and then of priests there will be an end, for the flock has gone. The whole flock has been stamped out of existence, and so no shepherd is needed—save to plead for their souls. But much must happen ere that awful silence falls upon the village, ere its beating life is still.

Round the lake, following the path that will lead past the hunchback's hut, comes a peddler. He is a young man and bears a great pack upon his shoulders that the August sun makes to feel heavier than it is. At least, so I think, for I see him set the pack down often and rest. As he arrives in sight of the hut, the sexton comes to the door to look out, or perhaps to hear the distant singing. When the peddler reaches the cottage, he once more sets his pack on the ground, and throws himself down on the bank near the door in the shade. He asks the hunchback for something to drink, but the old man only laughs. Presently the peddler gets more persistent, but the sexton never moves from the doorway, he seems to me to be enjoying the discomfort of the youth. Then the peddler stoops over his pack and unbuckles its great strap and rolls out the contents on the grass beneath the trees. He holds

up something, I cannot see what, but the hunchback only laughs again. Then he shows him something else, and this time the old man takes the article and looks at it closely. He nods to the peddler and goes into his hut, taking the thing with him. He is out again directly, carrying a red earthen pitcher, about as much as he can lift. The stranger is down on his knees, and he tips the pitcher over towards him, and puts his lips to the brim and seems to take a long draught. Then he pauses, and after a moment or two takes another longer than before. I see the hunchback watching him closely as he throws himself on the bank again, and heedless of his pack being open and all unprotected, rolls over on his face and kicks the ground with his toes as if in some sharp pain.

How long the peddler stays there I cannot tell, but it seems an age. All the while the old man has hovered round him like some bird of prey, but he has never touched him, for he is certainly afraid. Presently the youth sits up, and I see great quantities of blood coming from his mouth. All the fair, mossy bank about him is horrid with the stains, and ever and anon he sinks backwards, and then sits up once more as the blood forces its way to his lips. The poor fellow knows what is the matter—he has caught the pestilence on his journey and he will die. A conversation is carried on while the peddler has voice and strength. He seems to want something, or some one, and asks earnestly; but the hunchback never moves from the doorway. He seems to be watching the youth grow weaker and weaker, as a spider might watch his victim, waiting until the strength to resist is gone.

At the back of the hut is a shed—a place formed with rough tree trunks and a roof of dried fern. The walls on two sides are made with a wattle of dried fern and sedge from the lake. The sexton has driven the peddler with a long stick—he keeps as far from him as he can—round to this place, that he may die upon the dry fern with which the floor is strewn. Then he goes to the lake and brings up pitcher after pitcher of water, which he throws upon the bank to wash out the scarlet stains. But before he goes, he rolls up the pack and drags it into his hut and fast closes the door. Yes, I seem to see the whole plan. The peddler will die, for the pestilence has marked him down. Then, if the old man can get rid of the corpse without any one knowing it, the pack will be his, for no one saw the traveler come that way.

The chanting is borne on the air from the other side of the lake now, so the procession has made a good part of its journey, and ere long it will be returning by this road, and so back to the church. Little the good people know that, while they cry for mercy, the foe has even now broken through and is at their very doors, awaiting their return. Little too do they think, as they pass the sexton's hut, that the air is full of the pestilential disease, and that by to-morrow it will begin to mow them down; while in their full life and strength they will fall helpless before it, as helpless as they have oft-times seen the summer grass fall across the scythe.

Why is the old hunchback rolling two great stones to the edge of the lake, and why does he hasten back again to his hut? A long trailing dead bough is on the ground, and lying on it is the corpse of the peddler, livid and swollen. Down to the water's edge the sexton drags his sledge with its burden, and then he rests. He ties two cords about the corpse, and then I see what the great stones are for. But here the old man pauses again and steps back and ponders within himself. Yes; it is a pity to drown all those good clothes, and yet—it is a risk, to be sure, but 'twere a real pity to send so much to the bottom of the lake. Later on he could sell the clothes, and they would turn to groats.

He unbinds the feet again, draws off the shoes and hose and strips the dead man even to his shirt, and, fearful of the infection, casts the things about him on the bank almost like one possessed. Then he makes the great stones fast again and drags and pulls until one goes over the edge with a splash, and the other follows a moment later, between them taking the dead man to the bottom of the lake.

The hunchback gathers up the clothes and dips them in the water and wrings them out, and dips them again, and once more wrings the water out. Back beyond his hut he hangs them in the wood to dry.

The village seems full of life and the folk pass up and down the narrow street or stop and chat. The hunchback is busy. He spreads the tale that yesterday, while they were going round the parish singing the litany, he was in Bristol and brought back the goods they wanted. To this one and to that I see him sell the peddler's wares, pressing all to buy, as he has great store to-day. There is laughing and bargaining, a friendly calling of the old man ugly names, for his avarice

and greed are a byword in the village. He has pressed his goods and sold cheaper to-day than he has ever been known to sell before, and scarce a household in the place but what is richer for something from the peddler's pack. Even the parish priest, who passes him in the street, stops and looks at his goods, and holds some of them up and appraises them in playful mood at a much lower sum than he knows the stony-hearted little man will ever sell them for.

Hot and close and sultry grows the evening, and but few stars shine in the dark sky. Faint lights show here and there in the houses, and the stillness of night is coming on. Presently I see a neighbor come out of her cottage and go into the next one, scarcely waiting to knock. She is out again at once, taking the other woman back with her. There is a talk at a bed-side, where lies a boy—a farm boy—of fourteen years or so. His face is black and flushed, great beads stand on his forehead and his talk is wild and frightened. His mother lifts his arm and points to great swellings underneath. "The pestilence," the neighbor cries, "the pestilence," and rushes from the house. Lower down the street a knot of men are talking, and a door stands open near them. They point to it as moans and almost shrieks come forth, and say with frightened voice: "The pestilence has come—the pestilence is here." The parish priest is going from house to house. I see some rush at him to pull him one way, while others would fain have him come with them, for the destroying angel has passed by, and from the wailing and the crying, and the terror on men's faces, there cannot be a house where there is not one dead.

In the gray of the early morning the hunchback is at work digging a great pit. Two men assist him, for the time is short. Through the little sanctuary window a dim light comes, and through the open door the holy murmur of the Mass. Then the dead are brought, rolled in their winding sheets, and the grave receives its own. What a dreadful crowd of dead, what a frightened handful of living! Then they fly, scared, from the grave's mouth back to the village, back to the dying, back to their own death. One, and one only, smiles on—for he draws a groat for every corpse; and when there is no one living to give it, he goes into the cottage and takes anything he likes. And now the voice is silent in the church, and close by the door, alone and separate from the rest, the priest is in his hasty grave. Another grave—more dead—less living—and so on, day by day.

One more pit has to be dug, and the sexton says, as he lays himself down, that he will rise with the light, as this will be the last, for there now live scrace half-a-dozen souls, and some of these have battled with the foe and conquered and cheated him of his fee. The hunchback turns uneasily in his bed. He looks where the pestilence first marks its victim, and persuades himself that there is nothing there. An hour passes and the pain and heat increase. He is sure now. By the faint rush-light he sees the glands beneath his arm stand out swollen, rigid and black. He knows that it is all over with him, and the agony he has watched in others he must himself go through alone. But if he must leave what in that simple age seemed in his greedy eyes a wealth untold, he will at least be even with the cruel God who has cheated him out of it.

He had planned what he would do weeks ago, when he placed another great stone by the side of the lake. Yet when he fain would rise to carry out his design, he finds that death holds him tighter than he thinks, and he strives to rise in vain. Falling backwards, he rolls over on his face, and in his agony kicks the bed, as he had once watched the peddler kick the turf. The heat that rages in him brings wild fancies to his brain. He sees the peddler by his side, risen from the lake, covered with its ooze and slime and dripping wet. The dreadful form seems to demand its pack, and it holds a red pitcher, full to the brim, but will not give a drink to the thirst-tormented wretch.

Shrieking, cursing, shrinking from the accuser, the sexton, mad with his fever and his fear, snatches at his bag of savings, and rushes from the hut. The lily leaves divide, there is scarcely a splash, and the old hunchback, still grasping his groats, is at the bottom of the lake, fathoms down.

The grass is high in the village street, the roofs have fallen in, the place has moldered to decay, the stream of life has stopped.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, parce nobis Domine—Why, the procession must be coming back again! I thought it had returned long ages ago, and much that was very, very terrible had passed since—*Miserere nobis*—yet the tune is not the litany—it is a robin's song—it is the robin that was singing before—yes; this porch was a comfortable place to rest in, and I must have slept. Over there are the green mounds and all around me is this sad past.

IN SICILY.

BY JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

II.—CATANIA.

IN a recent edition of a New York Italian newspaper, there is a column of correspondence from Catania, dated January thirteenth. By a rather curious chance the entire correspondence is taken up with describing the discovery of mangled human remains in the body of a huge shark captured by *Catanesi* fishermen just outside the port. By a curious chance, I say, because a year ago almost to the day, in that very port, "Zio," Pippo, and I hired a *barchetta* at dusk and rowed out around the arm of the breakwater into the quiet-rolling Ionian Sea; and despite the half-laughing, half-serious protests of my companions, I plunged in to swim for a few minutes in the cold, bracing water, mocking their warnings about the fierce man-eating *pesci-cani*.

"*Un' altra Americanata*," said Pippo, and "Zio" shrugged his shoulders, and we all laughed. It had come to be a recognized by-law of this happy little company that Americans are privileged characters not to be fettered by prevalent conventions or common customs. It is inevitable that men will be influenced by the irresponsible behavior of their associates, and the next time I swam in the Ionian Sea—diving from the base of one of the rocks that the blinded Cyclops hurled at the wily Ulysses—Pippo jumped in too. And "Zio" almost came—not quite, for I think he still remembered fearfully the day when I had lured him to crouch with me in a dirty iron box and be let down by a chain, along fifteen hundred feet of shaky track, into the heart of the sulphur mines at Centuripe. Ever after that adventure he was wont to regard me suspiciously when I would repeat my favorite compliment, namely, that he was quite fit to be an American. Ah, good old "Zio," *caro Pippo*, when shall we meet and jest again?

Now, dear American reader, these were Sicilian youths, these chums of mine, and we lived together for months in a happy

brotherhood, part of the time on their native island and then again on the continent. And I may take advantage of the present occasion to record of them what in a general way I can affirm of their countryman, the often despised Sicilian—they were true, intelligent, sympathetic, generous-hearted friends. That there are characteristic faults, as there are characteristic virtues, in the Sicilian type, no one of course will for a moment doubt. But I think it is obvious to most travelers that the Sicilian is a great deal better than his reputation, and that foreigners are usually led to judge him harshly because they put an undeserved confidence in the critical comments of his worst enemy, the continental Italian. And as for the Sicilian's faults —well, I have only this to say, that almost anything may be excused in the conduct of one who has been the victim of such neglect, such abuse, and such secular plunder as he has had to undergo.

Catania is a pretty town and impresses the visitor first with its very neat and very modern aspect. This point of contrast with other southern cities is readily understood when one learns that the city he is looking at is the latest of a series, for as Catania lies on the slope between Mount Etna and the sea, volcanic eruptions send down upon it great torrents of molten lava, which periodically bury the old city and then become the foundations of the new.

Leaving the railway station—of course after having had the customary quarrel with the cabmen—we see first of all a fountain with an ornate specimen of what may be called the free-and-easy style of sculpture; and then a statue of St. Agatha, patron of the city, surmounting an ancient column of great height. We pass the Via Lincoln; to the left is the grand promenade, beyond it the port, bounded by an immense sea-wall, and then the ocean stretching away towards Greece and Malta and Cyprus. A short ride down the Corso—but, behold! here is "Zio," here is Pippo, come to embrace me and to welcome me. *Catanesi* to the manner born, they take me in hand, carry me to my appointed lodging, pay the *vetturino*, and ask me only to tell them how I wish to spend my time. And every day of my stay in Catania they will place themselves at my service.

You must get a better map of the city than a guide-book provides if you would find my lodgings in the Via Dottore, or else you must take these directions: Starting from the *façade*

of the Duomo, follow the Via Garibaldi until near the Piazza Mazzini, then plunge bravely into the squalid little short and narrow street at your left. If you go on a few steps you will see on the left-hand side of the street a dingy looking tenement. Pick your steps among the goats, if a herd happens to be passing on the sidewalk, and do not look too amazed if you see one of them being milked into a can let down by one of the housekeepers of the upper floor. Goat's milk is the only kind you are going to get for the next few days; and goat's flesh you will eat and be glad to get it, if you stay here. *Ecco!* the battered old door. *Ecco!* the filthy courtyard. *Ecco!* the dark stairway—step very carefully if you have not your goloshes on. *Ecco!* Here is my very room. The ceiling is just as low as ever—you don't expect time to bring changes here, do you? The light is just as bad—did you suppose the people on the floor above had stopped hanging out the wash in front of the window? You can read a book here easily enough if you crouch up there in the corner and seize your chance when the wind flaps back the sheet that is drying outside; or if that doesn't do, you may light the lamp. Here's a basin of water where you may kill the fleas most daintily—when you've caught them—if you have learned the art of bloodless execution. Don't worry about that anyway, because you'll quickly learn with constant practice. Sicilian fleas are so large and so placid—comparatively—and so numerous, that the veriest blockhead can become fairly expert in the use of scientific methods of destruction.

But blessed is he who has any stopping place in these days, be it in a miserable little *albergo* of the Via Dottore or in one of the big hotels where the rich *Inglesi* stay, for the town is filled with strangers and quivering with excitement. Bands are parading through the streets perpetually and venders of every imaginable kind of wares stand at the corners and in the squares and in the big Piazza Duomo, where they group around the huge lava elephant carrying an ancient Egyptian granite obelisk, that you see reproduced in the municipal arms. The Via Stesicoro-Etnea—which is the popular promenade and which affords a splendid vista of Etna's white summit twenty miles away—is so crowded now as to make passage difficult. Yet prancing along its driveway, two abreast, comes the eight-horse team of a fashionable young nobleman, who sits on the box and

enjoys the admiration of the crowd. Here and there posters on the walls announce the various features of the celebration. I shall not forget the details, for to this day I have preserved two copies. And here is the way the *Catanesi* honor their patron saint:

PROGRAMME FOR THE FEAST OF ST. AGATHA.

January 29, 30, 31.

Solemn Triduum at the Cathedral at 17:30 o'clock. Bands of music will parade the different quarters of the city.

February 1.

Music as on the preceding day. At 16 o'clock horse-races in Twentieth of September Street,* with prizes for the winners and launching of baloons in the Piazza dell' Esposizione.

February 2.

At 12 o'clock drawing of lotteries at the City Hall—three prizes, of L 125 each, for marriage portions of poor orphan girls of Catania, and seven prizes of L 25 each, for poor families of conscripts.

Horse-races with prizes in Twentieth of September Street and launching of baloons in the Piazza dell' Esposizione at 16 o'clock; music as on the preceding day.

February 3.

In the morning, parade of the various "candles," escorted by bands of music. At 13 o'clock procession for the offering of wax along the Via Stesicorea from the Church of St. Agatha of the Furnace to the Metropolitan (*i. e.*, the Cathedral). From 14:30 to 16:30 musical concert at the Bellini Gardens. At 19 o'clock march of singing youths, with grand pyrotechnic display conducted by Signor Giamore Salvatore.

February 4.

Bands of music will parade in the city streets until four o'clock in the morning. At 6:30 o'clock, outside journey of the Sacred Body of the Saint, with stops at the Churches of

* A common Italian street name—it commemorates the date of the taking of Rome by the army of Victor Emmanuel.

the Carmine and Old St. Agatha. Musical concerts from 12:30 to 14:30 o'clock in Piazza Stesicoro; from 14:30 to 16:30 at the Bellini Gardens, and from 20:30 until the return of the Saint to Piazza Duomo.

February 5.

Solemn Pontifical, with grand orchestra, in the Metropolitan, celebrated at 10 o'clock by his Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop. From 14:30 to 16:30 o'clock, musical concert and dress parade in the Bellini Gardens, with prizes for the best equipages. At 16 o'clock, inside journey of the Sacred Body of the Saint. At the arrival of the Saint in Piazza Stesicoro there will be a splendid display of fireworks in the square of the Cappuccini; and along the hill on Lincoln Street there will be another grand illumination. In the evening musical concert in Piazza Duomo where, at the return of the Saint, fireworks will be set off.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE COMMISSION.

With unimportant exceptions, everything happened as announced; but the printed programme gives a poor idea of the noise, the color, the feverish emotion of these days of high festival. The reader acquainted with Giovanni Verga's *Coda del Diavolo* may perhaps recall his words: "At Catania there is no carnival before Lent, but in compensation they have the feast of St. Agatha." And a Sicilian carnival it surely is.

Monday morning came the procession of the *Candelore*, great immense candelabra, carved and painted, and adorned with statues, lamps, and banners. Each of these belongs to a trade, and the eight strong fellows who carry the colossal construction stop before the workshops and stores of members of their own profession and execute a queer little shuffling dance. Monday night the bands of students and of workmen who serenaded the houses of the more prominent citizens, visited first the palace of the Cardinal Archbishop and then the house of the Prefect of the city. The Via Stesicoro was crowded and the balconies above were packed tightly with watchers as one after another these groups of twenty or thirty young men marched along, escorted by a band, singing gay hymns in honor of the saint. Every few moments, too, explosions of bombs

and firecrackers rent the air and the brilliant flames of rockets lit up the darkness with variously colored pictures. All night long the musicans paraded—my earliest experience next morning was that of being awakened at half-past four o'clock by a band that passed near my *albergo*.

At half-past six on Tuesday morning, the streets were already fairly well filled with people on their way to the cathedral; and inside, the members of the various trades were getting ready their *candelore*, which looked in the dim morning like so many portable towers. At the side altars Masses were being offered, and some people were receiving Holy Communion, though many men were wearing their hats and there was considerable loud talking and scurrying about. When everything was in readiness "*La Santa*" commenced the exit from the chapel amid loud and long "*Evvivas*"; and as soon as the procession had reached the Piazza, a halt was made and a sermon was preached.

After Mass I went from the Cathedral to the seminary close by and from a high balcony looked down upon the broad Via Dusmet, where it spreads into a sort of square between the seminary and the railway here built along the water's edge. In the street below were crowded some ten thousand people of every sort, including young girls and numerous babies in arms. Beyond the bright pageant of brilliant colors set into the black masses of clothing and the white lines of faces, one saw the blue ocean lighted by the morning sun. It was eight o'clock, time for the procession to appear. And now, by way of precursors, straggle along groups of boys dressed in white albs that make a new harmony of color as they mingle with the gay clothing of the crowd. *Ecco!* There comes the long line of black-capped, white-gowned, white-gloved men hauling with two long ropes the enormous car which supports the reliquary. Head and breast are in a hollow silver bust decorated with precious votive offerings, watches, rings, and jewels. A pectoral cross of Pius IX. is there and another of Leo XIII.; and on the head is an emperor's crown, possibly given by Richard Cœur de Lion. In the great silver casket, surrounded with candles and flowers, repose the bones. As the car swings round the corner into full view, the crowd breaks out into an enthusiastic chorus of "*Vivas!*" and thousands of white handkerchiefs are now waved frantically in the air. Down from the upper windows

of the seminary fall nine gaily colored paper banners, each as it unfolds displaying a huge painted letter, and there they hang spelling out the name "*Sant' Agata.*" Bombs of fearful power are exploded, a "musketry" of fire-crackers is set off, and down in a perfect shower rain thousands of tiny fragments of colored paper. Then come the *striscie*—long, sinuous, snake-like paper ribbons, yellow and white and pink and green, that dart out from the balcony and turn and float and dive and twist, serpent-wise, until they fall limp across faces and hats and shoulders in the crowd below, or catch on the branches of the two trees across the way to hang there and festoon them gaily.

My first *striscia* comes down upon the head of the man who holds the free end of the nearer rope, and my second falls over the shoulders of one of his two hundred followers. Slowly and with frequent stops "*La Santa*" is drawn along, at the signal of a little bell rung by a man beside the stoled and surpliced priest upon the car. A railway train speeds by over across the street, the engine itself bearing a streaming green *striscia* that some one has contrived to cast over it, and the passengers crowd to the windows to wave salutes.

Until nine o'clock that night "*La Santa*" continued her journey through the city. At noon I met the procession approaching the Church of the Carmine and stood at the door to watch. The vast piazza was crowded as at a fair and every nearby street was holiday-jammed. Itinerant venders sold *nucciole*, *cannole*, pictures of the saint, printed hymns, baloons, and the like. The peasant women were radiant in silks and satins and brocades—of a richness that amazed me, until Pippo explained that these were their wedding dresses saved through the years to be used on such glad occasions as the present.

As one looked around all colors caught the eye, pink and green and blue, orange and gold and red. Now and again a boy or man in white *camice* and black velvet cap would struggle by through the crowd or stand to chat with friends. Bells tolled and colored paper rained down as the *candelore* of the five trades came along—butchers, bakers, grocers, winesellers, fishermen—and the flags on the top fluttered and gleamed in the sunlight as the bearers rushed up the steep ascent. Muscular, bronzed fellows they were—panting with exertion now, though often relieved—wearing turbans of sack cloth folded back

on the shoulders into little pads to ease the strain of the carrying poles.

A youth beside me commented on the magnificence of the *bara*, or car, as it passed, saying rather contemptuously that the one used by Santa Rosalia—patron saint of Palermo—was *molto piccola*. He also said some strong things about the disgraceful scenes often enacted at the patronal festival of Tre Castagne, a village near Catania. Fierce fighting and riotous drinking were common things there, he affirmed. Many people go to that *festa* barefoot and a number of youths run all the way from Catania clad very scantily.

As we talked his Eminence, the Cardinal, drove up to attend the function, in a handsome carriage, escorted by two men in livery—blue coat, with red cuffs and silver buttons, red knee-breeches, crimson stockings, white gloves, tall black hats with yellow bands. The horses, too, were decorated with red. As he went slowly up the lane between the people, they crowded in upon him and many seized and kissed his hand; for he is an affable and most lovable man.

And now, amid loud resounding bombs and *striscie*, that dart with startling suddenness from the balconies overhanging the street, "*La Santa*" approaches the church. The two hundred and fifty men at the ropes pass the entrance by about fifty yards, and then swinging round in a great quarter circle, face the door, and rush the heavy car up the hill behind the three monks in Mass vestments, who have issued from the door to meet the procession. And a great cry goes up, "*Cit-ta-di-ni! Viva Sant' Aita!*" As you may well suppose, the woodenr unners on which the *bara* rests slide up that stone incline only by the mightiest of efforts. To get the *bara* started, the bearers must always sway it a little from side to side, or wiggle it as we might say. "*Dondolare*" is the Italian word for this, but the *Catanesi* have a special phrase, "*s'anaga*," and this they repeat delightedly when the *bara* begins to move in its peculiar fashion.

Behind the *bara* we were swept into the church; thousands had preceded us and other thousands tried to follow. It was a noisy place; men and women conversed unconcernedly wherever they chanced to meet, a canon attempted to preach, a priest came out to say Mass at a side altar and was buried in the crowd with scarcely room to extend his hands. Perched on the confessionals might be noticed several women, bound to

secure a vantage corner. It would not have been an auspicious occasion for St. Paul to preach against externalism. Many regarded me curiously; but being stared at had long ago become an old story, and I went on jotting things down in my little notebook.

"*Cit-ta-di-ni!*" shouted the Canon; one could scarcely hear him. "*Viva Sant' Aita!*" went up the answering cry of the fervent multitude. It was noon; High Mass was about to commence, and we left the building, noting on the walls the curious collection of *ex-voto* offerings, wax dolls, wax arms, and crude pictures of miracles.

At five o'clock in the afternoon we again met the procession at the church of the *Cappucini*. Again the venders, the noisy, jostling, holiday crowds, the filled balconies. A wandering organ-grinder broke into the line of the procession during a halt and played *La Spagnuola*, the most popular music-hall air in Italy last year. Inside the church a monk was receiving a visit from half-a-dozen friends, and a woman sat before the high altar complacently nursing her baby, as unconscious of observation as the Madonnas in the pictures that adorn these southern churches.

At half-past nine o'clock that night "*La Santa*" returned to the Cathedral, amid a glory of red lights, rockets, bombs, "musketry," music, and illuminated *candelore*, while thousands of people, including many babies, filled the *Piazza* from end to end.

At eleven o'clock Wednesday morning was sung a Solemn Pontifical Mass. A band of thirty pieces played, and a choir of some forty men and boys supplemented the usual sanctuary choir, singing the Common in music, which, though operatic, was not undignified. Guards, wearing their red and blue holiday-plumes abounded; here and there were stylish looking dragoons and *bersaglieri* with their curious feather plumes. "*La Santa*" was carried from her own chapel to the high altar and was then turned around so as to face the people. Every now and again would come the summons "*Cit-ta-di-ni!*" followed by the response "*Viva Sant' Aita!*" His Eminence entered, prayed, and ascended the throne—more bombs, bells, "musketry."

But I must abbreviate the further account of the celebration. The afternoon found us at the Villa Bellini, where, in

the grand parade of Catania's aristocracy, I saw dukes, duchesses, princes, marchesas, and all the rest. Seeing the ladies on these occasions one easily notes that it is not only in fireworks that Catania consumes an enormous amount of *powder*.

At five in the evening "*La Santa*" began her second journey through the city. It was dark when the procession left the Piazza and came along the Corso to visit the old cloister where three venerable nuns, sole surviving relics of the ancient *regime*, appeared at the barred window. The Government will confiscate that convent as soon as those three old ladies die. At different points along the route were given magnificent displays of fireworks, and when, near midnight, "*La Santa*" reached the Cathedral again, a grand *giuoco-fuoco* was presented, "*Viva Sant' Agata*" being printed out in letters made up of dazzling fireworks. One of the *candelore* shone brilliantly with acetylene lamps, and each of the groups gave their short, shuffling dance as they made their exit. Even before "*La Santa*" was taken from the *bara* and carried into her chapel by the attendant clerics, the big firework letters had burned out and the last tremendous rattle of "musketry" had been set off. The band struck up the *Marcia Reale*, the crowd began to break up and drift away, and the boys and men commenced to tear down the smoking remnants of the burned sticks and paper. The venders of *nucciole* and *torroni*, having done their last piece of business for the night, folded their stands or carried off their empty trays. The streets grew quieter and darker by degrees. The great *Festa* of the year was over.

New Books.

SERMONS.

Anything coming from the pen of Cardinal Gibbons is sure, in advance, of a kindly reception, from an immense public, comprising all American Catholics and a large section of our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. In the volume of sermons which he has just published* he has sketched a picture of the most illustrious of his predecessors which, with a few adaptations required by difference of time, public opinion would approve as a picture of himself. In a sermon on the growth of the Church in the United States he says of Bishop Carroll:

> I regard the selection of Dr. Carroll as a most providential event for the welfare of the American Church. If a prelate of narrow views, a man out of sympathy and harmony with the genius of the new Republic had been chosen, the progress of religion would have been seriously impeded. It is true the Constitution has declared that no one should be molested on account of his religion; but a written instrument would have been a feeble barrier to stem the tide of popular and traditional prejudice unless it was vindicated by the patriotic example of the Patriarch of the American Church. . . . He was a man of sterling piety and enlightened zeal. These gifts endeared him to the faithful. He was a man of consummate tact, of courteous manners, and unfailing charity. He enjoyed intimate relations with his fellow-townsmen in every walk of life. The interest that he took in social and literary improvement rendered him very popular with his fellow-citizens. He was, withal, a sturdy patriot. . . . He was thoroughly in touch with the spirit of our institutions, and by these loyal sentiments he won the esteem and confidence of his countrymen.

The sermons are based on the Gospel of the day for the Sundays throughout the year. The first good quality to be perceived in them is brevity; for the author, in the *rôle* of preacher, practises the virtue which, when it is his turn to listen, he appreciates highly in the pulpit orator. About two-thirds of the discourses are moral, and one-third dogmatic.

* *Discourses and Sermons for Every Sunday and the Principal Festivals of the Year.* By James Cardinal Gibbons. Baltimore and New York: John Murphy Company.

They were, the Cardinal tells us, for the most part, preached in the Cathedral of Baltimore, and treat of topics that "have been to the writer an unfailing source of joy and comfort, of strength and fortitude during the last half century."

They are simple, sincere, earnest expositions of the old truths applied to daily life. The tone throughout is paternal and persuasive. Generally one can observe evidence that the speaker had in his audiences some who did not belong to the Church; and he sought to place Catholic doctrine before them in its most winning form; and we scarcely need add that not the faintest trace of polemical acerbity is observable from the first to the last page. All sermons, even the dogmatic ones, are largely composed of solid, apposite, practical counsel on the duties and dangers of life. And when he touches upon duties or faults the Cardinal does not content himself with generalities and abstractions, he speaks of living conditions and characteristics; and in this book one perceives a truth which is entirely overlooked in many volumes that profess to set forth the obligations of the Christian life; namely, that the Catholic has public duties as a citizen, which are no less obligatory than his private obligations. The volume bears a very gracious dedication to the Sulpician Fathers of Baltimore Seminary.

Another excellent set of instructions for all the Sundays of the year is that of Dr. McQuirk.* His plan has been to produce an exposition of the Catechism of the Council of Trent. Deriving from such a source, the instructions are sound and solid. It is, perhaps, trying them too severely to take them up immediately after the preceding volume. For the inevitable comparison accentuates the cold and impersonal temper of these discourses. Here we have a book, a very good book, but only a book. In the other case, we have the man, in the book, where heart speaketh unto heart. It does not follow, however, that this one may not serve some purposes equally as well as the other. The published sermon may aim at two different classes of patrons—those who read the sermons for their own edification, and those who buy them to preach them. This volume will find its sphere of service among the latter class. It furnishes sound material which, when quickened

* *Short Discourses for All the Sundays of the Year.* By Rev. John McQuirk, D.D., LL.D. New York: St. Paul's Library, East 118th Street.

with a little oratorical leaven, will make excellent spiritual bread which the busy priest can break to his flock.

MOLOKAI.

The recording angel's ledger, probably, shows, but assuredly no human mind here can even roughly estimate, the immense influence which the career of Father Damien has had in removing from the mind of the non-Catholic world, throughout English-speaking countries especially, its inherited prejudices, and replacing them with respect or sympathy for the Catholic Church. That the attention of the world was forcibly directed to the lonely, unknown Belgian priest, toiling cheerfully amid the grim horrors of desolate Molokai, has been due, chiefly, to two publications which, if bulk were the index of efficiency, would cut a very small figure in the literary output of the age. One of these was the Letter to the Reverend Mr. Hyde, written by R. L. Stevenson, over which, as a classic of merciless invective and blistering sarcasm, even the pages of Junius, or Jonathan Swift can assert no pre-eminence. The other little book, which we owe to Charles Warren Stoddard, is scarcely surpassed in our language, for tender sadness and sweet moan. The new edition of *The Lepers of Molokai*,* which has just issued from the press, is, one feels sure, but the second of a series that will stretch out, not till the crack of doom, but for many a year to come, and, let us hope, past the future day when the dreadful scourge which it wails, will have disappeared from the scene of Damien's heroism.

We have heard the criticism made that just a little less art, a little less feminine sentiment, would have been more in keeping with the dreadful theme; the unreflecting spontaneity of Defoe, which is too much absorbed by the sight of horror to pause in order to make elegant phrases or produce a rhythmic sentence, is the only appropriate style to describe a horrible scene of human suffering. Perhaps; but this is a criticism of the professional armchair. In the long run, however, it is not the professional critic, but the world's estimate, which determines the fate of a book; and the world of this generation, touched to tears, has enthusiastically voted that *The Lepers of Molokai* is a story that is to live in English literature.

* *The Lepers of Molokai.* By Charles Warren Stoddard. New Edition. Enlarged. Notre Dame, Indiana: The Ave Maria Press.

THE ST. NICHOLAS SERIES.

It is high praise to say that the Life of Cardinal Allen, in the "St. Nicholas Series" is worthy of the hero and of the hero's biographer.* The saintly character and the work of the man to whom, more than to any other individual, was due the preservation of the faith in England during the days of persecution, has been a congenial theme for the learned English Benedictine. He relates, briefly, but comprehensively, the labors and trials undergone by "the Cardinal of England," in establishing and conducting the seminaries which supplied the courageous priests who wrought and died in order to keep the light burning in England through the days of darkness. With the frankness of the Benedictine and the scholar, however, Dom Camm does not hesitate to make some reservations in his eulogy when necessary. While he fully recognizes the devotion and ability with which the Cardinal personally carried out, during his life, the arduous task of directing the conduct of English religious affairs from abroad, he adds:

> It is unfortunate that the incurable optimism which distinguished his character, and which made him cling to the last to the idea that the reign of Protestantism in England could be but a transitory one, caused him to refrain from obtaining for the afflicted Church in England the greatest boon that could have been given her, *i. e.*, a permanent ecclesiastical organization. If he had provided that—at least after his death—some form of hierarchy should be established in the country, he would have probably saved us from the greatest of all the many evils that then afflicted us, *i. e.*, the divisions and dissensions to which we have already alluded.

On another incident in the Cardinal's conduct, which has had its defenders, Dom Camm pronounces an adverse sentence. In 1587, Sir William Stanley, a Catholic, who was holding the city of Deventer for the States who were in alliance with England, surrendered his charge to the Spaniards, deserted the English service, and carried his men with him over to the service of Spain. Allen justified this action on the ground that the States were rebels against their sovereign chiefly on account of religion; and that an English soldier could not in conscience

* *William Cardinal Allen, the Founder of the Seminaries.* By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers.

assist them against the Catholic King. This may be true, observes Dom Camm, and it might be well argued that the war was an unjust one, but "it is one thing to resign a commission and decline to fight in an unlawful conflict, and another to deliver up a charge confided to one's care." Dom Camm regrets that Allen, though his intentions were pure, should have allowed himself to be drawn into the political intrigues against his country. The consequences were not merely to smirch Allen's otherwise stainless character, but also to inflict irreparable injury on the cause which he had at heart:

> Allen not merely defended Sir William's action, but took it as an example of what might be expected to happen in England, if the Pope would send an expedition to invade the country in order to restore the Catholic faith. He implored Sixtus V. to undertake this work with the help of Spain and other Catholic princes; and he assured him that posterity would reckon this as the most glorious act of his Pontificate. The result was the disastrous Spanish Armada, an occasion which gave emphatic proof of the loyalty of the Catholics of England, and of the short-sighted folly of those who sought to restore the ancient faith by force of foreign arms.

HE CAN WHO THINKS HE CAN.

The theme of this volume,* composed of a number of editorials that appeared in the *Success Magazine*, is to impress on young men the conviction that victory in the struggle of life depends mainly on self-reliance, energy, industry, and the choice of a congenial career or occupation. Dr. Marden inculcates the value of these motor forces vigorously, and presents his case from many points of view, enforced with illustrations from the lives of well-known men who have, here in America, to use a popular phrase, reached the top of the ladder. For the encouragement of those who must begin at the lowest rung he points out how poverty has so often proved the spur which started some of the most successful. He insists strongly, too, upon moral fiber and honesty, without which, he argues, all seeming success is a failure. There is inspiration in the book for those who are starting on the struggle; though, unfortu-

* *He Can Who Thinks He Can; and Other Papers on Success in Life.* By Orison Swet Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.

nately, another book might be written in reply, charged with an overwhelming *rôle* of instances in point, to prove that if one would be magnificently successful in commercial life, as success is measured by our popular standards, along with energy and industry, he must also cultivate, not integrity, but flexibility of conscience.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN.

The biography* of the inventor of the most widely practised system of writing the English language, besides the interest it offers as an account of the introduction and development of one of the greatest labor-saving inventions of the last century, may be read with enjoyment by all who love the story of a man who, for an idea, makes a stout and victorious fight against difficulties. Though Pitman's invention brought him both fame and fortune, neither of these was his chief aim. He loved the art to which he consecrated his life; and, believing that it would prove useful, he spared no pains, and when money came to him, he spared no expense, to diffuse his system. One reads, in his case, the common story of established custom calling novelty bad names without giving it a fair trial; and of how those who were at first the bitterest opponents, while the new idea was weak and struggling, ostentatiously patronized it when it had succeeded in spite of them. The book reveals a strong, upright, though not very rich personality; and the advocates of the simple life have in Pitman a fine model for imitation, or—a more frequent purpose—exhibition. He was a strict vegetarian, never drank alcoholic liquors, seldom tea, did not smoke, and had a pronounced antipathy to the use of tobacco by others. A potato and a glass of water was his share of the viands at that shrine of Epicurus, a Lord Mayor's banquet in London.

He had the reward promised to the filial child in the Old Dispensation, for he lived to be eighty-five years of age. His strenuous efforts to popularize phonetic spelling have not been, as yet—and we are among those who sincerely hope never will be—crowned with success. The hunter after coincidences, and the investigator of heredity, will be attracted by a curious fact related in a letter reproduced in the book. The writer was Dr. Thomas Hill, of Harvard University. He relates that there

* *The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman (Inventor of Phonography).* By Alfred Baker. New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons.

lived in Somerville, Mass., a man named Isaac Pitman, who was an enthusiastic phonographer. The two namesakes were of the same age, born on opposite sides of the Atlantic, of no known relationship, with the same zeal for shorthand, the same devotion to Swedenborg, and with the same adherence to two or three other "isms."

HENRY VAN RENSSELAER, S.J.

The innumerable friends of the late Father Van Rensselaer will be delighted to find that the noble priest's name and character have been presented in a cleverly written biography.* The biographer had to record no striking events, no conspicuous work, either in the intellectual or the missionary field, but the simple story of ordinary priestly duty done long and faithfully, with a love for God and a love for men that made the name of this son of the Dutch Patroons according to the flesh, and of St. Ignatius according to the spirit, a household word among those who knew him. The most interesting portion of the book is that which relates his conversion and the events that preceded it. Many letters of Father Van Rensselaer to friends and to his mother from Oxford, before his conversion, are of special value, as they afford a glimpse of conditions that prevailed there after the exodus of Newman and his friends.

JOAN OF ARC.

If the spirits of the blessed are still capable of earthly preferences and affections, one cannot but think that the soul of Joan of Arc, in her heavenly home, entertains a grateful tenderness for Scots and Scotland. Of all the nationalities with which she came in contact during her stormy career—French, Burgundians, English, Scotch—the sons of "the leal Northern land" alone, whether men of war, with sword and halbert, or men of the Gospel, like Bishop John Kirkmichael, stood staunchly by her through good repute and in evil repute. When, after her death, the battle of pens arose concerning her character, Scotchmen again, among the chroniclers of that age, proved her unfailing champions. And while, long after, our own good Dr. Lingard declared her to be a mere visionary, who "mistook for realities the workings of her

* *Life and Letters of Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J.* By Rev. Edward Spillane, S.J. New York: Fordham University Press.

own imagination," who but David Hume, the arch-sceptic from whom agnosticism draws its favorite weapons to assail the miraculous, was the first among celebrated men of letters to acknowledge the nobility of Joan's character and the splendor of her career!

Have we a confirmation of the adage that "blood will tell" in the fact that now, when the controversy concerning Joan is once more active, another Scotchman enters the academic arena to do doughty and effective battle for her whom one of his countrymen among the chroniclers called the "puella a Spiritu Sancto excitata"? Making a present of this question to the psychologists interested in the problem of heredity, we are content to remark that the life of Joan, just published by Andrew Lang,* takes its place, with all due respect to Mr. Lowell's work, as the most complete and critical English work on the subject.

The book is on a generous scale. It contains close upon four hundred large pages, fifty of which are filled with interesting appendices and closely printed notes of reference. The narrative, accurate and detailed, flows along smoothly, in the easy, colloquial style familiar to Mr. Lang's readers. It is occasionally interrupted, as Mr. Lang's readers would expect, by perhaps unduly protracted discussions upon some unimportant question of fact or documentary evidence; for the author of the *Casket Letters* dearly loves to wrestle with an historical puzzle. From the beginning Mr. Lang stoutly combats the theory that Joan's visions were mere subjective hallucinations, or, as the more recent form of the theory has it, the results of hypnotism. He shows that neither "trance" nor "ecstasy" can be offered as an explanation of the visions. "The peculiarity of her visions is that they never interfered with her alert consciousness of her surroundings, as far as the evidence goes. She heard them on the scaffold, where men preached at her, with the cart waiting to carry her to the fire; and she heard them as distinctly as she heard the preacher whose insolence she interrupted."

Against the attacks of Anatole France Mr. Lang defends the value of the records of the Trial of Rehabilitation. There was, he admits, a woeful failure in that process to refute many

* *The Maid of France. Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc.* By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

slanders and misrepresentations that remained untouched, but "that the judges cut and garbled the replies to the questions actually put is a mere baseless assertion." The theory of "indoctrination," first broached in 1730, by a certain Beaumarchais, and rehabilitated in "scientific" form by Anatole France, Mr. Lang riddles through and through by a careful presentation of facts. This theory is, in substance, that the Maid was an enthusiast who was completely under the control of a crafty ecclesiastic, Brother Richard, or somebody else. On his assurance she believed herself to be a saint to whom were vouchsafed supernatural visions. Her director or directors took good care to suggest of what nature the visions and the instructions and orders which accompanied them should be. The king and his counsellors saw the advantage that might be gained from a belief that God had sent a special messenger to retrieve the royal cause; and, consequently, they assiduously, skillfully, and successfully fostered the delusion. Mr. Lang furthermore demonstrates that, in the hands of its recent exponents, the hypothesis is self-contradictory. For they admit, inconsistently, the evidence which proves Joan to have been conspicuously independent of clerical influences.

In his final appreciation of the nature of the voices and visions of Joan, Mr. Lang reviews briefly the opinions of the eminent neuropathologist, Dr. Dumas, who leans to the hypothesis that these were the outcome of sub-consciousness. What, by the way, do not the inexhaustible mysteries of self-consciousness explain, when boldly drawn upon as they are nowadays? But Mr. Lang very pertinently asks: What do we mean by unconscious thinking? And he proceeds to affirm that to answer the question lies beyond the powers of psychological science at present. Nor does Mr. Lang attempt himself to solve the problem of the nature of Joan's visions—a problem which he considers to be outside the scope of an historical treatise, the object of which is to relate, establish, and correlate the facts. The facts he has shown are established, explain them as you will. His own belief is clearly enough exhibited through the course of the book, and briefly indicated towards the end:

> I am inclined to think that in a sense not easily defined, Jeanne was "inspired," and I am convinced that she was a

person of the highest genius, of the noblest character. Without her genius and her character, her glimpses of hidden things (supposing them to have occurred) would have been of no avail in the great task of redeeming France. Another might have heard Voices offering the monitions; but no other could have displayed her dauntless courage and gift of encouragement; her sweetness of soul; and her marvelous and victorious tenacity of will.

The special merit of the work is that it exposes the manner in which, here as in many other historical fields, writers who profess to be above all things impartial, objective, "scientific," ignore, distort, misread unimpeachable evidence, and manipulate facts, to twist evidence and fact to fit their *à priori* principles.

PATROLOGY.

We are indebted to Dr. Bardenhewer and to Dr. Shahan for an excellent work in the study of Early Church History. The *Patrologie** of Bardenhewer was brought out by Herder in 1894, and republished in a new edition in 1901. The success of the work was immediate, having been received by all critics, Catholic as well as non-Catholic, with great favor, and soon it was considered one of the very best studies on the Fathers and Patristic Literature. The translation of Dr. Shahan is made from the second edition of the *Patrologie* and is excellently done. The only additions made to Bardenhewer's original work are in the bibliographical sections, where Dr. Shahan has incorporated some references from the recent French and Italian translations of this same work. This exhaustive study of the Fathers will be of great benefit to all students of Church History; in fact, is bound to supplant the few brief works we have on the subject of Patrology and to become a sort of *Vade Mecum* for all instructors in that particular branch of study. It is for advanced students and instructors that the work will have greatest value. The average reader would desire that the biographical and bibliographical sections of the book were sacrificed somewhat for the sake of a more extended philosophico historical treatment of the age of the Fathers. A "general conspectus," it is true, is given at the beginning of different sections, but

* *Patrology.* By Otto Bardenhewer, D.D., Ph.D. Translated by Thomas J. Shahan, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder.

given in space exceedingly brief, relative to the size of the work. Still, all readers will find great stores of information in this *Patrology* and will see that Dr. Shahan has done a great service for English students by placing within their reach this excellent work of Bardenhewer.

LOGIC.

Not since the appearance of Father Maher's *Psychology* has any new philosophical text-book—and many have been published—called forth a thrill of welcome such as that which a perusal of Father Joyce's *Principles of Logic* has inspired.* The author has deserved well of the republic of professors and students. The work adheres to traditional Aristotelian and scholastic principles, but it differs as much from the conventional text-book as a dried specimen in a botanical museum differs from a vigorous living plant. With its assistance a scholastic student is equipped to present himself at any modern university examination and to hold his own in the concursus. Though uncompromisingly loyal to scholastic principles, Father Joyce recognizes that justice is not done to those principles unless they are adjusted to the needs of today. And Father Joyce has happily effected this adjustment. While adhering to the traditional scheme, he takes note of modern details which the ordinary text-book never alludes to, or touches on in an entirely inadequate fashion. For instance, instead of being dismissed in a brief thesis, as a mere trivial consideration, the inductive method is assigned six full chapters in which are discussed the relation of formal logic to scientific research; the function of observation and experiment; methods of inductive inquiry; the scope of scientific explanation and hypothesis; the methods of quantitative determination and the elimination of chance; and the estimation of probabilities. These subjects make up the second part of the work, and constitute "Applied Logic" as it stands in Father Joyce's treatment. This scheme will not, probably, escape criticism; for it ignores the topics of the nature and criteria of certitude, truth, the sources of knowledge, and especially the validity of testimony. Certainly the work does not provide a treatment of these important subjects, and for this reason it will not cover

* *Principles of Logic.* By George Hayward Joyce, S.J., M.A., Oriel, Oxford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

the ground that is mapped out in the traditional division of our text-books. But it is becoming more and more evident that, in view of the present methods of anti-Catholic philosophy, the epistemological question ought to be taken up in close connection with psychology, and no advantage is gained by introducing it, in an *à priori* fashion, and with an inadequate exposition, to the beginner in logic. Indeed one of the most meritorious features of Father Maher's book is that it presents the epistemological problem in as close relation to the psychological as is the concave to the convex in the circle. If we take Maher and Joyce together they cover the whole ground with the reservation of the questions of certitude, testimony, and authority. The latter subject, however, is not treated with anything like the necessary fullness in the ordinary text-book, which contents itself with laying down one or two principles that go but a short way towards introducing the student to the meaning of historical criticism.

As presented by Father Joyce, Aristotelian logic shows itself in its essentials as fresh and vigorous as it was in the days of the Stagyrite, and capable of assimilating with whatever modern logicians have discovered of value in the way of application or expression. The author has appended a set of questions on logic, borrowed from examination papers set at Oxford, Cambridge, the universities of Glasgow, London, the Royal University of Ireland, and by the Commissioners of the Indian Civil Service. This collection dispenses the professor from the not inconsiderable trouble of formulating such questions himself, or having recourse to Keynes or Welton. These questions are invaluable from a pedagogical point of view; for to wrestle with them the student must not only make his own the instruction obtained from his Latin text-book, but he must also develop the power to express his knowledge in current terms and phrase—a power which is all too rarely cultivated.

OUT-OF-DOORS IN THE HOLY LAND.

"Who would not go to Palestine?" asks Henry Van Dyke in his latest volume,* and if one might ride on horseback through green pastures and by still waters—with the wonder of a new land to

* *Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land.* By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

feed upon day by day, and the wide and starry sky to lie down beneath at night—who would say no? It is the story of a pilgrimage such as this that Dr. Van Dyke tells in the volume before us. Its purpose?—to meet that "personal and indefinable spirit of place which was known and loved by prophet and psalmist, and most of all by Him who spread His table on the green grass and taught His disciples while they walked the narrow paths waist deep in the rustling wheat. . . ." The little party of four met together in Jaffa, on the Mediterranean, and with guides and camp gear set forth upon their journey out-of-doors in the Holy Land.

From Jaffa to Jerusalem, as the crow flies, takes one through a tiny portion of Israel, the northern extremes of Judah, and at last to the city that is set upon a hill. From Jerusalem a journey was made south to Bethlehem and still a little farther to Hebron where the Oak of Abraham stands upon the hill of Mamre.

Of Jerusalem, one finds prisoned in Dr. Van Dyke's words the spirit of the city itself—that calm, sublime spirit of tragedy, of aloofness from the fates of the other dwelling-places of men, even as the city looks down upon the plain; an abiding sense of the eternal and immutable in the midst of change and modernity, and of that gray melancholy which broods upon the walls that are wet with the tears of an expectant people. The travelers' tent is cast in an olive-grove, outside the gates, whence little journeys are made into the streets of the city, with its squalor and its charm, over the course of the Via Dolorosa, to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and to the Dome of the Rock, where temples have been building and destroying far into the memory of man. Mizpah, to the northwest of Jerusalem, where Samuel offered sacrifice to Jehovah and sent his people down against the Philistines, and the Mount of Olives are also journey-points.

There is nothing finer in the book before us than the chapter on the Garden of Gethsemane. It is the scene of the supreme tragedy in the Passion of Christ and Dr. Van Dyke has written of it with a simple beauty and tenderness which flow only from a real sympathy in the truest sense of the word.

From Jerusalem Dr. Van Dyke and his party go down to Jericho, but do not fall among thieves as did the traveler of the Gospel. Thence they cross the Jordan into the land of

Gilead and journey up the river valley to Gerasa, the ruins of a once proud city of the Decapolis. Recrossing to the western shore of the Jordan, they strike into the heart of Samaria, passing through Shechem, nestling between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, Samaria and Dothan, where Joseph was sold by his brethren; across the plain of Esdrælon to Jezreel and Nazareth, where Jesus was a child, to Cana of the Wedding Feast, and thence to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. Dr. Van Dyke's treasure-house is full of memories of the Lake, which is so inseparably associated with Christ and His disciples, Simon and Andrew, James and John, and he turns his face northward again with reluctance to the Waters of Merom, to Dan of the golden calf, to Cæsarea Philippi, and, skirting the snow-crowned Hermon and Lebanon, through the country of the Druses to Damascus.

Those who know the author ever so slightly, will perceive that something is lacking in the foregoing lines. It is ours to confess—we have omitted it. The Doctor cast his flies, a Royal Coachman and a Queen of the Water, in the Lake of Galilee, and, later, in the headwaters of the Jordan, he took something which was "doubtless Scriptural and Oriental" and, "so far as there is any record, the first fish ever taken with an artificial fly in the sources of the Jordan." Who will find it hard to forgive this angler's note of triumph?

Between the chapters of his narrative Dr. Van Dyke has placed the psalms which strike some sweet and dominant note and are suggestive of the lyrics which Tennyson cast between his Idylls.

With the exception of the *Poetry of Tennyson* and his pieces of fiction, both of which belong to another class, *Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land* will take precedence, we think, of anything which Dr. Van Dyke has done hitherto in prose. Its greatest charm is its power to draw one out of himself far over the seas; its wondrous rich descriptions, often of a lovely beauty; and its language, made delightful by the breath of the Scripture itself.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

The spirited little brochure* of M. Barbier, breathing courage and optimism, on the religious crisis in France, has rapidly reached its second edition. Though he

* *L'Église de France et les Catholiques Français.* Par Paul Barbier. Paris: Lethielleux.

permits himself no illusions on the seriousness of the situation, he sees, on many sides, reasons for trusting that the worst is past for Catholicism, and that the Church in France, though she will have been sadly crippled in her material resources, will emerge from the struggle stronger, more aggressive, and more efficient than she was before.

He repudiates the charge sometimes made that one of the causes of the anti-religious success has been the intellectual decline of the clergy. They have not declined, he argues; and they are up to the requisite intellectual demands of the day. They still enjoy, he contends, a high prestige in the eyes of the people; and this prestige is destined not to wane but to increase. The clergy of all ranks, he declares, have committed an enormous fault in their failure to oppose to the anti-religious press a sane and able patriotic Catholic press, even though it might have cost them some of the millions which, during the last thirty years, they expended on their churches. It is somewhat late now, he continues, to remedy this error. Nevertheless it is a good augury that bishops and priests are taking steps to supply the crying need.

Although the French people do not like to see their priests meddling in public affairs, nevertheless, M. Barbier believes, the clergy have a splendid field for work that will increase their religious influence, by coming out boldly, wherever the occasion offers, publicly to combat those who disseminate free thought and infidelity.

The laity, too, he says, have been misrepresented by those who have charged them with being paralyzed by a narrow formalism and supine indolence. He accepts the computation of M. de Rivalière who, in 1898, estimated that there were in France ten millions of Catholics for whom religion is an affair of importance *(chez qui les préoccupations religieuses tiennent une place importante)*. These ten millions proved their loyalty by their conduct in the affair of the inventories; and in many places are giving further proof by the prompt generosity with which they are coming to the support of the clergy. The result of the present war will be to embolden both clergy and people to fight more valiantly for their rights. The persecution has eliminated from the ranks a large number whose presence was a weakness:

> There are now fewer routine Catholics, fewer hypocrites, than in any former period. There are fewer egoists, fewer cowardly spirits, fewer half believers, fewer formalists for whom religion was only an attitude or a pose. All this is a sign, not of retrogression, but of progress. Let the French clergy and laity march forward hand in hand to coming battles; they will conquer.

CARDINAL MANNING.

A double purpose has inspired Miss Taylor in her excellent partial biography* of him whom London's toilers called "The Good Cardinal." She aimed, and aimed very successfully, at presenting the manner in which his democratic principles were exemplified in the part that Cardinal Manning took in public affairs which fell within his sphere of action; and in the views which he held and advocated regarding some questions of moment with which he had not personally to deal. The ulterior purpose of the writer is to hold up Manning's life as a proof of the identity of Christian and democratic principles—"a truth perfunctorily and theoretically acknowledged, but disallowed in any true sense, by the majority of friends and foes of religion alike." "It is a truth," Miss Taylor says as she points her moral, "obscured and veiled by the action of those who have again and again made of the Christian Church an instrument of oppression, have striven to turn it to their own profit; who have employed it in the interests of a class or party, and have succeeded in partially masking its character."

After an introductory chapter, Miss Taylor takes up the subject at the appointment of Manning to the archbishopric of Westminster; and, passing without notice all those matters which appertained strictly to his spiritual office or his private life, she relates the part played by the Cardinal in the various public questions through which he came to be known as a friend of the working people, and of all who struggle against entrenched injustice. Miss Taylor interprets her facts with judicious comment, and exposes them with a frankness not less than that of Mr. Purcell himself. She makes it perfectly clear that the principles of the Cardinal meet with her fullest sym-

* *The Cardinal Democrat. Henry Edward Manning.* By I. A. Taylor. St. Louis: B. Herder.

pathy, and that she desires her book to be an instrument of propaganda.

Her ardent admiration for Manning does not, however, restrain her from giving judgment against him in one of the famous controversies in which he was involved. When Gladstone designated as "an astonishing error" Manning's assertion that, until the publication of Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican decrees, the friendship existing between the pair for forty-five years had never been overcast, the Statesman, Miss Taylor holds, was right and the Cardinal was wrong. In the course of the dispute concerning the unbroken friendship, Gladstone "cited, not without justice, its suspension during a period of twelve years, as well as more recent accusations and counter-accusations made and retorted in no moderate terms in regard to the Italian question."

Miss Taylor's comments on the Cardinal's claim that, though communication between him and Gladstone had been interrupted for many years, he felt that his own feelings and he believed that Gladstone's had undergone no change:

> To imagine that a friendship, vulnerable, like all things human, to influences from without, could remain unaltered through twelve years of a silence broken only by outward discord was in truth the vision of a dreamer, singular in a man with so little of the dreamer about him as Archbishop Manning.

Treating of Manning's poverty, the writer emphasizes the fact that Manning was content, even glad, not merely that he himself personally was poor, but also that the Church over which he presided was poor.

> For her, no more than for himself, did he covet wealth. Poverty was in his eyes, a security for her energy and purity, and he openly rejoiced that, in the richest of all nations, the Catholic Church was poor. Unestablished, unendowed, she was the more free to do her work. "My Church and I," he once told Mgr. Darboy, "date, thank God, from the ages of Christianity, when the Church was poor, but free."

To some other French ecclesiastics he addressed advice which they probably treated as the chimerical views of a

foreigner, which were ridiculously impractical. Yet subseqent events show them to have possessed a prophetic character, hidden, doubtless, from both the speaker and those who listened to him. "'Go,' he told them, 'go, ask for freedom to share the lot of the people; eat their bread, touch their heart, and conquer their souls for God.'"

Among the topics fully treated are Manning's change of opinion regarding the Temporal Power of the Holy See; and his ardent advocacy of the Irish agitation against landlord injustice. The Cardinal's change from having been a violent advocate of the Restoration of the Temporal Power to becoming an earnest opponent of that aspiration Miss Taylor defends, not on the ground of consistency, but in the spirit of St. Augustine's maxim: "'If I utter no word that I should like to unsay I am nearer being a fool than a wise man.'" As time went on, after 1870, the Cardinal perceived "that the past could return no more"; that the old dynastic world was moribund, a new world of the peoples was replacing it; and that if the Temporal Power was to be restored it would be under new conditions. The reasons on which Manning's views rested are stated very boldly, indeed, by Miss Taylor, as are also the circumstances which surrounded the appearance of the papal *Rescript* against the *Plan of Campaign* in Ireland. In fact, throughout the volume, the writer, as becomes the daughter of the author of *Philip Von Artevelde*, displays an unmistakably independent temper. She has done a service to the memory of her hero by placing, in popular and attractive form, the great human traits of his life before that large class of readers who have not the time or inclination to peruse Purcell's two large volumes.

FRANCISCAN ITALY.

Franciscan Italy has, of late years, become so favorite a ground for the tourist, the artist, and the traveler with an eye to future publication, that there would seem to be little hope for one opening a new book on the subject to find anything that has not been said before. The writer of this dainty little volume* does not, certainly, furnish any historical or critical information that has not already been made public property. He relates his own journeys to, and his brief sojourns in, a few of the famous Franciscan monaster-

**Pilgrim Walks in Franciscan Italy.* By Johannes Jörgensen. St. Louis: B. Herder.

ies of Northern Italy. He has enough acquaintance with art to appreciate the various treasures that have passed under his notice, and enough good judgment not to attempt any lengthy descriptions of them. He has suffused his pages with the glow of feeling which he experienced as he shared the hospitality and the devotional exercises of the sons of St. Francis at Fonte Colombo, Greccio, La Foresta, Assisi, Cortona, and the Holy Mountains. For example:

> I think I may say that in the course of my life I have met with much that was out of the common and affecting, yet scarcely ever with anything that impressed me as profoundly as those minutes of perfect silence among the Franciscans of Greccio. As I knelt amid those barefooted, brown-habited friars who, in the darkness, raised their hearts to Heaven in voiceless prayer, I realized more vividly than ever I did before what the Middle Ages were—how far removed the twentieth century was; how far away beyond the crest of the mountains was the modern world; how remote seemed the great, busy towns, with their glare and their noise, their unrest, their endless round of amusements. Nothing then seemed real to me but that humble little chapel of the poor, primitive monastery, where the Sons ot St. Francis prayed, gave thanks, and offered praise to the God for whom the votaries of the world had scarce a passing thought.

As we accompany Mr. Jörgensen, who points out to us the beauties of the scenery along the pilgrimage, through the vale of Rieti, through Assisi, through Cortona, and are permitted through his eyes to get an intimate view of the friars in their ancestral homes, we are convinced that the spirit of the poor man of Assisi still dwells among his brethren.

THE CATECHISM IN EXAMPLES.

This second edition of Father Chisholm's *Catechism in Examples* * was demanded, it seems, by the "unprecedented success" of the first —and by the almost universal demand for a reissue. Every continent and every country, so the author tells us in his "Preface to the Second Edition," has sent requests for more copies, and many members of the hierarchy, beginning with "his late

* *The Catechism in Examples.* By the Rev. D. Chisholm. 2d Edition. In Five Volumes. Vol. I. *Faith—The Creed.* Vol. II. *Hope—Prayer.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

Holiness," Leo XIII., have praised the book without stint. It is needless, then, for us to praise the work. We need only concur in the chorus of commendations; and, for the benefit of those who may not know what is the exact nature of the book, say that it contains two thousand anecdotes, illustrations, stories from the lives of the saints, facts from secular history, occasional incidents and passages of Sacred Scripture, reports of missionaries to foreign parts, and all such like matters that will conduce to make interesting and graphic the otherwise stiff and unimaginative lessons of the Catechism.

THE MISSIONER.

This latest of Mr. Oppenheim's stories * opens in a fashion that might raise hopes in the inexperienced that they were about to enjoy the development of a religious zealot or fanatic, after the manner of George Eliot or Walter Scott. A young man invades an English village under the very nose of its grand lady proprietress, to carry on a religious revival. She forbids him, snubs him, and secretly falls in love with him; but she cannot or will not marry him. Of course, she fulfills Mr. Oppenheim's ideal of beauty; she is graceful in her slender perfection, or perfect in her graceful slenderness—we do not remember which, though we were told the truth several times. The young missioner, whose vocation collapses suddenly when he finds how the wind blows, is, also of course, a wonderfully athletic and powerful young gentleman, who, when the occasion calls for it—we know from the very second page that the occasion will call, will actually bawl for it—simply, to use a rather colloquial phrase, but the right one for the nonce, wipes the floor with the heavy villain of the piece. After abandoning his missionary career, at a very early stage of the game, the missioner, Mr. Macheson, rushes into the public haunts of the London and Parisian *demi-monde*, the manners of which are described with unnecessary detail. Mr. Macheson, who has touched the pitch without becoming defiled, soon wearies of this form of distraction, which he adopted only to drive out of his head the image of his cruel goddess. At length the mystery which had been keeping us in suspense from the start is dispelled; then the lady is free to obey the dictates of her heart—and they lived happy ever after.

* *The Missioner*. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Oppenheim's character drawing is not very careful; but he does not leave us time to reflect on this drawback. He issues very heavy drafts on the credulity of his readers, but, judging from the success of his works, and the rapidity with which they follow one another, none of his paper is ever returned to him bearing the sinister brand, N. G. And he deserves the praise of always inculcating morality, though the ideals of some of his good people are not always sufficiently strict in detail.

LITERATURE AND THE PRESS.

This is an earnest and forceful presentation of the duty incumbent on all Catholics to encourage and contribute to the spread of good literature,* especially of good magazines and newspapers. "If," says the bishop, "the press is such a power for good and answers to the most urgent needs of our time, charity and the obligation to do good to our neighbor impose upon us the duty of employing it to that end"; to use our influence "that the productions of a good press be widely disseminated and to lessen those of bad tendency which sow the seeds of evil and foster crime." He advocates the formation of associations for increasing the circulation of good periodicals and urges the clergy to take an active part in this apostleship of the press, quoting from the great German Catholic leader, Windthorst, that "the priest preaches once a week, the newspapers every day," and shows what has been accomplished in Germany by the efforts of Catholics for the uplifting and spread of the Catholic press. "The Crusade of the press to ransom not the stones where lay the body of Christ, but the souls redeemed by His precious blood, is to be considered under a double aspect, the crusade by means of the press and the crusade for the press."

We may add that the book bears eloquent testimony to the zeal of the author, his spirit of fervent piety and wide range of reading.

* *La Cruzada de la Buena Prensa.* By D. Antolín Peláez, Bishop of Jaca. Barcelona: Gustavo Gili.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (16 Jan.): The recent "Board of Trade" returns, while showing a slight increase in imports, indicate a heavy falling off in exports amounting to forty-eight millions of pounds for the year. Commenting on this the *Morning Post* says that "it exceeds even the worst expectations."——Abbot Gasquet, writing on "Archbishop Morton and St. Albans," brings further evidence to bear on the vexed question of the moral condition of the Abbey at the time of the Archbishop's visitation. ——In a speech at Birmingham Mr. Churchill made a violent attack upon "The House of Lords." Referring to Protection, he said: "If they want a speedy dissolution they know where to find one."——A very interesting series of articles, "About Glastonbury," is being contributed by Mgr. Moyes. The present one deals with the restoration of Dunstan to his position as Abbot, by King Edmund.

(23 Jan.): "Unionists and Free-Fooders." As the next General Election approaches, the Unionist party finds itself facing the difficulty, What is to be the attitude of the party on Tariff-Reform?——"The Rev. Mr. Campbell and the Drapers." Mr. Campbell, of New Theology fame, having made the statement that women engaged in drapers' shops in London were obliged to lead immoral lives, on account of their small pay, has been asked to prove it. Having refused to do so he is threatened with an action.——"Women's Suffrage." An editorial is devoted to this subject, and the conclusion arrived at is favorable to the granting of the franchise.——Father Thurston, S.J., tells the story of the letter alleged to have been written from Jerusalem by the Blessed Virgin to the people of Messina. He treats it under the heading "Messina's Buried Palladium."——In a curious correspondence as to "The Order of Corporate Reunion," the text of the original manifesto is given and the question asked, Are there any "second generation Bishops"?

The Month (Jan.): Did "John Milton" die a Catholic? This question Father Thurston answers in the negative. He died, as he lived, the incarnation of Protestantism, hold-

ing to a system in which divorce and polygamy found a place. He was a monument of egoism and would have accepted no religion unless it were one in which he were a Pope.——"The Main Problem of the Universe," by the Editor, presents the teleological doctrine of final causes.——There is a prevailing notion that only in the nineteenth century men began to give serious thought to science. This J. J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., disproves by introducing "Guy de Chauliac," who lived in the fourteenth century, as the Father of Modern Surgery.—— Other articles are: "The Pope and the Forty-Five," an account of the Jacobite rising.——"A School for Scandal," a reply to a slanderous work by a Protestant minister.

The National Review (Feb.): "A Diplomatic Reminiscence," by "Amateur," throws light on a period of international politics in 1896, when, it is stated, Russia was tempted by Germany, yielded, and was hindered from plunging Europe into war by the timely action of the Procurator of the Holy Synod.——Viscount Llandaff contributes a criticism and a suggestion on the "Educational Imbroglio." In correction of the unjust Education Bills of the Government, which aim to make the so-called national type of school universal, the writer suggests a system that leaves secular education under the full control of the State, but requires religious education to be combined with it.——"War at the Present Day" is reproduced from the *Deutsche Revue*.——"The Ex-Landlords of Ireland—Their Duties and Prospects" is an interesting article, remarkable in its straightforward admissions and conclusions.——"A Plea for More Bishops" for the Church of England is made by Rev. J. J. Lias, D.D.—— "Canada and the British Navy," by C. P. Wolley.—— In the department of "American Affairs," A. Maurice Low discusses President Roosevelt's recent attack upon the integrity of Congress.——A. G. Boscawen writes of the success attending the resumption of "Tobacco Growing in Ireland" and the possibilities for the same industry in England.——Writing of the so-called "Shakespearean Problem," George Hookham says in conclusion: "While there is sufficient evidence to make us doubt, or

possibly disbelieve, the Shakespearean authorship, yet it is not strong enough at present definitely to establish any other theory."——"The New Reforms in India" are discussed by A. T. Arundel.

The Church Quarterly Review (Jan.): In "The Mind of the East," Sir T. Raleigh, writing on the controversial question of the British policy in Egypt and India, comments freely on its merits and failings in the hope, as he says, that truth may prevail.——"Presbyterianism and Reunion" is a further contribution going to show the advances which the Church of England has made towards corporate unity with the various Protestant "Churches."——"The Ornament's Rubric" has, the writer claims, given rise to a voluminous literature. In the reports recently issued by the Two Houses of the York Convocation a permissive usage of vestments, subject to certain safeguards, is suggested; this, the article says, will make for peace.——The nature of the distinction between Christianity and other religions is the subject of an article entitled "Revelation and Religious Ideas."——"Causes and Remedies of Unemployment."——"The Mohammedan Gospel of Barnabas,"——"The 'Dearth of Clergy' in the Anglican Church," are among the other contributions.

The International (Jan.): "The Future of the Race," by Dr. Broda. Heretofore advanced civilization has ended in the downfall of the people among whom it was developed; already evil forces are at work among ourselves, can they be counteracted? The writer answers in the affirmative and proceeds to develop his theory.——What will become of "Austria-Hungary Without Francis Joseph"? Will she hold together? Mr. Stead asks. The answer is written on the map. Austria-Hungary will become a new and a greater Switzerland.——Dr. Toulouse, in "Insanity and Crime," contends that all habitual criminals are more or less abnormal, and in confinement should be subjected to a course of training of such a kind that they may again become useful members of society.——"The Social Transformation in Japan," says Dr. Bryan, is already on the way, and its most significant feature is an eclecticism highly colored

by British and American Influences.——"The German Tariff From the Woman Point of View," means increased cost of production, increased cost of living, and woman has to bear the heaviest share of the burden. What is the remedy? That power be given her to advocate her own interests; that is, the right to vote.

The Crucible (Jan.): "Father Augustin Rösler and the Woman Question," deals with the elementary and secondary education of girls, which latter is, in the case of many girls, a preparation for their future occupation or vocation.——"Old Age Pensions and the Care of the Aged Poor." In this Bill, the writer says, we have a most important and revolutionary measure, still the amount that can be received under it, namely a dollar and a quarter a week, is, after all, only a starvation allowance, and must, in many cases, be supplemented by private charity.——"The Truth About Ourselves," is an essay from the pen of a nun. Everything, she claims, tends to blind us in this matter and prevent us from seeing ourselves as we really are.——"Congress on Industrial Training of Women and Girls."——"Life of a Girl Student at Oxford."——"Intellect and Emotion in Music Teaching," are found among other contributed articles. ——Margaret Fletcher, in "Pilgrimage Pictures," gives a descriptive account of the recent visit made by Englishwomen to his Holiness.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (Jan.): "Loisy and His Theories," by Rev. J. McRory, is an *exposé* of the Modernistic platform and an inference as to its logical end. The writer expresses his astonishment that Protestants who still believe in our Lord's divinity can express sympathy with such a Rationalistic religion.——The scientific side of the theology of "Penance" is dealt with by Rev. P. McKenna, showing how order and harmony may be perceived where before seemed nought but chaos.—— "Dr. Gairdner and the Reformation in England," by Rev. J. MacCaffrey, is an appreciative notice of *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*, Dr. Gairdner's most recent work. It dwells upon the demoralizing results of the Reformation, as seen in Royal Supremacy and the right of Private Judgment.——Other articles are: "The Latin

Writers of Mediæval Ireland," by Abbé Gougaud.—— "Botanical Evolution in Theory and in Fact," by Rev. T. J. Walshe, brings before us some of the views recently advanced upon the origin of species in plant-life.

The Dublin Review (Jan.): In "Mr. Chesterton Among the Prophets," Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives us a review of the former's latest work, *Orthodoxy*. The book stands for a conviction against scepticism, for authority versus private opinion, for orthodoxy as opposed to liberal theology. The author arrives at his conclusions by following, in a popular way, the reasoning of Cardinal Newman, *i. e.*, by the "cumulative argument," by the "illative sense."——"The Measure of National Wealth," by H. Belloc. In the writer's opinion none of the current methods of estimating the wealth of a community are satisfactory. His conclusions are purely negative. In another article positive conclusions will be drawn.——"Catholic Social Work in Germany," is the third of a series of articles dealing with this subject. In it we are told of the founding of the *Volksverein*, the history of which forms the history of the Catholic social movement in Germany.——Canon Barry's "Censorship of Fiction" is an apologetic for authority over faith and morals. He deplores the tendency of the day towards cheap and prurient literature.——Other articles are: "Eugène Fromentin," by Professor Phillimore.—— "Modern Turkey," by Major Mark Sykes.——"Duchesne's Ancient History of the Church," by Dom Chapman.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Jan.): Opens with a review of the position of "The Catholic Church in 1908." It is clear, the writer says, that the struggle is no longer between Catholicity and the Dissident Christian Sects, but between Catholicity and Secularism. In treating of the condition of the Church a handsome tribute is paid to the astounding progress of Catholicism in the United States.——The Editor continues his article on "Socialism and Christianity," dealing with the much-discussed question as to whether a definite social doctrine is to be found in the Gospel. It is clear, he says, that just as our Lord does not consider poverty a thing to be

recommended on its own account, neither does He condemn wealth as a thing bad in itself.——"The Regeneration of Lost Parts in Animals and the Theory of Matter and Form," by the Rev. C. Gelderd, of Ushaw, gives some interesting examples of the power possessed by some animals of reproducing lost parts. The higher we ascend in animal life, the more limited is this regenerative faculty, until in mammals it is altogether lost, save as we see it at work on the healing of wounds.——"The Notes and Queries" department is, as usual, replete with valuable information.

The Irish Monthly (Feb.): Opens with an article on "The Venerable Oliver Plunkett, Bishop and Martyr," by the Editor.——"Our Lady of Lourdes," is the English version of the French hymn.——"The Curé's Matchmaking," a story by M. C. Keogh.——A. L. Pringle writes of "Nova Scotia and the Acadians."——In this ever pleasing little monthly there is always to be found a happy selection of verse.——Katharine Tynan is the author of "Erin Aroon."——We note also "A Day in the House of God," by M. E. L'Estrange.——"The Good Happy on Earth," signed by the familiar initials of M. R., is a second view of the subject.

L Correspondant (10 Jan.): "The Unknown America" traces the primitive civilization and establishes the point that Christopher Columbus did not discover but only recovered the continent, for there was what may be called "Primitive America."——"The Economic Life and the Social Movement" sets forth the rights and duties of French Socialism, and over against it the Christian religion, which is really the religion of Humanity uplifted.——"The New Revolutionary Spirit" has as its prime mover M. Georges Sorel, who is spoken of as the founder of the revolutionary syndicate.

(25 Jan.): Writing on "Political Switzerland," Henri Joly shows that, notwithstanding its democratic principles, it has developed an aristocracy of money and can to-day count its millionaires and its beer and chocolate barons.——"America of To-morrow," by Abbé Klein, gives a description of San Francisco immediately after the earthquake. He contrasts the splendid work done at Berkeley

University with the scandalous condition of municipal affairs as he saw them under the late mayor and his chief of police.——"Splendors and Miseries of Men of Letters"—Chateaubriand, Balzac, Dumas *père*, Lamartine, furnish instances of authors who, notwithstanding their splendid incomes, passed their lives in one long struggle with financial difficulties.——Other articles are: "Love and Faith," by H. de Lacombe.——"The Succour of Messina after the Earthquake of 1783," by D'Estourmel.

Études (5 Jan.): "The Supernatural Mission of the Prophets of Israel," is a critical examination of A. Condamin, S.J., of A. Kuen's theory that the prophets were bands of fanatics, the result of certain religious influences at work among the Canaanites. He declares this to be pure conjecture.——Geo. Longhaye discusses the position of "The Saints in History." Their influence is not to be ascribed to their work as scholars, reformers, etc., but to the fact that they were imbued with the spirit of Christ. ——Commenting on "The Intellectualism of St. Thomas," L. Roure points out the importance, in modern thought, of the question whether the infinite is possessed by the intellect or by the will.——"The Orthodox Eastern Church" is an extended review of three recent books dealing with the churches separated from Rome.—— "Revolutionary Justice," by Pierre Bliard, is a continued article.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 Jan.) "The Training of the Young for Liberty," is one of the most vexed questions in the education of youth. To-day individual liberty reigns supreme; indeed, it has well-nigh degenerated into license. How this may be checked is expanded in the article.——"Christianity and Catholicism," by E. Julien. Is Catholic Christianity the only true Christianity? This, of course, Protestants deny. To establish this fact Bossuet employed all the force of his logic, for the Catholic faith is the proof *a posteriori* of the Christian faith.——"The Narratives of the Sacred History," gives the work and mission of Elias and Eliseus.

(15 Jan.): "The Origin of Christian Apologetic," by M. Jules Lebreton. One difficulty to be encountered is that Christ wrote nothing, all we know of His life and teach-

ing we gather from the words of His disciples. How far are their accounts worthy of our credence? Modernists say they cannot be believed. Catholic apologists prove that they can.——"Science, Religion, and Revelation," by Ph. Ponsard. In the eighteenth century the opposition of science and religion meant the opposition of reason and faith, now the alliance between reason and science is ruptured, reason and faith have joined forces, and both have been relegated to the region of the transcendent. Against the one and the other we find science arrayed. ——"The Inquisition" is a letter by the Bishop of Beauvais showing that for punishment of heretics by death the Church was not responsible, and that the secular power was alone to blame. The famous Constitution of Frederic II. is referred to in order to prove that the Emperor acted on his own responsibility and did not seek the approval of the Church.

Revue Bénédictine (Jan.): D. A. Wibmart writes on the Tractate "Noah's Ark," which, he claims, is the work of Gregory of Elvira, dating from the middle of the fourth century. ——That "Donatism" does not owe its name to Donatus, the Great Bishop of Carthage, but to Donatus, Bishop of Casæ Nigræ, is contradicted by D. J. Chapman.——"The New Papyrus Liturgy at Oxford," by D. P. de Paniet, gives the history of this papyrus belonging to the seventh century, discovered in Upper Egypt, in the ruins of a Coptic monastery.——Other articles are: "Studies in Orthodox Theology," by D. P. de Meester. The first chapter is on original sin.——"The Accusation and Disgrace of the Carafa," a continued article, deals especially with the charges brought against the cardinal.

Revue Thomiste (Dec.): Starting with the principle that "The Bible is the Book of the Supernatural in Humanity," Rev. P. Mercier gives a detailed study of the first three chapters in Genesis, showing that the extremely anthropomorphic character of the dialogue between God on the one side and Adam and Eve on the other is clear proof of the supernatural character of the book.——Rev. P. Hugon revives the old question concerning "The Active and Passive Virtues." He deems it necessary to reiterate the Papal warnings that have been directed in recent

times against those who unduly exalt the active virtues. ——"Common Sense—the Philosophy of Being," by Father Reg. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P., deals with Dogmatic Formulas and their value as opposed to the Theory of the Modernists.——"The Development of Dogma According to St. Vincent of Lerins," by Father Nicolas Dausse, O.P. St. Vincent spoke on the one hand of the unchangeableness of Catholic dogma and on the other of the theory of development. Are these two views antagonistic? The writer's answer is: By no means; and he proceeds to reconcile them.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Jan.): In writing on "The Synoptic Gospels," by M. Loisy, P. Chevalier says it is a most remarkable effort of historical synthesis. It is really in the capacity of an historian and a savant that M. Loisy has approached his task. He applies to the Synoptics the same critical methods he employed in dealing with the Fourth Gospel, and now, as then, arrives at a hostile conclusion.——"Platonism in France in the Eighteenth Century" is concluded. The views of Buffon, Rousseau, Condillac, Saint-Martin, are exposed. The last words are a quotation in the form of an eulogy by La Harpe, who says that of all the ancient philosophers, Plato was the most brilliant.——"The Theodicy of Fénelon," by J. Revière, touches on the passive elements of his Quietism.

La Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques et La Science Catholique (Jan.): The seventh conference in the series "God in History," by Abbé Roupain, is on the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. The dogma is proved as against the evolution theory of M. Loisy and the pragmatism of M. le Roy.——"The True Chronology of Our Savior Jesus Christ," by M. Levier. The conclusion arrived at is that Jesus was born on the 25th of December, in the year 745 of Rome.——"Eucharistic Traditions." The author takes his traditions from the works of St. Augustine. Among the subjects dealt with are: Frequency of Communion; Mode of Communion Under Two Species: Communion of Children; the Excommunicate.——"The Search for a Plastic Intermediary," is an account given by M. le Chan. Gombault of the attempt made by cer-

tain occultists to discover an astral fluid which will serve as an intermediary between spirit and matter, soul and body.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 Jan.): "The Voice of Canada," by A. Savaète, deals especially with the instruction given at Laval University.——"The French Apologists of the Nineteenth Century," by R. P. At, expands the three theological virtues and marriage as the foundation of the family.——M. Sicard furnishes two articles: "Woman and Her Mission"; also "The French Clergy Since the Concordat of 1801."——"The Critic of Critics," by F. J. Constant, O.P., is concluded.

(15 Jan.): Abbé Bajon, in "The Supply of Clergy," offers several suggestions as to the way of meeting an increasing demand with a decreasing supply. Provincial seminaries is one, another is the setting free of those clergy known as canons titular for work in more extended fields.——Other articles are: "Letters of Louis XIII. to his Mother."——"Save the Parish," by P. Camillus.——Frédéric Masson writes in reply to "The Heart of Feminism," deploring the effects of the movement and its evil influences on society at large.

Biblische Zeitschrift (I.): Dr. Steinmetzer, Prague, writes on "The Holy Oil of Unction" of the Old Testament and on God's prohibition not to anoint the flesh of man with it nor to reconsecrate it (Exodus 30). He holds that this prohibition did not include the anointing of kings and the remixing of a necessary supply. The Jews after the exile did not anoint their priests, but this was the result of a complete change of their political and religious conditions, while the rabbis explained this with the above prohibition.——Dr. Landersdorfer, O.S.B., Munich, tries to overcome "The Difficulties in St. Luke's Record of the Annunciation," by going back to the probable Hebrew wording of the conversation between Mary and the angel. The Hebrew phrase corresponding to "Thou shalt conceive" may refer either to the future or the past (*e. g.*, Gen. xvi. 2). Mary now may have understood it as referring to the past, and therefore asked an explanation, since she had not known man. This explanation makes the unwarranted hypothesis of a perpetual vow of chastity unnecessary.——Dr. Ephr. Baumgartner, O.M., explains the number "seven" of the

deacons in the primitive Church in Jerusalem by referring to Deut. xvi. 18, and to Josephus, who relates that the Jews had in every town a committee of seven men, directors or judges.

Die Kŭltŭr (Jan.): Monsignor Baron de Mathies, "In the Revival of the Liturgical Sense," points out how the Liturgy in its broadest sense may be said to lie at the base of all religion.——In connection with a question of great moment Dr. Franz Walter defends the affirmative reply to the query: "Is the Sexual Enlightenment of Youth a Necessity of the Present Day?"——F. M. L. Wornovich, in "The Struggle on the Frontiers of Lika in 1809," highly praises the courageous stand made by the inhabitants of Dalmatia to retain the dearest of all human treasures—liberty.——Other articles are: "A Noble Friend of Nature," by A. Wimmer.——"Citizenship in Salzburg in 1808–9," by Dr. Lampel.

La Civiltà Cattolica (2 Jan.): St. Anselm of Aostia. The Church this year has been celebrating the centenary of the great Bishop and Doctor of the Oriental Church, St. John Chrysostom; but the Latin Church, and Rome especially, now comes forth to honor the memory of another great doctor, St. Anselm of Aostia, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of England.——"The Birth of Christ and Poetry." Poetry substantially consists in the beauty and interior harmony of the concepts and images. The embodyment of all this is found in the Sacred Scriptures—no religious language is more poetical than that of the Bible.

(16 Jan.): "The Method of the Catechism." An article showing the necessity for all to be well instructed in the catechism, that they may be preserved from the contagion of error and modern apostasy, and the method in which the catechism ought to be presented.——"Pagan Esoterics According to Theosophy," is continued in this number.——As is also "The Birth of Christ and Poetry."

Razon y Fe (Jan.): R. Ruiz Amado treats the Educational Congress of London and various societies in America, England, and Germany for ethical culture based on belief in a personal God and disregarding differences of creed.——"Are Spanish Jesuits Ignorant?" The answer to this charge is given by A. Pérez Goyena, in recounting their

work in 1908 in journalism, history, sociology, music, pedagogy, exegesis, science.——N. Noguer treats "Municipal Action and the Problem of Cheap and Sanitary Housing." The question as to the legitimacy and the limits of public intervention in such matters at once arises, and various solutions are discussed.——Señor Moret's speech at Saragossa is developed in its antagonism to religion, really the liberalism described by Leo XIII.'s Encyclical *Libertas*, and its dangers exposed by P. Villada.

España y America (1 Jan.): P. Antonio Blanco begins his "Opportunity of the Catechism," *apropos* of the Pope's Christian-social teaching on that subject.——"Godoy's Reforms," especially in religious matters, which contributed largely to his unpopularity, are treated by P. B. Martinez.——An appeal for the making uniform of our "Philosophical Technology," is made by F. Martinez y Garcia.——The offering of the Spanish-American banners to "The Virgin of the Pillar" is praised by P. D. V. Gonzalez.——"The Religion and Morals of the Chibchas," a people dwelling in the neighborhood of Bogota, are described by P. Rodriquez. The ancient customs prevail amongst them to an astonishing degree.——P. E. Negrete continues his article on "The Æstheticism of St. Augustine."

(15 Jan.): P. G. Martinez, continuing his "Biography of an Heresiarch," shows that Luther's teachings were destructive of the foundations of morality.——"The Objective Progress of Revelation According to the Modernists," is proved fallacious by M. González. This system endeavors to reconcile immanence with agnosticism.——"The Discourse of Moret in Zaragossa," pronouncing the Church's doctrine of charity to be the only remedy for social evils, is continued by P. A. de los Bueis.——F. Olmeda answers some objections to his former article on "Church Music," and further explains the purport of the *Motu Proprio*.——Those interested in hypnotism, spiritism, occultism, and semi-insanity from a scientific viewpoint, will find food for reflection in P. Angel Gago's "Problems of Psychiatry and Legal Medicine."

Current Events.

France.

In Russia and in Austria it has not been uncommon for the students of the Universities to give expression to their immature opinions on political and other questions by various forms of disturbances. The services of the police, and even of the military, have not infrequently been required, and for longer or shorter periods universities have had to be closed. The same disease is invading France. The medical students, as well as some of the students of the Sorbonne, have given violent expression to their feelings of dissatisfaction. No long time, however, was taken in bringing these tumultuous assemblages to quietude; although the military and the police had to be called out, and many arrests made.

The increase in crime in France, and its loathsome and terrible character, seems to show that the non-religious education which has been adopted by the country has not had the good effect which was anticipated. It has, however, brought about one result. Public opinion, in opposition to the wishes of the President and the government, has called for the infliction of the death penalty, which has been for many years practically abolished. For the first time for many years, capital sentences have been carried out, and as executions, when they do take place, are in public, they were witnessed by an enormous crowd, made up of every class of society, who, it is said, alternately howled and cheered. The headsman was greeted with loud applause. The conduct of the large assemblage was disgusting and throws an instructive light upon the character of the populace which has abolished religious institutions. The Chamber of Deputies itself had to listen at the opening of its last Session to an address delivered by one of the minority, in which the moral state of France was declared to be characterized by the unbridled selfishness and overweening vanity of the new generation. The family, the speaker said, was being ruined. It would be well to paint on the walls of the schools: "Honor thy father and thy mother." "Thou shalt not kill." "Thou shalt not steal." The formation of the child's character was as important, at least, as any social reform.

The attitude of the government towards those who alone are able to provide the remedy to these evils, shows how bent and determined it and its supporters are upon pursuing to the bitter end the course upon which they have entered. The law provides that no teacher in the primary schools shall say anything which shall be obnoxious to the consciences of the children. The Bishops, taking advantage of this provision, have organized associations to prosecute in the courts any teacher who violates this law; and have secured penalties for such violation. This the government did not like, and a Bill has been introduced to prevent what they call the undue interference of the parents or guardians of the children. By this Bill the State is substituted for the teacher, and the legal action must be brought against it, thereby interposing a shield between the teacher and the parents. With the same object another Bill has been introduced, which inflicts penalties upon any parents or guardians who shall prevent their children attending school, or using the prescribed text-books, or participating in the instruction on prescribed subjects. Any one who preaches a sermon, or publishes a placard, or writes a pastoral letter, inciting to a breach of these provisions is made punishable by imprisonment for from three months to two years. This is how liberty is understood in France. Not by all Frenchmen, it is true; for the *Journal des Débats* condemns these proposals as inconsistent with the rights of parents as guaranteed by the Fundamental Republican Law of 1793.

While the army of France is said to be up to the mark in every respect, many accidents and several sinister events have led to widespread doubts as to the state of the navy. The new Minister of Marine has seriously taken the matter in hand, and his demand of a very large sum of money (no less than forty millions of dollars) for necessary supplementary expenditure, confirms these suspicions. It was thought at first that this demand might cause a conflict in the Cabinet, but the matter seems to have been arranged, M. Picard's demands having been granted.

Germany.

The German Emperor is being very closely watched, in order to see how well or how badly he keeps the silence with reference to political questions which he prom-

ised. Within a few weeks after the promise had been made, word went abroad that he had given public utterance to his views. At the annual New Year's reception of the officers commanding army corps, his Majesty had read an article on the political and military situation, written in one of the Reviews by the former Chief of the General Staff. Fears consequently were expressed of a renewal, in an aggravated form, of the agitation which had just been put an end to. It was, however, soon authoritatively explained that the article in question was read and approved of by the Emperor only in so far as it referred to purely military matters. The new *régime* is, therefore, being faithfully kept.

Two events which have recently occurred will reassure the minds of those who are anxious for the maintenance of peace. It is too soon, indeed, to appreciate at their real value the importance of these events, but they give good ground for hope. The first is the visit of King Edward to the Kaiser. The fact that the King was accompanied by the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and that the latter had interviews with the German officials, showed that it was not merely a private visit. The outcome is said to have been, we do not know on what authority, the settlement of several points of difference and the removal of most of the obstacles to a complete understanding. Undoubtedly the saner part of the people of both countries is totally opposed to a war, but whether the saner part is also the greater part it is not easy to judge; but if the Emperor's great influence is now to be thrown on the side of peace, there is no reason to think that it will not be effectual.

The second event is, perhaps, of even greater importance, as the danger was more imminent. The conflict between France and Germany, with reference to Morocco, brought the two countries not long ago to the verge of war, and no one knew but that a like danger might recur almost any day. Now an agreement has been signed by which the two countries mutually recognize and guarantee the respective interests of each other in Morocco. This places that country outside the sphere of conflict, and so far dissipates the cloud in which their relations were enshrouded. The fact that such an agreement has been possible, indicates that a better spirit is animating the people of the two countries, and this is of even more importance than the agree-

ment itself. It may perhaps be taken to indicate that Germany may co-operate more cordially with the rest of the Powers in the peaceful settlement of the many Near Eastern questions.

Not only in the Empire but in some of the States of which it is made up, deficits have become the order of the day. In Prussia the year 1907 closed with a deficit of nearly eighteen millions of dollars. For the financial year 1908 it is expected to amount to more than forty millions, while for the year 1909 it is expected to amount to thirty-eight millions. It is worthy of note that one of the causes of the excess of expenditure over revenue is the loss which has for two or three years been incurred in working the State railways. These have suffered the same depression as the other branches of trade, and the State, that is the tax-payers, have to bear an additional burden.

Russia.

Many people, if they had to name a representative Russian, would single out Count Tolstoy, whose eightieth anniversary was celebrated a few months ago. Yet he has been excommunicated by the Orthodox Church and the celebration of his birthday interdicted by the State. A man better entitled to be looked upon as a representative of Russia was Father John of Kronstadt. This is shown by the effect produced by his death. Sorrow was manifested throughout the whole of Russia. Rich and poor, high and low, officials in gorgeous uniforms, peasants with hardly any clothes at all, passed in endless procession before his body as it lay in state. The Tsar himself sent presents to adorn the bier. During the journeys which he sometimes took through Russia, almost Royal honors were given him, and people ran miles only to catch a glimpse of his face. Many believed that he was able to perform miraculous cures. His funeral was attended by twenty thousand people. How far he deserved all these honors this is not the place to discuss. All our concern is with the facts as an indication of the mind of the Russian people.

The horrible state of Russia's internal affairs, and of its methods of government, has been brought to light by the discovery of the doings of a man named Azeff. The various outrages

which have taken place in Russia, and which have shocked the whole world, among others the murders of M. de Plehve, the Grand Duke Serge, and the Governor of Ufa, M. Bogdanovich, as well as two attempts at insurrection, were, if what is now being said is true, originated in the police offices of the government itself. The officials engaged the services of Azeff and paid him large sums of money to provoke the revolutionaries to commit these crimes. Such is the accusation brought against the upholders of authority. They do not, indeed, acknowledge their guilt, but have arrested a former police official, who declares his innocence and alleges that he is being made a scapegoat. It is the part of a prudent man to treat these charges as mere charges until further and better proof of their truth is given.

Italy.

The awful earthquake which destroyed Messina, Reggio, and so many other towns and villages, has revealed in an unwonted way the thoughts of many minds. Most prominently of all it has shown how close are the bonds which unite all the nations of the world in practical sympathy and effective helpfulness. Succor poured in from every country, with the only exceptions, so far as we know, of Persia, Afghanistan, and the other States of Central Asia. As to the recipients of the help so lavishly given, nothing was wanting in the gracefulness with which it was accepted. The effect of many generations of Christian training was shown by the way in which so many of the women of the country of the noblest blood and most gentle training hastened to the scenes of disaster and ministered with their own hands to the wants of the sufferers. And while the funds entrusted to the administration of the officials of the State were often rendered unavailable by the strict regulations which were made, and, as a consequence, not a few deserving cases suffered hardship, the funds which the Holy Father devoted to relief, were wisely and promptly given to the sufferers through the instrumentality of the clergy. The wonderful organization and ready generosity of the Vatican have been recognized even by the secular press.

But bad nature as well as good nature has also been revealed. The chief burden of the work of clearing away the

ruins and rescuing the dead has fallen upon the soldiers. Not merely did marauders appear upon the scene, who had to be shot, but the workingmen who survived, or who arrived from the neighborhood, refused to work except for exorbitant wages. The soldiers had consequently to do the work. Instances seem to be accumulating which go to prove that some workingmen can be as selfish as are some capitalists

While the overstrict regulations made by the Italian government deserve criticism, it cannot be said that it failed to make adequate provision for the relief of the sufferers. Parliament was promptly summoned and six milllions of dollars were voted. It speaks well for the state of Italian finances that no new permanent tax has to be imposed or loan raised in order to provide this sum. The surplus of the financial year 1908–9 is almost sufficient for the purpose. A temporary surtax of one-twentieth, to be levied upon certain revenues for two years, will make up the difference.

The Near East.

Of the many questions which Austria's action has raised in the Balkan States, two seem to be upon the verge of settlement, while others, especially that of the Serbs and of a Greater Servia, still remain; nor is it likely that of the latter a permanent arrangement will be made for many years. In fact, seeds of disturbance have been sown in the territories of the Dual Monarchy which may accelerate its disruption.

In a short time after the annexation of the Provinces, Austria was brought to see the necessity of making pecuniary compensation to Turkey for the violation of the latter's rights of sovereignty. To save Austria's face, however, this compensation was to take the form of payment for the lands which belonged to the Sultan as head of the State. Although this agreement is not actually concluded when we write, the prospect of its being accepted by both parties seems fairly certain.

An arrangement of a similar character is on the point of being made between Turkey and Bulgaria. As compensation for the loss of what had been left of her sovereignty Turkey is to receive a sum of about twenty-five million dollars. This agree-

ment will have been made with difficulty and after long negotiations. War at one time threatened to break out. All the Bulgarians, it is said, are enthusiastic for war and look upon it as inevitable. Negotiation had brought the two parties to an agreement upon the principle of compensation; and differences existed only as to the amount, when Turkey made a proposal for a rectification of the frontiers. This led to some of the reserves being called out. Thereupon Russia intervened and offered to pay to Turkey the difference in amount between Turkey's demands and Bulgaria's offer. The former State was, at the same time, to withdraw its proposal for the rectification of the frontier. In this way a peaceful settlement seems to be on point of being concluded between Turkey and Bulgaria.

What has all along been the most dangerous question still, however, remains unsettled. Servia even more than Turkey has felt herself aggrieved by Austria's action, for by the annexation of the Provinces she is completely hemmed in and dominated by Austria, and the long-cherished aspirations for a Greater Servia have been placed in danger of defeat. The outbreak of war has been imminent even since the annexation, and as spring is the time when the peoples of the Balkans have long been accustomed to enter upon hostile operations, the advent of that season is looked forward to with grave apprehension.

All the Powers, with the exception of Austria and its "loyal" supporter, Germany, recognize the justice of Servia's claim for compensation; but how that compensation is to be made passes the wit of all the existent statesmen to discover. Servia claims a strip of land in order that she may have access to the sea; and that Bosnia and Herzegovina should be granted autonomy under European control. To neither of these demands will Austria listen. The only plan which holds out a prospect of being even discussed is that freedom from customs should be given to Servia's commerce through the annexed provinces.

There are two rival pan-Serb ideas, neither of which is likely to be realized for a long time, on account of the *maladroit* blundering of Baron von Aehrenthal. One idea is that cherished by Servia of a Greater Servia, which would embrace all the Serbs, whether within or without the Austrian dominions;

of this Greater Servia the present kingdom would not necessarily be the head, nor would it necessarily be a kingdom. It might be a Republic, but it would be a single independent nation made up of all the Serbs. The other idea is that all the Serbs, both those within and those without the Austrian dominions, should be united under the rule of the Austrian Emperor. The Emperor is already King of Hungary; a third crown would be placed upon his head, that of King of the Serbs. But after Baron von Aehrenthal's exhibition of Austrian governmental methods, no Serb outside will want to come inside. Brute violence wins no hearts.

In Turkey itself and its internal government things have taken a turn for the worse, and the evil which many well-wishers of the new *régime* apprehended seems to have come about. The authors of the beneficial revolution which has supplanted Abdul Hamid, have themselves become intoxicated, as is wont to be the case with the possession of power, and have driven from office a Grand Vizier of large experience and well-proved liberal views. He had shown his sincere desire to effect reforms by setting aside that false patriotism which refuses all help from outside when it is really necessary, and by calling to his assistance from all parts men qualified to set the new order of things on the right path. Finance, of course, is the most important consideration. For many years Turkey has been sinking deeper and deeper into debt; and has been unable to pay even current expenses. It is interesting to note that among works immediately to be undertaken is the irrigation of the ancient plains of Mesopotamia. That he should have been overthrown so soon and a new Grand Vizier, the third under the new *régime*, appointed, cannot but cause anxiety for the future carrying out of these plans. Perhaps satisfactory explanations may be forthcoming.

The Middle East.

No settlement has yet been made of the Persian question. Russia and Great Britain are engaged in making representations to the Shah urging him to re-establish the Constitution; but whether these representations will have any result is doubtful, for the army, such as it is, is loyal,

and wherever it is present completely overawes the supporters of popular rights. Many parts of the country, especially Tabriz and Ispahan, are in open insurrection, and anarchy is spreading ever farther and farther. The Powers disclaim the intention of any active intervention; but it seems very doubtful whether they will be able to avoid it.

The Far East.

Absolute government may be tolerable when the ruler is intelligent and benevolent. The late Dowager Empress of China may be ranked among such rulers, and consequently its people were not altogether unprosperous. The normal state in which this form of government reverts seems now to have come about. The best administrator that China has produced during this generation has been dismissed from office through the machinations of a cabal. The reason alleged was that "he is suffering from an affection of the foot, has a difficulty in walking, and it is difficult for him to perform rules adequately." He is, therefore, commanded to resign instantly all his offices, and to return to his native place to treat his complaint. Such care for his health is truly touching.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

IT is now somewhat over forty years since Father Hecker, assisted by intelligent workers among the laity, established a Free Circulating Library for the teachers and scholars of St. Paul's Sunday-School in New York City. No expense was spared to get the best books. The object kept in view was to provide for the intellectual needs, not only of the children attending school, but also to encourage the love for good reading among the young folks. Library cards, finished on one side with white silicate, were arranged, containing fifteen books, of which ten were selected from writers of fiction and five from biography, history, or entertaining books of adventure and travel. At least one book devoted to the life of a saint, or some explanation of religious truth, was assigned to each set. These cards, with the titles of fifteen books and the names of their authors, were distributed on Sunday during the recitation of the Catechism lesson. Under the guidance of the teachers, scholars made a choice of the books. By the aid of a number for each book the librarians easily kept the account of the circulation. For the return of books every two weeks the class was held accountable as well as the individual. This rule directed attention in a public manner to the delinquents, who were promptly admonished by their own classmates.

Not to mention other obvious advantages, it may be claimed that this method of supplying books gave the teachers an excellent opportunity to elicit conversation about favorite authors, and to make the library a potent influence in the mental growth and character-building of their scholars. Each class became in reality a miniature Reading Circle, with the teachers in charge, assisted by the librarians, and under the personal supervision of the Rev. Director. From the graduates of St. Paul's Sunday-School, trained in this way during their early days, came the first members of a Catholic Reading Circle for women, in the year 1886. It was named in honor of Frederic Ozanam, the gifted friend of Lacordaire, the leader of young men in work for the poor, who won conquests for the faith in the field of literature within the nineteenth century. The object proposed for the Ozanam Reading Circle was the improvement of its members in literary taste by meeting together once a week, in an informal and friendly way, to talk about books—giving prominence always to Catholic authors—to take part in reading aloud some of the best specimens of magazine literature, and to aid one another by the discussion of current topics. At that time no society could be found in existence intended to provide for Catholic young women equal intellectual advantages, such as were secured for young men by parish lyceums and literary unions. When the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press, held January, 1892, in New York City, under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers, brought together the pioneer workers for the Reading-Circle movement, it was admitted that the Ozanam Reading Circle ranked first in date of formation.

Rumors have been heard that objection was made to the Reading-Circle movement because of its recent origin. As in the case of the young man who

promised to try to get older every day, this objection was long ago removed by time. The underlying principle of co-operation in all departments of human activity may be traced a long way back in history. No one can doubt that a union of intellectual forces extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or vice versa, could develop a bulwark of strength for Catholic literature in the United States. Any one desiring the sanction of hoary antiquity for the modern Reading Circle can find it at the University of Paris in the days of St. Thomas Aquinas, when students made notes of his profound lectures and afterwards read them aloud to their friends at the family gathering.

* * *

In the department "With Readers and Correspondents" of the CATHOLIC WORLD for December, 1888, appeared an unsigned communication stating briefly the outlines of a society for young women having a mature desire for an advanced course of Catholic reading after graduation. It was suggested that the social element might be eliminated, as the work proposed could be accomplished by interchange of ideas at meetings and by correspondence among kindred minds in different places. This communication was written in Milwaukee, Wis., by Miss Julie E. Perkins. Further particulars regarding her valuable personal service in awakening latent forces for the practical realization of her plan may be found in the "Tribute of Praise" published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, August, 1894, shortly after her death. She had very strong convictions that the Catholic people of high position in social life were, in many cases, allowing the intellectual opportunities of the present age to be monopolized by shallow, self-constituted leaders. Her efforts to make known the enduring claims of Catholic authors deserve perpetual remembrance.

The request for a discussion of the plans submitted by Miss Perkins was answered by numerous letters from readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, showing that in the United States, in Canada, in Australia, and throughout the immense area of the English-speaking world there was need of a wider diffusion of the best Catholic literature. From reliable sources of information it was estimated that thousands of dollars were annually spent by Catholics, especially in the rural districts, for bulky subscription books. In order to establish a central bureau for the guidance of the Catholic reading public, to foster the growth of Reading Circles, and to secure a permanent combination of forces for the diffusion of good literature, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1889, announced the formation of the Columbian Reading Union, which was located at the house of the Paulist Fathers, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City. An appeal was made for the voluntary co-operation of those having a knowledge of books, so that guide-lists might be prepared at small cost for those seeking the information thus rendered available. Catholic writers were especially invited to take part in the new movement; assistance was also expected from librarians and others qualified to make selections from the best books published. Many individuals, as well as those identified with Catholic Reading Circles, gladly donated small amounts of money, besides giving their time and energy to make known the ways and means of extending the influence of Catholic literature, and to secure a place of deserved recognition for Catholic authors in public libraries. Some of the

far-reaching results of the movement were indicated by the late John A. Mooney, LL.D., Brother Azarias, and other prominout Catholic writers. From the beginning the Columbian Reading Union has been under the personal supervision of the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., as indicated by his signature of M. C. M. He wishes to take this opportunity to thank publicly all who have gratuitously contributed to this department, and to request prayers for the departed benefactors—especially the late Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, of Chicago—who have aided more than words can express in the altruistic work thus far accomplished through the agency of the Columbian Reading Union.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Sodality of Our Lady, Under the Banner of Mary. By Father Henry Opitz, S.J. Pp. 206. Price 50 cents.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:
The Princess of Gan-Sar. By Andrew Klarmann. Pp. 421. Price $1.50 net. *Ordo. Baptisimi Parvulorum.* Pp. 16. Price 25 cents. Two Series of Lenten Sermons. I. *Sin and Its Remedies.* II. *The Seven Deadly Sins.* By Francis X. McGowan, O.S.A. Pp. 224. Price 75 cents net.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
The Italians of To-Day. By René Bazin. Pp. 240.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:
The Banking and Currency Problem in the United States. By Victor Morawetz. Pp. 119. Price $1 net.

J. P. LYON & CO., Albany, N. Y.:
Eighth Annual Report of the New York State Hospital for the Care of Crippled Children. Year Ending September, 1908.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
Physiological and Medical Observations. By Ales Hrdlicka. Pp. 425. *Twenty-Second Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor, 1907.* Pp. 1,562.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:
The Life of Abraham Lincoln for Boys and Girls. By C. W. Moores. Pp. 132. Price 60 cents net. *The Fifteenth Annual Report of Craig Colony for Epileptics, Sonyea, N. Y.* Illustrated. Pp. 80.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass.:
Our Benny. By Mary E. Waller. Pp. 102. Price $1 net. *But Still a Man.* By Margaret L. Knapp. Pp. 376. Price $1.50. *The Bridge Builders.* By Anna Chapin Ray. Pp. 407. Price $1.50.

J. S. HYLAND & CO., Chicago, Ill.:
The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. By Rev. T. Cox. Pp. 253. Price $1.

THE AVE MARIA PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:
The Coin of Sacrifice. By Christian Reid. Pp. 57. Price 15 cents.

FRANKLIN PRESS COMPANY, Pueblo, Colo.:
Life of the Rt. Rev. Joseph P. Machebeuf, D.D. By the Rev. W. J. Howlett. Pp. 419. Price $2.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris, France:
Souvenirs (1825-1907). Par la Princesse de Sayn-Wittgenstein. Pp. 182. Price 3 *fr.* 50. *Derniers Mélanges.* Vols. II. and III. Par Louis Veuillot. Pp. 620. Price 6 *fr. La Crise Intime de l'Église de France.* Par Paul Barbier. Pp. 118. Price 0 *fr.* 75. *Du Connu a l'Inconnu.* Pp. 87. *L'Église de France et les Catholiques Français.* Par Paul Barbier. Pp. 113.

GABBIEL BEAUCHESNE ET CIE, Paris, France:
La Religion des Primitifs. Par Mgr. A. le Roy. Pp. 498. Price 4 *fr. Une Anglaise Canvertie.* Par le Père H. d 'Arras. Pp. 212. Price 2 *fr. Le Celebre Miracle de Saint Janvier.* Pp. 349.

BLOUD ET CIE., Paris, France:
Le Catholicisme en Angleterre. Pp. 256. Price 3 *fr.* 50.

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